

Exegesis and screenplay for a film entitled:

## **Bakara Kisses**

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# Contents

Authorship certification.....	ii
Acknowledgement.....	iii
Abstract.....	iv
Exegesis.....	v
References.....	xxxii
Glossary.....	xxxiii
Cast list.....	xxxiv
Screenplay.....	1

## **Authorship Certification**

“I hereby declare this submission is my own work and that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it contains no material previously published or written by another person nor material which, to a substantial extent, has been accepted to the qualification of any other degree, or diploma, of a university, of those institutions of high learning, except where acknowledgement is made.”

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Norman Bimo', with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Norman Bimo

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## **Acknowledgements**

First and above all, I thank and praise God Almighty for providing this life and journey to better complete myself as a person.

No amount of gratitude is enough for my supervisor David Hughes who has been very kind and patient to have faith, guided and supported me in a tremendous level, whom I have the great honour to learn from and without whom I could have never completed this rewarding and maturing experience.

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## **Abstract**

**Bakara Kisses** (working title) is a fictional town in Java, Indonesia, that is the 1997 setting for a story of a 'rite of passage' - involving youths from three contrasting social realities - in the final year of President Suharto's 'New Order' presidency. As a social commentary, the scenario envisions a confluence of East-West cultures, where the corrosive socio-economic realities of the time throw together and then intrude in the lives and dreams of three culturally distinctive 'innocents' who become entrained in the turmoil of the 'global village'.

The fictionalisation of this confluence becomes relevant given today's socio-cultural and religious divides in the 'global community'. *Bakara Kisses* explores issues of cultural antipathies, many of which are due to ignorance and intolerance, in ways these gaps in understanding may be approached as fundamental but not beyond reconciliation.

## **A Call of Duty**

My choice of screenwriting, as a choice of creative research, stems from a personal vision to develop a quality work of art that might reflect and critically evaluate a phase of Indonesia's socio-political past. In working in the fictive form - as opposed to 'pure' documentary – I felt such a representation of the events of the time might prove more amenable and accessible to an audience that may be construed to straddle the Islamic-Christian divide. This meant the exploration of the nuances between non-extremist practitioners and non-practitioners within and across Indonesia's diverse socio-cultural/religious landscape. I saw in my exploration of these themes through drama – as one where there were no overt heroes or villains in the traditional classical dramatic sense – that there could be a narrative that was as intriguing as it was engaging and, to some extent, informative as it was 'entertaining'.

Thus, the human issues within *Bakara Kisses* remain of concern not only to me personally, but also to many in Indonesia where, for almost half a century, many are still recurring despite the change of regime (second President Suharto's New order, as opposed to first President Sukarno's Old Order). They are issues which seem to be similar, to those of the 'Arab spring' and other struggles in the 'Third World' and involve corruption, hoarding of wealth and lack of transparency of its distribution by the autocrats, as well as inflation hikes and age-old state failures that could be preventable through a small measure of mutual good will.

On another dimension, there are also increasingly global issues of minorities living within 'alien' socio-cultural realities. Foreign nations have long exploited the rich lands

and seas of Indonesia with professed interests of assisting the colonised populations. The colonial Dutch and the Japanese, in World War Two, certainly harvested the riches of spices and labour. Toffler (1970) suggested that in the time of modernisation and the resulting globalisation, the change towards the future would not only focus on the technological products and advancements, but equally important it will have a profound impact on the human psyche on either personal or sociological level. I would add that the global issues of change and adaptation not only affect the person making the change, but also 'exploits' and therefore undermines the society that person lands in. Toffler (1970) has also argued that global mobility of modern executive also materially impacted 'host' communities. Drawing upon the template of his prescient insights, and with the benefit of hindsight, Bakara Kisses focuses upon recreational and entertainment hubs in a Javanese city that is about the 'benefit' from a multi-national development programme.

It is a setting where the local population strives to serve the foreign investor; where English intrudes on the primal language used to communicate between patrons, aside from other foreign languages, all for simple sake of foreigners longing to fully experience what they have left back home. Incidentally, one of the two night clubs that were destroyed in the 2002 Bali bombings was an exclusive 'foreigners only', and ironically from my last visit after the reconstruction, the policy is still the same (except, of course, for the locals who manage the club. They too, are 'Westernised'). Toffler (1970) stated that even then Swedish sociologists argue whether foreign minorities should be incorporated into the local culture or let free to keep their own comfort. These issues are represented by the characters George and Melissa as they experience

their own issues of adaptability as minorities living within an ‘alien’ culture and society.

In as much as a screenplay is an imaginative, practice-based, form of research thesis, it can approach, reflect up and in particular explore social realities that would be problematic in a traditional academic way. One significant challenge for me in embracing, let alone, enunciating this tension - of my having two masters – of thinking in one language and writing in another – has also proven itself. In acknowledging this tension, between the imaginative and academic modes of research, I have sought to braid theory and, in effect, subjective experience as a common thread. Given this basic philosophy the screenplay as a form of thesis may be construed to uniquely supplement other more academic theses and research activity and to eventually add knowledge; while at the same time remaining accessible to wider, diverse and less literate populations. Smith and Dean (2009) suggest that:

... knowledge is generalisable (that is, applicable to some other process or event than that which has been studied in its production), and transferable (that is, can be understood and used by others in a manner which is essentially congruent with that of the original). (p. 3)

Smith and Dean (2009) continue that it is in these definitive frameworks that creative practitioners work, and since a screenplay is constructed with the purpose to be produced as a film, which is a visual artwork that unlike pedagogy may transfer knowledge they argue that the framework of knowledge should accommodate these non-pedantic transmissions.

Additionally, besides being a personal ambition, this form of thesis is becoming more accepted within the university academia as contributing “dynamic new ways of thinking about research and new methodologies for conducting it, a raised awareness of the different kinds of knowledge that creative process can convey and an illuminating body of information about the creative process” (Smith & Dean, 2009). To this extent, it gives both the writer and a wider audience a more accessible, yet informed, platform with which to give attention to important and serious social issues. In this sense, *Bakara Kisses* is presented here in a mid-evolutionary state.

## **Javanese Indonesia and the irony of the Emerald of the Equator**

The 'spirit of Java' was purposely chosen for the construction of this screenplay because Java is the essence of Indonesia since its inception until now, for better or worse. Sixty-seven years after its independence and twelve years after former President Suharto's resignation, the country remains strikingly among the top world leaders of corruption. The underlying reason is that of 'Javanisation' of the whole 230+ million citizens, comprised of 300+ ethnicities with 700+ languages across 17,000+ islands from East to West. How this empire can manage to keep itself together for this long, as well as managing its people's livelihood and security, is something Backman (2006) has been pondering as well.

Kingsbury (2005) explains the historical politics of Indonesia, that for constructing the modern Indonesia, the Dutch colonialism can be credited at least in defining the territory borders when they colonised the archipelago for the first time to become the Dutch East Indies. Backman (2006), in his sharp language, argues after the Dutch greedily and murderously grabbed what they can from the fertile land they plan to conglomerate and left, the politicians in the capital city Jakarta are inherited with a nation they do not have the capacity to manage and Indonesia's regions must live under the umbrella of a centralised government that many do not need (Aceh, East Timor, West Papua). This mentality hints the setting of Bakara city and countryside that might appear not fully developed in spite of decades of independence.

However, the 'success' of this centuries-old and 'stripping' colonisation cannot be separated from the allowance stemmed from characteristics of the traditional

Javanese, “as it is from Java that the modern state receives most of its political cues” (Kingsbury, 2009, p. 18). For many years before and after the colonisation, if not all the time, Java has become the largest influence and its traditions have been embedded as the representation of Indonesian life. The trouble is that Javanese culture is “rent seeking, stultifying and energy sapping. And yet politically, numerically and culturally, Java, where more than half the country’s population lives, dominates Indonesia” (Backman, 2006). And this is to include the post colonial state where Suharto’s New Order regime internalised and innovated “the reconstruction of official Javanese culture under the Dutch” (Kingsbury, 2005, p. 18) for their own advantage. Java is then occasionally perceived as the ‘new’ imperialists and colonialists.

In contrast, the Javanese has a reputation of reputation of being very polite, which is shown in their norms of conduct and structure of language. There are conditions where this politeness is applied, and those conditions are at social structures of political power (Kingsbury, 2005). Kingsbury observes that such courteous conduct of communication ‘is not always, or even often, evident at more common social levels and is relatively uncommon among many village peasants and the urban poor’ (Kingsbury, 2005, p. 20).

The idealisation of politeness is a part of a broad, formally normative behavioural form of *halus* (smoothness, refinement). Being Javanese, in an officially sanctioned sense, also has a specific normative meaning, imputing, among other characteristics, that are embodied into personal control, appropriate responses, particular preferences, a rigid etiquette, and the feeling of ‘certain quite distinctively Javanese

(and essentially untranslatable) emotions – “patience,” “detachment,” “resignation,” “respect” (Geertz 1993, pp. 52-3). Interestingly, the dark side of *halus* – of inwardly focusing frustrations, anger, or other negative emotions – is the same as the concept of amok. The state of amok exists when repressed tensions explode to the surface and the individual concerned engages in wildly harmful behaviour, often resulting in death, including his or her own. This goes the same way towards explaining the sometimes angry responses of Indonesian political leaders when their sense of smoothness and refinement is tested.

This brief background of the Javanese represents major characters and motives in *Bakara Kisses*. Early on, the nuance of *halus* covers the setting and attitude of the general city’s life. The people of Bakara, such as Ario’s family and acquaintances, maintain their calmness despite the worsening overall situation of the nation. However, once one step is taken over the peripheral of ‘decency’ by anyone, familiar to the characters of a bipolar, one person may turn, almost instantaneously and without regard of consideration, to rebel until equilibrium is reached. In parallel, the people of hierarchy (Mayor Suharno and his officers) also present such persuasion in forwarding their interests, but for the slightest dissent, they have no reluctance to show off power and authority.

The violent demonstration of state power is nature to Suharto’s New Order regime. The legislative and executive limitations on state power have been very loose that law enforcers have been able to repress dissidents over almost any political expression even publicly (Cribb, 2000). Unlike many other countries who use clandestine ‘death

squads' to demolish enemies of the state, the Indonesian police and military does not favour the force of arms outside its monopoly.

Thus, when Yanto felt suspicious of a seemingly multinational corporate social event and Ario's father Budi and his fellow peasants rally against an illegal land takeover by the apparatus, it is thought these actions undermine the legitimacy of a district dictatorship. Mayor Suharno is depicted as appallingly oblivious to the plight of the villagers, as much as the New Order regime was "careless of the fate of development: those who had lost land or homes to logging and mining activity or the construction of freeways, factories... who lost their livelihoods through changes in economic policy and regulations" (Cribb, 2000, p. 188). Although the public outcry was clearly a result of poverty and government failure, it was vital for the regime to protect and maintain the Indonesian state, which certainly keep safe the comfort of their power seats. It is also equally necessary to 'shut down' the social turbulence for the sake of Western confidence to visit and invest in Indonesia.

As it comes down to the legal apparatus to execute laws and policies, Suharto's government gave not much attention to the guiding principles of procedure and honesty within enforcers. Cribb (2000) hammers the fact that the judges, prosecutors and policemen use the criminal justice system to extort money from the society dramatically and nowadays blatantly. The number of corruption falls into 90% for the judges itself (Backman, 2006). For an innocent witness to report a crime to the police would risk of entangling himself in a trap demanding for 'administrative fees', let alone if the perpetrator gets caught (Cribb, 2000). However, depending on the officer'

discretion, the criminal may negotiate the illicit fees to instead minimise or even waiver the penalty (Backman, 2006). Either way, the criminal justice system and apparatus receive a very low public confidence. We would see in the screenplay why after the bloody protest at the City Hall, Yanto strongly suggests Ario, Ardi and Melissa to use another avenue besides the police to seek safety, and much later how Iwan manages around the legal system for his life-salvaging services.

It is a public secret that these hounding law enforcers often appear and act similarly to street toughs. Cribb (2000) observes how they usually appear as muscular short-haircut men dressed in civilian clothes - too obvious at times in my personal observation - and their operation results the next day or so in the form of missing persons or found either with injuries or lifeless in both shadowy spots and occasionally open public spaces. As they are sighted, the public were adequately convinced that they are the hands of the government based on the appearance and the subsequent fact that the government's response to the phenomenon is suspiciously calm. The characters of Lieutenant Ezer and Sergeant Putra reflect these actions as they apprehend Yanto's lack of cooperation in Unigrow's land collectivisation campaign and later with their heavy hand on the peasant's revolt. The policemen's fate shares the same as reality then; "no direct killings (and abuses) have been published by those who undertook them, no arrests have ever been made in connection with the events, and no detailed journalistic investigations of the killings have been published" (Cribb, 2000, p. 191, brackets added). The absence of media was as well depicted in the screenplay to mirror the stated fact above.

In between the Javanese common people and rulers, there exists the long-established Chinese ethnicity which generally belongs at least in the middle class and many among the wealthiest. The common reason for this luxury is their close connections with Suharto, his family, and other prominent politicians which results in discriminating distribution of wealth and reflects the “KKN” (corruption, collusion, and nepotism) (Kingsbury, 2005). And these connections can be established and fostered with the conspiracy made by the Javanese military and political leaders to maintain the Chinese Indonesians away from Javanese political dominance (Backman, 2006). This is potentially where the characters Ardi and his parents sit. Although in reality there have been long and bloody tensions between the Chinese community and the Javanese commoners, in *Bakara Kisses* the interaction between them is represented moderately even – an exciting friendship between Ario and Ardi, subtly tense between their parents, and Hadi’s compliance with the Mayoral government.

The wide gap between social structures and mistrust towards most levels of government are apparent in the daily activities of village communities. In terms of community capacity – the ability of a community to mobilise and engage in collective activities to solve such problems as lack of access to information and services for poor people – there has been many circumstances where government-initiated projects failed to perform better than community-initiated ones (Narayan, Patel, Schafft, Rademacher & Koch-Schulte, 2000). Many community-initiated projects are run at the neighbourhood level. Management is more based on proximity compared to skill or occupation. Their activities encompasses almost anything, by such as electing their own issues, cooperating with other communities, raising and lending funds, and most

importantly mediating and resolving local conflicts. (Narayan, et al., 2000). Finally, Narayan et al. (2000) also observed that a very small percentage of community initiatives and institutions are facilitated with government resources and decision-making. Moreover, blatant mismanagement of government funds which leads to low success rate of government projects again equals incentives for accountability are low; “regulations favour outside contractors over implementation by locals; and higher government is not responsive to village government’s complaints of irregularities in government-initiated projects” (Narayan et al., 2000).

This shared mentality of ‘togetherness among villagers’ is portrayed in the villagers of Bakara where they manage their own livelihood with whatever they have and their own hard work, thus there is a level of independence and protectiveness of their land against Unigrow’s government-backed plan of land collectivisation, which its vision and benefit for Budi and Yanto is a liability. When the villagers took affirmative action and Budi dies, the same philosophy of collective solidarity is shown for his resting. This governmental and communal detachment will then affect George and Melissa, who are in Indonesia partly invited by the government’s invitation to invest in Bakara. George and Melissa will experience the antagonism and failure of these two sides to connect their ideals.

Without dismissing the advancements they provide, modernisation and globalisation may bring detrimental effects to the beneficiaries themselves. The Indonesian elite often indulge themselves in women, clubbing, alcohol and drugs, to an extent where Forshee (2006) records Tommy Suharto, the former president’s youngest son, as

having these habits even to the stage of masterminding the assassination of a judge and serving (a suspiciously short) time in prison. This level of mind reminds us of Radit Mas and Tommy of Unigrow, who serves George with entertainment in spite of an occurring social outcry.

In contrast to the hedonistic lifestyle of Indonesian higher class, the common people engage their happiness with their own lifestyle of congregating on porches or house floor (Forshee, 2006). Visceral and vibrant activities of eating, talking and laughing keep the marginalised society living; early on in *Bakara Kisses* we witness how the happiness of Ario's family takes form. Forshee (2006) then notes how humour and good stories are vital tools to bridge over any social classification. Ario, Ardi and Melissa showcase this sort of interaction in her hotel room and it quickly forms their new friendship.

## **Indonesia through the lenses of resistance**

Indonesia has a long and tumultuous history of cinema and filmmaking. The themes that have been produced also covered many critical issues of social structure and livelihood, some which share similar issues brought up in *Bakara Kisses*. Sen (2003) argues that the realm of Indonesian cinema should be examined through its own political constellations, as compared to generalising it to Hollywood and globalisation per se.

There were two major political deciding moments in the development of Indonesian cinema. During the period of 1957 until 1965 in first president Sukarno's "Guided Democracy" regime, his government was becoming both anti-Western and authoritarian, and by early 1960s the filmmakers were parted into "left", centred at the Communist Party and President Sukarno, and "right", a combination of liberal and Islamic parties with support from western capitalist governments – US and UK (Sen, 2003). The arguments for Hollywood opposition were two-dimensional. Economically, there was an abundant and progressive import of American films into Indonesia after World War II and ideologically, there were institutional arrangements where American Motion Pictures Association in Indonesia controlled Indonesian film distribution (Sen, 2003). Thus, there was a decline in local film production and thus through the dominant Communist Party's PAPPFIAS (Committee to Boycott Imperialist American Films), all American film import were banned for two years (Hanan, 1996). By the 1960s Indonesian filmmakers who inserted any overt criticism of Sukarno in their Hollywood-influenced films were also banned. However, these restrictions in that time

of political constellations ironically showed that Hollywood's filmmaking itself was utilised for political resistance (Sen, 2003).

The political wheel turned when a coup attempt in 1<sup>st</sup> of October 1965 deteriorated into the end of Sukarno and the Communist Party. Suharto's army destroyed the coup, which was held responsible against the Communist Party and soon after the government was turned over to Suharto's New Order in 1966, the restrictions were lifted and the emergence of commercial cinema began to take off again in the 1970s (Hanan, 1996). However, Indonesian cinema and filmmaking actually experienced what was colloquially known in Indonesia as "out of the tiger's den, into the crocodile's pit". For more than 30 years, Suharto's New Order too ruled authoritatively and banned the Communist Party and its affiliates. "Leftist" supporters were killed or incarcerated; books and films were destroyed (Sen, 2003). Starting with the import of 400 Hollywood films in 1967, by the 1980s Hollywood was undeniably dominant in the market and emerging audiences and filmmakers understood Hollywood as the defining textual system (Sen, 2003).

In the development of the Indonesian filmography itself, within both Sukarno and Suharto's political regimes, Hanan (1996) records that indigenous Indonesian filmmaking only showed promise a year after the formal independence from the Dutch colonialists in 1950. The breakthrough came from pioneering director Usmar Ismail who created, certainly, film of the struggles for independence and the moral ambiguities of that period. He had a portfolio of monumental films with themes of housing crisis in early years of the republic (*Krisis*, 'Crisis', now lost) and a prophetic

satire on the threats of charismatic political leadership (*Tamu agung*, 'The exalted guest'). Usmar Ismail's nurture through Perfini, his production company, produced director Djayakusuma who was interested in cultural diversity and created *Tjambuk Api* ('Whipfire', 1959), about village resistance against village head oppression. Perfini too generated Nya Abbas Akup who made a comedy about bandits disturbing the peace of an Islamic village. This film amalgamated Jakarta traditional humour with and to softly mock Hollywood's Western plot and visual style (Hanan, 1996).

Sjuman Djaya merged in the 1970s with his work that engaged in social and political critique; *Yang muda, yang bercinta* ('Young, in love' 1977) was made in the heat of student protest against the New Order. Teguh Karya's *November 1828* (1979) was one of the first internationally recognised Indonesian film that probed the Java War which contrasted between the Javanese and western values (Hanan, 1996). Upon seeing the potentials of these films and others, the New Order enacted censorship from as early as the script stage until post production. As we have realised, the criticism of the government and its state ideology Pancasila (also portrayed in the early scenes of *Bakara Kisses*) was forbidden by the New Order but nevertheless the seasoned Indonesian directors were skilful to apply political allegory that snaked under the criminalising censorship, such as Slamet Rahardjo's reminiscent *Langitku, rumahku* ('My sky, my home') about a friendship of two economically distant boys which utilised the state ideology to interrogate the unfair gap between the rich and poor (Hanan, 1996). By this stage, it has become apparent that Western global dominance is not the only 'threat' to Indonesian film culture, but also equally important is the local controlling culture (Sen, 2003).

Hanan (1996) points out the strength of Indonesian cinema as one that is able to assimilate different genres and styles that is distinct to other cinematic cultures. Benyamin Suaeb, an indigenous Jakarta comedy superstar, developed a list of (again reminiscent) films critical to modernisation and humorously scrutinized his hometown's evolution into the world of international business in the 1970s, which Toffler also prophesied. Identifying with the shadowy land deals as a consequence of this globalisation which undermined the Jakarta-valued principles of reciprocity, he helped to parody the western popular culture. Hanan (1996) pinpoints another important innovation of the *Dangdut* musical in the same period. A rhythmic Indonesian rock music influenced by Melayu, Indian and Arabian melodies, *dangdut* became even more popular among the poor after singers Rhoma Irama and Elvy Sukaesih, the elected 'King' and 'Queen' of *dangdut*, incorporated Islamic values as well as applying the now 'uniquely Eastern' music into films and television programmes. These innovations then provide to be very crucial for *Bakara Kisses* in at least two ways: the screenplay is set to accommodate the interest of both local and international audiences, and the use of *dangdut* music in some scenes functions inwardly to set up the manipulating practices of Unigrow and outwardly to captivate as much as general local audiences as possible.

## Indonesian Islam

Islam in Indonesia and most of Southeast Asia is moderate; the social setting makes Islam more about taking care of the community in comparison to rigidly following rules and regulations. Even, the values of Islam and Malay (native Indonesian and Malaysia ethnicity) culture are much the same and supporting. Islam (literally meaning 'surrender') is a tolerant religion, and the fact that the majority of Muslims in Indonesia coexist peacefully with other religious groups (Backman, 2006). Likewise, Christians and Catholics display customary Indonesian tolerance and courteous attention to Islamic events (Forshee, 2006). Moreover, in today's reality of pessimistic global perception towards Islam due to the politics in the Middle East, the Al-Qur'an clearly states that Muslims should not proselytise. Therefore being the committed Muslim he is, to an extent Ario appreciates Melissa's own faith even in situations where Melissa is crossing into Ario's private Islamic convictions. Melissa, and presumably Ardi, in return shows open-mindedness to Ario and his family's religious beliefs and practices, especially in times of grief.

There are also issues of Islam being perceived by Western societies as a repressive religion, at least against two aspects; repression towards Muslim women in regards to wearing head scarves and repression toward economy development. Backman (2006) defends that the roles women play in Indonesia are not defined by their apparel and are full and prominent, even more sophisticated than some Western cultures. Backman (2006) notes how women have served the highest positions in government (President Megawati in 2001) and became a celebrated emancipation symbol (Raden

Ajeng Kartini in her difficulties as a nineteenth-century Javanese noble woman). Although still underdeveloped in this first draft screenplay, Ario's mother Tuti was attempted to be characterised as the source of strength and support for Ario. Backman (2006) then reminds of Islam-influenced mathematical innovation of the number zero as only a part of its advancements. The poor economical state of Ario's family and village in Bakara Kisses, although surrounded by Islamic nuances, is caused by Mayor's government mentality which represents Suharto's New Order economic mismanagement.

## **Bakara Kisses Plan**

The discussion of an artwork (such as a screenplay) as a practice-led research has not yet reached a conclusive standard among artists and researchers, but there are common threads that are applicable into the construction of the “Bakara” screenplay. Haseman (2006, as cited in Smith & Dean, 2009) describes what is called as performative research, where unlike qualitative and quantitative research, an artwork internalises research data that are symbolically expressed, and conversely those data can be researched through various strategies and subsequently its ‘self-generated commentary’. In the case of creating dialogue of the characters, for instance, the “symbolic data work performatively. They do not only express the research, but in that expression become the research itself... practice is the principal research activity” (Haseman, 2006, p. 102-3, as cited in Smith & Dean, 2009). Haseman also witnesses many qualitative occasions where ‘performative researchers progress their studies by employing variations of: reflective practice, participant observation, performance ethnography, ethnodrama, biographical / autobiographical / narrative inquiry, and the inquiry cycle from action research’ (Haseman, 2006, p. 104, as cited in Smith & Dean, 2009).

Barbara Bolt also has a useful framework where she believes that research insights can emerge out from practice which then may be applicable into more general terms. Therefore she proposes ‘praxical knowledge’ where creative practice can give birth to “a very specific form of knowing, a knowing that arises through handling materials in

practice... (which triggers) a shift in thought” (Bolt, 2007, p. 29, as cited in Smith & Dean, 2009, brackets added).

In practice of creating the screenplay, the method mostly suggested and attempted is what McKee (1997) calls as ‘inside out’. The analogy of the method is that the story is developed by defining its ‘bones / skeleton’ first, then gradually ‘fleshing it out’ into full form. So the first action is to develop a step-outline which simply describes scene after scene as it connects and grows. As more scenes build up, the earlier sketches may be discarded in place for better ones. For beginners, the trashing of ideas may be frustrating as they tend to keep scenes that appear to be good by themselves and try to work out the story around it.

This process of sketching scenes is done in parallel with applying various kinds of research: news documentation of specific events, recollecting personal memory, literature review and video viewing. As the story grows, interviews with related informants or respondents provide more substance and depth to develop characters and their realm. The step-outline will then evolve into treatment, where scenes become a more detailed narrative. All the while, the development of the story is consulted with the supervisor on a weekly basis, especially to negotiate cultural differences between Western and Asian perspectives. This negotiation is vital as “the subtext – the true thoughts and feelings underneath what is said and done” (McKee, 1997, p. 414) comes into motion.

Once the overall design of the story has been edited and becomes alive, the treatment is then rendered into screenplay. Here the story is translated into

expositions, actions and dialogue. The scenes are continually added, chopped off or reordered, as well as the dialogue which now become personalised with its assigned characters. This screenplay submitted as a part of the thesis is in the form of a first draft, where as it perhaps enters the film industry, will face more revisions and rewrites suggested by producers, directors, and actors.

## **Bakara Kisses Implementation**

The design of the screenplay adapts several paradigms of storytelling. In McKee's (1997) story triangle, unlike the typical - but derived from - Hollywood / Archplot classical design, Bakara Kisses places nearer to minimalistic and naturalistic Miniplot. The Miniplot reduces the prominent features of the Archplot to focus more in internal conflict, multi-protagonists with a main passive protagonist, and the story concludes openly, but maintains the. Ario has several battles within his own mind and soul, first with his role as a son who has to defend the family's dignity from external intrusions, but then ultimately he needs to decide for himself whether he would follow the prospect of his future cross-culturally or remain in the proximity of his family. The story follows two other protagonists (Ardi and Melissa) who come into a confluence with Ario's struggles, although they have their own journeys. Ardi, who comes from another different class from Ario, faces the challenge to emerge from the lifestyle luxury and the hypocrisy behind it to prove he is worthy of meaningful deeds. Melissa also experiences the two-sidedness of Western modernity and globalisation, in which she must make a brave move to correct its malicious effects.

Ario, naturally from his upbringing, starts off passively in reaction to the unfortunate events that all upon him and his family, but his relationships with Ardi and Melissa gradually matures him to be more decisive and influential. Ardi and Melissa come from a more expressive family – influenced by Western culture – but then they open up and defend Ario's values and principles. In the end of the story, the outcomes of

the journey have affected the characters much to the extent that several issues cannot be solved and leave them with hanging hopes and emotions.

Within McKee's (1997) context, *Bakara Kisses* still follows some of the Archtypes principles of having simple structures of time, causality and reality. *Bakara Kisses* travels from critical moments of Indonesian economy in Suharto's New Order regime until its fall, and that economic crisis triggers the turn of events befalling Ario, Ardi and Melissa. There were issues where the confluence of these three youths may appear coincidental; however they were kept to a minimum and contained as early as possible. *Bakara Kisses* was attempted as a story with naturalistic socio-political reality; the events were based on actual occurrences but still drawn with a poetic license for the characters to obey their own world.

Deeper into the essence of the screenplay, McKee (1997) proposes the key to make a story successful is "the principle of antagonism: A protagonist and his story can only be as intellectually fascinating and emotionally compelling as the forces of antagonism make them" (p. 317). In measuring the levels of forces of antagonism, McKee proposes his concepts of Contrary, Contradictory, and Negation of the Negation. Contrary is a condition where it is a negative but not opposite of a subject's primary 'good' value. Contradictory is the precise opposite of positive, and Negation of Negation is a double negative where a life condition becomes both quantitatively and qualitatively worse. The principles of antagonism will be examined by contrasting the main positive values of society versus society, society versus person, and person

versus person. However, each protagonist may not necessarily experience antagonism all the way through the end of the line (Negation of Negation).

As represented in the literature review, there are many issues of conflict between the rural and urban Bakara societies. The first issue to emerge is about land ownership. The villagers of Bakara get lured into the suspicious Unigrow Fair to persuade the company to take over their land. As Yanto rejects the persuasion, he is violently abused which Budi also experiences and have his land taken over forcefully. Bakara's villagers then face the ultimate fate of being land labours of their own former land after the failed attempt of the protest at City Hall.

From the issue of land takeover, it becomes the problem of family income. If at first the threat towards decent income was the low amount of profit the Sutedjos gain as rice farmers (Contrary), soon they lost their source of income from the unlawful land takeover (Contradictory) and at the end, Ario has to take the role of his father as a rice farmer to generate money for what is left of the family and leave school (Negation of the Negation).

Melissa arrives in Bakara to actuate her idealism of contributing to developing countries, but early on she witnesses a challenge to social welfare when she saw the contrary on the street through the taxi's windows. Melissa eventually experiences firsthand the truth of what her company actually failed to provide in terms of helping the elevation of the protesters' welfare. As she returns to her homeland, she realises she could not change the system of global capitalism although she takes another way of doing so.

In parallel, Ardi belongs to a well-off family of a businessman but psychologically searches for a role model to look up to. However he struggles to find that quality in his father Hadi who always forces a hobby that Ardi has never actually been keen on. Ardi is further doubted when he finds out Hadi is involved in a discreet business with the Mayor and places some of the practices upon his shoulders, when he feels he should not be a part of anyway. The irony arrives as Ardi has just found a role model he can prove himself to, he becomes unable to relish the moment.

Hadi is a victim himself. To protect his own family's livelihood, he is forced to resort to below-the-table demands to provide a warehouse space for the Mayor. He then gets dragged further more as it turns out his business needs to protect the Mayor's illicit tactics to dispossess Bakara villagers. Hadi's presumably biggest regret arrives in his doorstep in the form of his son's death, whom Hadi had involved in the illegal trade.

There are still some other conflicts, and equally prospects, that surround the characters in Bakara Kisses that are purposefully left out in the discussion to provide a space for the audience to 'connect the dots', however the argument remains that these forces of antagonism is essential to make the storytelling experience most rewarding.

## Critical reflection and evaluation

McKee (1997) forewarns the politics inside designing a screenplay: “the politics of taste, the politics of festivals and awards, and the politics of artistic versus commercial success”(p. 58). I have been advised, much to my agreement, that it is important to create a story which my heart believes. Therefore in regards to these triangular story politics, the best choice is to create a screenplay that accommodates all three perspectives while still fulfilling my personal idealism. As a first draft script by a beginner scriptwriter, *Bakara Kisses* is ideally set to be as low-budgeted as possible. This target may be visible as the story is set in Indonesia, which has more affordable costs in almost all aspects compared to New Zealand. The story has a naturalistic reality, which may not require sophisticated technological equipment and programming in production.

In a more philosophical level, *Bakara Kisses* tries to be as truthful and naturalistic as possible. This philosophy translates, to an extent, having the optimism of Hollywood but also the realism of world cinema. *Bakara Kisses* has external conflicts which the protagonists try to break through and conquer and equally internal conflicts where a character must accommodate all sides of hope and beliefs.

It is common industry practice for the majority of feature films to undergo a development process that has multiple drafts. There are some areas, such as characters and plot, which should be developed further more in future drafts. On the positive note, I believe this story has a unique strength of carrying multidimensional themes that are relevant to many modern issues, and it can reach the interest of an

international audience, as well as local Indonesia. Through this artwork, I wish for the audience to take meaning and bring the discussions in the story to perhaps reflect on daily struggles in reality and make amendments to improve the overall quality in life.

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## Glossary

<i>Alhamdulillah</i> (Arabic)	Praise to God
<i>Arohanui</i> (Maori)	With lots of love
<i>Assalamualaikum / Wa'alaikumsalam</i> (Arabic)	May peace be with you
<i>Astaghfirullah</i> (Arabic)	I ask Allah or forgiveness
<i>Batik</i> (Indonesian)	Cloth traditionally made using wax-resist dyeing technique
<i>Becak</i> (Indonesian)	Pedicab
<i>Bedhoyo Ketawang</i> (Indonesian)	Sacred ritualised dance of Java, Indonesia, associated with the royal palaces of Surakarta and Yogyakarta
<i>Bule</i> (Indonesian)	(White) foreigner
<i>Dangdut</i> (Indonesian)	Indonesian popular music derived from Malay, Arabic and Hindustani music
<i>Gamelan</i> (Indonesian)	A traditional instrumental ensemble, typically bronze percussion instruments
<i>Innalillahi wainnailaihi rojiun</i> (Arabic)	We belong to God and to Him we shall return
<i>Inshallah</i> (Arabic)	If God is willing
<i>Kraton</i> (Indonesian)	Javanese royal palace
<i>Qibla</i> (Arabic)	The direction of the Kaaba (the sacred building at Mecca) to which Muslims turn at prayer
<i>Pe-er</i> ( <i>Pekerjaan rumah</i> , Indonesian)	Homework
<i>SMA</i> ( <i>Sekolah Menengah Atas</i> , Indonesian)	Senior high school

## Cast List

### Central characters:

Ario Sutedjo	(17) Indonesian youth - Budi's son
Melissa Hart	(17) New Zealander youth – Farms International PR internship officer
Ardi Prawoto	(17) Indonesian youth - Hadi's son

### Supporting characters:

Budi Sutejo	(37) Rice farmer - Ario's father
Tuti Sutejo	(34) Housewife, Hadi's domestic helper – Ario's mother
Hadi Prawoto	(45) Businessman – Ardi's father
Yati Prawoto	(43) Housewife – Ardi's mother
George Willims	(35) New Zealander business executive - Farms International Account Manager
Yanto	(50) Peasant militant
Mayor Suharno	(60) Mayor of Bakara City
Lieutenant Ezer	(35) Corrupt police officer
Sergeant Putra	(30) Corrupt police officer
Security Guard	(30) Hadi's warehouse security officer

**Minor characters:**

Tommy	(40) Unigrow recruiter
Radit Mas	(50) Unigrow CEO
English teacher	(27) Ario's village English teacher
Football coach	(40) Ardi's high school football coach
Iwan	(40) Refugee smuggler
Kardi	(61) Pedicab driver
Bakara Police Chief	(55) Ezer and Putra's superior
<i>Dangdut</i> singer	<i>Dangdut</i> Master of Ceremony
Government official	Taxi driver
Harbour master	Barmaid
Second pedicab driver	Limousine driver

**Extras**

Football teams	<i>Dangdut</i> bandmates
Unigrow employees	Young soldiers
Traditional dancers	<i>Gamelan</i> musicians
Javanese singers	Bodyguards
Sexy escorts	Wharf common people
Iwan's crew men	Protest group
Rank and file policemen	Three teenage girls

## BAKARA KISSES

FADE IN:

### 1. EXT. INDONESIAN COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

Panorama: Indonesian countryside and cityscape of Bakara.  
Caption: JAVA, INDONESIA. 1997.

### 2. EXT. BAKARA CITY STREET. DAY.

There appears to be a traffic jam. A taxi is in the midst.

Audio: Traffic noise.

### 3. INT. TAXI. DAY.

New Zealanders, GEORGE (35) and MELISSA (17) are in the rear seat. George is good looking, slender and formally dressed. Melissa is an attractive slender brunette, dresses up simple but stylish. She wears a cross necklace.

George seems edgy as he tries to peer outside to see what the problem is.

GEORGE

Driver, are we far away?

DRIVER

No sir, not far.

George turns to Melissa and reaches the door handle.

GEORGE

Come on, it will be quicker to walk.

DRIVER

No sir, too far!

George lumps back into his seat. He mutters to Melissa.

GEORGE

See if you can forewarn Radit, we're going to be late.

Melissa gets her cell phone. Presses fast dial. Waits. George peers out the window again and mutters, mainly to himself.

GEORGE

Bloody third world.

#### **4. INT. VILLAGE CLASSROOM. DAY.**

The eagle "Garuda Pancasila" national emblem, the official philosophical foundation of Indonesia's state, hangs above the blackboard, with President Suharto's picture on its left and Vice President Habibie's on its right.

A map of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations is pinned on the blackboard. The FEMALE ENGLISH TEACHER (27) points to the countries in it.

ENGLISH TEACHER

-- and today nine countries have joined ASEAN to achieve prosperity in the region.

The teacher approaches ARIO SUTEDJO'S (17) desk. Ario's mind has wandered. He is looking out the window.

ENGLISH TEACHER

So, Ario!

Ario jumps and gives her his immediate attention.

ENGLISH TEACHER

How do you think this will benefit the man-in-the-street?

ARIO

(pigeon English)

Ummm... (beat) which man... (beat) is it?

The class laughs.

#### **5. INT. TAXI. DAY.**

Melissa is on the phone.

MELISSA

(pigeon Indonesian)  
Hello? Ini Melissa Hart dari New Zealand Farms International. (beat) Hello. Saya bicara untuk Mr. Willims - dia ada meeting dengan Mister (beat) Hay - (beat) Hayadine - (beat) dingrat dalam - [Hello? This is Melissa Hart of New Zealand Farms International. (beat) Hello. I'm calling on behalf of Mr. Willims - he has an appointment with Mister (beat) Hay (beat) Hayadine (beat) dingrat ah --]

Melissa checks her watch.

MELISSA

Lima menit lagi? [-- in five minutes?]

P.A. (V/O)

Mr. Sastrajendra Hayudiningrat?

Melissa smiles personably into the phone.

MELISSA

Yes. Can you tell the CEO that Mr. Willims is very very sorry he seems to be caught up in traffic? (beat) My pleasure.

Melissa hangs up. George glances at Melissa, slightly amused.

GEORGE

You know how to lay it on thick don't you?  
(beat) Didn't you mean I was very, very, very sorry?

Melissa plays along.

MELISSA

My dad always says one thing about eating humble pie is you don't get fat.

George looks down at his stomach. Pats it.

GEORGE

And the proof is in the pudding.

Melissa laughs.

**6. INT. VILLAGE CLASSROOM. DAY.**

Audio bridge: School bell rings.

The teacher smiles wryly.

ENGLISH TEACHER

Saved by the bell Ario? (beat) Dismissed.

Ario winces a small mischievous smile back. He picks up his tattered bag, where a well worn soccer ball sits atop his books, then goes to follow the rest of the class toward the door. The teacher's voice stops him.

ENGLISH TEACHER

Ario?

He turns to regard the teacher.

ENGLISH TEACHER

They tell me you are very good with your feet so I know you don't want to be late for football practice. But the most important skills are up here.

The Teacher taps her forehead. There's a mischievous twinkle in Ario's eye.

ARIO

I can head the ball too...

ENGLISH TEACHER

(scolds gently)

I'm talking about the brains inside! They are God given! He will be sad if you don't use them.

Ario nods knowingly. He goes to exit. The teacher smiles and calls after him.

ENGLISH TEACHER

Don't listen to those who say English is the language of infidels! One day you will use it to God's purpose!

**7. INT. TAXI. DAY.**

George is giving Melissa some 'fatherly' advice.

GEORGE

This is getting embarrassing. (beat) If you want to impress, punctuality has to be way up there.

MELISSA

I am sure they will understand..

GEORGE

Yes, of course. (beat) So what will you get up to?

MELISSA

Ummm... (beat) maybe some shopping..?

GEORGE

(teases)  
Please, don't blow the company's PR budget.

Melissa feigns offence.

MELISSA

Mr. Willims! It's my research! I need some images for my presentation.

GEORGE

That sounds like sightseeing!

MELISSA

Research!

George gestures at their surrounds.

GEORGE

So? Is it anything like you'd imagined?

Melissa surveys the street scene.

MELISSA

I don't know what I expected... (beat) the poverty --

GEORGE

-- Poverty? You haven't seen half of it yet.

MELISSA

(gazes out the window)  
But they seem so... (beat) contented.

GEORGE

Yeah, they say ignorance is bliss.

Melissa regards George quizzically.

MELISSA

Ignorant? Who's ignorant?

George chuckles.

GEORGE

You will do very well in PR. (beat) See no  
evil, hear no evil.

**8. EXT. BAKARA VILLAGE SCHOOL ENVIRONS. DAY.**

Ario, a rather good-looking, slim Javanese, orders a coconut from a beverage peddler. The peddler chops the top off with a machete, throws away the chunk, inserts a straw and hands it over to Ario.

ARIO

Saya bayar minggu depan ya? [I'll pay next  
week, okay?]

The peddler nods knowingly. Ario walks away pleased.

**9. EXT. VILLAGE ROAD AND ENVIRONS. DAY.**

Ario walks briskly on a long and humid road, sips the coconut.

He approaches an upper class school and football field where TWO TEAMS around his age practice. In contrast to Ario's outfit, their team uniforms are colour-coordinated and new.

TWO YOUNG SOLDIERS are also watching from the chain-wire fence in excitement. Ario drains the coconut, drops it on to the ground and traps it like a football under his foot.

One of the soldiers glances at Ario's action.

SOLDIER

Liat tuh! Bola dia udah saking tuanya, ampe numbuh jenggot! [Hey look! His football's so old it's grown a beard!]

The other soldier laughs. Ario looks down at the coconut then meets the soldier's gaze. A small smile lights Ario's face. He rolls the sole of his foot over the coconut and then flicks it onto his instep. He masterfully juggles it.

**10. EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. DAY.**

COACH (40) is instructing ARDI PRAWOTO (17) and KALID (17) who belong to one of the uniformed teams. The coach catches sight of Ario's abilities. The Coach nods toward Ario.

COACH

Liat nggak itu? Itu baru yang namanya kontrol bola! [You see that? That's what you call ball control!]

The two seems less than impressed.

ARDI

Itu mah namanya kontrol buah! [More like fruit control!]

Kalid sniggers.

KALID

Ah dia kan cuma anak monyet yang maen ama makanannya aja. [Ah, it's just one of those rubbish dump monkeys playing with its food.]

COACH

Wis arep mu! Yang pasti dia bisa ngalahin kamu. [Whatever! He could teach you a thing or two.]

Kalid turns surly. He mutters more to himself.

KALID

Monyet mah monyet aja... [Monkey see, monkey do...]

ARDI

Mau liat muka nyokapnya nggak? [Yeah, you  
wanna see his mother?]

Ardi pulls a monkey face. Kalid giggles.

**11. EXT. VILLAGE ROAD AND ENVIRONS. DAY.**

Ario finishes juggling the coconut as he chips it across to the soldiers. The soldiers gape at Ario's skill and then at the coconut knowing they don't possess the same skill set. Ario gives a small shrug and wanders off.

**12. EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. DAY.**

The Coach still observes Ario.

COACH

Jadi kamu kenal siapa dia? [So you know who he  
is?]

ARDI

Nyokapnya itu pembantu. [His mother's a  
charwoman.]

**13. EXT. BAKARA STREET. DAY.**

George and Melissa alight from the taxi outside the UNIGROW HEADQUARTERS. There is a banner that states "UNIGROW FUN FAIR & EXPO, MAY 8<sup>th</sup> 1997".

She gets out her camcorder. George quietly preens himself, adjust his tie, smoothes his hair. Melissa points the camera in George's direction, prepares to shoot.

GEORGE

Okay... how do you want me? My best side? Or  
my really brilliant side?

Melissa teases.

MELISSA

Just try to act like the account manager you're  
supposed to be?

George quietly chuckles at her impudence.

GEORGE

Ooh! Feisty!

MELISSA

Okay, enter purposefully, frame left. Pause in front of the entrance. Look confidently up...

George listens intently to the instructions and looks up to the banner.

MELISSA

... and then walk up the stairs. (beat) And oh, make it a four second pause. I also want to linger on the logo on the attaché case.

**14. EXT. PADDY FIELD. DAY.**

Ario shows up behind his father BUDI SUTEDJO (37). In his shorts, thin white shirt and farmer's hat, Budi intently focuses on hoeing the soil. A clove cigarette dangles between his chapped lips.

Ario eagerly takes off his shirt and shoes, stuffs them in his rucksack and rolls his trousers. Bare-chested, he sneaks up behind and steals the hoe from Budi's hands.

BUDI

Eh maling! [Hey! Thief!]

Ario laughs, and continues the job. Budi protests and smiles, picks up the seed bag and plants the seeds on the tilled ground.

**15. EXT. BAKARA STREET. DAY.**

George peers at the screen as Melissa shows his entrance on replay.

GEORGE

Not bad.

George checks his watch.

GEORGE  
You'd better head off and get the other  
footage.

MELISSA  
Good luck.

GEORGE  
See you back at the hotel?

MELISSA  
Ciao.

GEORGE  
Oh and don't leave it too late. They have  
power cuts here. Like, it's not the best to  
start the evening with a cold shower.

Melissa smirks as she moves off. George turns  
purposefully to re-enter the building. He doesn't realize  
Melissa trains the camera on him again.

A curious SOLDIER (35) loiters and watches.

Audio bridge: *Dangdut* music.

#### **16. EXT. VILLAGE EMPTY LOT. DAY.**

*Dangdut* music is blasting from a band stage. A huge banner  
of "Unigrow, Inc. Fun Fair & Expo with Wiryo village" hangs  
at the front. The sexy SINGER (20) is dancing sensually to  
the beat of her BANDMATES. VILLAGERS are dancing excitedly.

A curious YANTO (50) and HONO (40) approach the throng. The  
song finishes.

DANGDUT SINGER  
(bows)  
Terima kasih! [Thank you!]

The villagers applaud. The MC (30) comes up to the  
microphone.

MC  
Pada seneng nggak? [Are we having a good  
time?]

CROWD

(variously)

Iya! Yay! [Yay! Yes!]

MC

Mau lebih seneng lagi nggak? [Would you like an even better time?]

CROWD

(variously)

Iya! Mau! [Yes! More!]

MC

Kalo begitu, kenapa bikin Pak Tommy nunggu?  
[Then why are you keeping Tommy waiting?]

The MC directs the audience gaze to towards TOMMY (40) who stands in the doorway of an office tent. Tommy waves.

Yanto and Hono listen carefully and look toward Tommy.

MC

Kenapa nggak jamin masa depan Anda di tangan beliau? Ayo, jangan ragu! [Why don't you guarantee your future and put it in Tommy's hands? Please, don't be shy!]

SEVERAL EMPLOYEES in Unigrow shirts show up and wave pamphlets and tee shirts in clear plastic wrapping. Villagers eagerly take the handouts.

HONO

Wah, anakku pasti mau satu! [Hey, my son would surely want one!]

Hono gestures his head to Yanto to take a look. They walk towards Tommy.

Tommy broadly smiles as they approach.

TOMMY

Selamat siang, Bapak-bapak! [Good day, gentlemen!]

Tommy hands them both a pamphlet each. Yanto skims it. The title states "Grow with Unigrow".

YANTO

Unigrow... nggak pernah denger. [Unigrow... never heard of it.]

TOMMY

Nah seperti yang Bapak bisa lihat, kami beroperasi di seluruh dunia dan kami akan menjadi masa depan pertanian global! Ini kesempatan Bapak untuk gabung dengan kami. [Well as you can see, we operate worldwide and we will be the future of global farming! It's your chance to be part of the future.]

HONO

Trus nanti kita dapet kaos gratis juga? [And we get a free shirt too?]

TOMMY

Bapak punya tanah di Bakara? [Do you own a field in Bakara?]

HONO

Di daerah Warman. [In the Warman district.]

It is just what Tommy wants to hear. He steps back and gestures for Hono to enter the tent.

TOMMY

Kalau begitu silakan masuk! [Then please step inside!]

Yanto looks inside suspiciously.

YANTO

Supaya? [What for?]

TOMMY

Ada beberapa urusan surat... [There are some papers...]

YANTO

Surat apa? [What papers?]

TOMMY

Surat-surat kecil saja. Mari, ikut saya. [Minor legal details. (beat) Please follow me.]

POLICE LIEUTENANT EZER (35) and POLICE SERGEANT PUTRA (30), in civilian leather jackets, stand at the entrance and give way as Tommy leads Hono in. Yanto hangs back and appears distracted as the *dangdut* band plays again in the background.

SINGER

Oke, kita goyang lagi yuk? [Alright, let's dance again shall we?]

The crowd fires up again.

For a moment Yanto still stands there. He takes another look at the pamphlet. Unconvinced, he drops it and walks away.

### **17. INT. OFFICE TENT. DAY.**

Tommy opens a file holder and puts it in front of Hono who has sat across him.

TOMMY

Jadi, Pak Hono...? [So, Mr. Hono...?]

Tommy realises Yanto is missing.

TOMMY

Lho, temen Bapak ke mana? [Hey, where has your friend gone?]

Hono looks around vacantly and shrugs. Without Hono noticing, Tommy signals Lieutenant Ezer. Lieutenant Ezer nods then disappears.

TOMMY

Yowis nggak apa-apa! [Never mind!]

Tommy points to a map he places before Hono.

TOMMY

Nah, persisnya tanah Bapak yang mana? [Now, precisely which one is your field?]

Hono puzzles over the map. Tommy turns the map 180 degrees, as if Hono has been reading it upside down.

**18. EXT. VILLAGE ROAD. DAY.**

Yanto walks alone through a small but densely wooded area. The event can be heard but is out of sight.

A police car appears from nowhere in Yanto's direction. It passes Yanto and suddenly stops a bit ahead of him.

Audio bridge: An Islamic call for dusk prayer from a mosque's speakers.

**19. EXT. WIRYO VILLAGE ENVIRON. DUSK.**

Several village shacks are loosely located between each other.

Audio bridge: An Islamic call for dusk prayer from a mosque's speakers.

**20. INT. LIVING ROOM - BUDI'S SHACK. DUSK.**

Audio bridge: Dusk prayer call continues; fades.

The house is lit by oil lamps. Clothes are hung on ceiling frames. Old bamboo furnitures. A wood stove for cooking. A Javanese calendar hangs on the bamboo wall. A mosquito-repellent coil is half burnt on the corner of the living room.

BUDI

Assalamualaikum warrohmatullah.

Budi, Ario and TUTI (34) are sitting with their shins on the ground, their arms resting on their thighs with the right index fingers pointing out towards *qibla*. Budi is in front position leading the prayer, Ario in the middle, and Tuti at the back. They turn their head to the right.

BUDI

Assalamualaikum warrohmatullah.

They turn their head to the left, and then finish the prayer by cupping their hands to their faces. Ario kisses Budi and Tuti's hand, and then Tuti kisses Budi's hand.

**21. INT. LIVING ROOM - BUDI'S SHACK. NIGHT.**

Budi lights up a rolled cigarette with a matchstick and throws the matchbox near his empty plate. Ario and Tuti eat rice, fried tofu and raw vegetables by hand.

BUDI

Pelan-pelan, disayang buat besok. [Easy, we might save it for tomorrow.]

TUTI

Udah nggak apa-apa, Allah udah ngasih cukup hari ini. [Don't worry about it, God has given us enough for today.]

(to Ario)

Makan gih. Kamu butuh tenaga. [Eat up. You need all your strength.]

Ario stays silent but slows down his eating. Budi burps.

BUDI

Alhamdulillah.

TUTI

Kalo Allah emang berkehendak, besok makanannya bakal cukup. [If God wishes, there will be enough food tomorrow.]

BUDI

Ya tapi seberapa banyak? [But at what price?]

ARIO

Yang aku nggak ngerti, kalo harga-harga naik (beat) trus kita udah berdoa ke Allah (beat) kenapa kita nggak dibayar lebih buat nanemnya? [What I don't understand is, if the price goes up at the market (beat) and we pray to God (beat) why don't we get paid more for growing it?]

Budi is taken aback by the question. He glances at Tuti to see if she has the answer.

TUTI

Itu kita nggak usah mikirin. Inshallah kita bertahan. [That is beyond our need to know. If God wishes it we will survive.]

Budi inhales the cigarette deeply and blows the smoke to the ceiling. He gazes at the oil lamp as if trying to find an idea.

BUDI

Ya saya tau, tapi kan sekarang nggak nambah baik. Kita nggak bakal rencana makan rumput, toh? (beat) Ario. Kamu nanya itu dari mana? [Yeah I know, but it's not getting any better. We're not planning to eat grass, right? (beat) Ario. Where did that question come from?]

ARIO

Oh nggak. (beat) Ibu guru tadi cuma nanya soal... (beat) kesejahteraan. [Oh nothing. (beat) The teacher was just asking about... (beat) prosperity.]

Budi nods sagely.

BUDI

Bener itu. Kamu mesti dengerin dia pelan-pelan tapi juga harus jaga omongan. [And she is right. You must listen to her carefully but then you must also watch your tongue.]

ARIO

Tapi kadang-kadang aku cuma mikir kenapa Allah -- [But sometimes I just wonder why does God--]

TUTI

-- Hati-hati juga ama pikiranmu! [-- And also be careful with your thoughts!]

Ario shuts up. Budi chooses his words carefully.

BUDI

Apalagi kalo kamu mikir keras-keras di depan mereka yang nganggep dirinya itu orang terpilih. [Especially when you think aloud in front of those who believe themselves to be amongst God's favoured.]

Ario thinks for a moment.

ARIO

Maksud Bapak, orang kaya? [You mean the rich?]

BUDI

Dan berkuasa. [And the powerful.]

ARIO

Kayak keluarga Prawoto? [Like the Prawotos?]

Tuti gives a small, fearful, gasp.

TUTI

Ario, kamu tuh mesti ngerti banyak orang yang mau bersyukur buat makanan sisa mereka... [Ario, you must know there are many who would pray thankful for being able to eat their leftovers...]

ARIO

Tapi kan, Ibu sendiri yang bilang mereka nonton film Amerika? [But Mother, you have said they watch American television?]

TUTI

Iya... (beat) tapi kan yang penting itu gimana kita nontonnya? [I know... (beat) but what matters is how you watch it?]

BUDI

Ario, ibumu itu bener. Bukan hak kita untuk nilai orang lain. Kita harus ngeliat ke diri sendiri. [Ario, your mother is right. It is not for us to look outwards and judge others. We must look inwards.]

ARIO

Trus gimana caranya kita tau dan ngelawan yang jahat? [Then how shall we recognise and fight the bad guys?]

BUDI

Ntar Bapak tunjukin. (beat) Kalo waktunya pas. [I shall show you. (beat) When the time is right.]

Tuti chuckles.

TUTI

Lagian, gimana coba kamu mau ngelawan yang jahat kalo kamunya aja kerempeng gitu? [Besides, how will you fight the bad guys with those skinny bones of yours?]

BUDI

Mendingan kamu lulus dulu. Jadi sukses gimana pun caranya. [It's better that you graduate. Become successful in any way you can.]

ARIO

Aku bakal sukses kok! (beat) Kayak Rivaldo! [And I will be successful! (beat) Like Rivaldo!]

Budi slaps his right arm but fails to kill a mosquito, and raises an eyebrow to Ario.

As Tuti giggles, Ario is emboldened.

ARIO

Ario... Ario-valdo. (beat) Tuh, cocok kan? [Ario... Ario-valdo. (beat) See? Suits my name, right?]

TUTI

(calmly)  
Iya... nanti kamu juga bisa ganteng kayak dia. [Right... and you can also end up looking good like him.]

Budi inspects Tuti.

BUDI

Lho kamu, suka ngeliatin cowok lain toh? [Hey, have you been checking out other men?]

TUTI

Ya nggak tho! (beat) Tapi kadang-kadang kan aku harus ngelap tv... [Of course not! (beat) But sometimes I have to dust the television...]

## **22. EXT. BUDI'S SHACK. NIGHT.**

We hear warm laughter from inside the house.

**23. EXT. VILLAGE ROAD. NIGHT.**

Hono walks home rather happily with the Unigrow shirt on. He spots a pair of jandals left on the road. He picks it up and hears a groan from the near bushes. He looks for the source and finds Yanto lying injured in the ditch.

HONO

Inna lillahi!

Hono reaches down and picks him up.

HONO

Mas Yanto! Mas nggak apa-apa? [Yanto! Are you alright?]

Yanto groans. Hono checks for injuries and blood comes out from behind the head.

HONO

Ya Allah... [Dear God...]

Yanto's bloodied hand weakly tries to grab Hono's shirt. Blood stains the Unigrow logo.

**24. EXT. BUDI'S SHACK. DAY.**

The sunlight bounces off the tin roof. A clay jug sits beside the doormat made of shreds of unused T-shirts. Nearby, chickens peck on the front lawn. The front door opens. In their clean clothes, Budi and Ario leave. Tuti waits by the door.

BUDI & ARIO

Assalamualaikum.

TUTI

Wa'alaikumsalam.

BUDI

Jangan kebanyakan nonton TV ya! [Don't watch too much TV today!]

Tuti chuckles.

TUTI

Lha aku mesti gimana? Mosok mesti bilangin majikan supaya matiin? [And what should I do? Tell my boss to turn it off?]

Tuti closes the door.

**25. INT. BUDI'S SHACK. DAY.**

Tuti sweeps the floor with rattan broom stick. It becomes obvious the family doesn't own a TV.

**26. INT. MASTER BEDROOM. DAY.**

Tuti tidies up her head scarf in front of a fragment of mirror hung on the wall.

**27. EXT. BUDI'S SHACK. DAY.**

Tuti locks the door and pockets the key. She briefly washes her hands with the water in the clay jug, wipes them dry on her clothes. Tuti sighs.

**28. EXT. VILLAGE ROAD. DAY.**

Soft winds blow the high grass on the roadside meadows though the sun glares in the sky.

Tuti waits beside the quiet road and waves down a passing pedicab. KARDI (61) hits the brakes.

**29. EXT/INT. PEDICAB. DAY.**

Tuti sits at the front. Kardi peddles slowly at the back.

TUTI

Udah narik berapa orang Pak? [How many have you picked up today?]

KARDI

Baru Ibu doang. [Just you.]

TUTI

Lho kok? [Oh?]

KARDI

Saya nggak bisa ngambil kurang dari lima ribu. Masih butuh beli rokok. [I can't take anything less than five thousand rupiahs. I still need my cigarettes.]

TUTI

Ke tengah kota aja Pak. (beat) Lebih banyak orang? [You should go closer to the centre. (beat) More people?]

KARDI

Aduh kayanya nggak Bu. (beat) Macet. (beat) Asep. [No, I don't think so. (beat) Too much traffic. (beat) Fumes.]

Tuti laughs.

TUTI

Kebanyakan tukang becak yang ngerokok ya? [Too many pedicab drivers smoking?]

KARDI

Banyak yang lagi gelisah juga. [And too many people getting stirred up.]

Tuti puzzles.

TUTI

Gelisah kenapa? [Stirred up about what?]

KARDI

Jujur saya juga kurang paham Bu. (beat) Tapi mendingan muter di sini aja deh. Daripada kejemak arus bule. [Honestly I'm not sure. (beat) But I prefer to make my rounds out here. Rather than get caught up in the *bule* invasion.]

### **30. INT. BAKARA AIRPORT. DAY.**

The flight information board flickers. Flight Garuda International GA 836 had landed from Singapore.

Amid a number of *bule* businessmen, HADI PRAWOTO (45) exits from the airport terminal. He looks bemused as he is intercepted by a GOVERNMENTAL OFFICIAL (30).

OFFICAL

Permisi Pak Prawoto! Saya diperintah oleh Walikota. Beliau meminta Bapak untuk ikut saya... [Excuse me Mr. Prawoto! I am under the instruction of the Mayor. He asks you to accompany me...]

HADI

... Apa? (beat) Sekarang? [... What? (beat) Immediately?]

The Official nods politely.

OFFICAL

Mobil sudah menunggu! [I have a car awaiting!]

Hadi is politely ushered toward a limousine.

### **31. INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE. DAY.**

Hadi sits across from MAYOR SUHARNO (60), listening intently.

MAYOR SUHARNO

... Jadi! (beat) Bagaimana jika Anda mengembangkan usaha? [... So! (beat) How would you like to expand your business?]

Hadi nods sagely. He knows the Mayor is asking in terms of his own interest. He smiles politely anyway.

HADI

Saya rasa itu tergantung dengan insentif yang diberikan? [I think that would depend on what incentives were offered?]

MAYOR SUHARNO

Oh saya rasa kita dapat mengusahakan sesuatu yang menarik. Yang dibutuhkan dewan kota adalah suatu bentuk... (beat) kebijaksanaan. [Oh, I'm sure we can make that most attractive. All the Council is looking for is a certain sense of... (beat) discretion.]

HADI

Kebijaksanaan? [Discretion?]

MAYOR SUHARNO

Ya. (beat) Atau dengan kata lain, penggunaan yang tidak mencolok. Dewan memiliki kebutuhan untuk sesuatu yang mungkin kita sebut sebagai gudang. Gudang yang tersirat. (beat) Dan tampaknya Anda punya satu atau dua yang kosong, betul? [Yes. (beat) Or to put it another way, inconspicuous consumption. The Council has a requirement for what we might call a warehouse. A discreet warehouse. (beat) And it's been noticed that you have one or two standing empty. Correct?]

Hadi frowns, a little bewildered.

HADI

Iya... tapi bukannya Dewan punya beberapa gedung - [Yes... But doesn't the Council have a number of buildings --]

MAYOR SUHARNO

Tersirat berarti... tidak ada pertanyaan. [-- Discretion means... no questions.]

Hadi nods in tentative agreement.

HADI

Baik. (beat) Saya akan periksa dengan karyawan saya... [Okay. (beat) I'll check with my staff...]

MAYOR SUHARNO

Jangan. (beat) Tersirat juga berarti dijaga di antara keluarga saja? [No. (beat) Discretion is also keeping it within the family?]

Hadi puzzles a moment.

HADI

Keluarga? [Family?]

MAYOR SUHARNO

Ya. (beat) OK anggap saja seperti tim sepakbola? (beat) Kita main untuk tim yang sama... [Yes. (beat) Okay let's say it's more of a football team? (beat) Where we play for the same side...]

Mayor Suharno rises and rounds his desk to approach Hadi.

MAYOR SUHARNO

Saya juga paham anak saya Kalid main di tim yang sama dengan anak Anda! Siapa namanya? [Just like I understand my son Kalid plays in the same team as your son! What's his name?]

HADI

Ardi?

MAYOR SUHARNO

Itu dia! Ardi! Kalid bilang dia yang paling hebat di tim... [That's it! Ardi! Kalid says he's the best player in the team...]

Hadi chuckles.

HADI

(modestly)

Ya, saya ingin juga lihat dia main di Real Madrid... [Well, I'd like to see him play for Real Madrid...]

MAYOR SUHARNO (CONT'D)

Dan saya yakin dia bisa! Tapi sekarang (beat) untuk membantu dia ke sana saya yakin Kalid akan senang sekali kalau Ardi dapat mengajarnya beberapa teknik. (beat) Dia tidak akan rugi... [And I'm sure he will! But first! (beat) to help him get there I am sure Kalid would be very appreciative if your Ardi could teach him a few tricks. (beat) I'll make it worth his while...]

The Mayor pats Hadi's shoulder and smiles.

MAYOR SUHARNO

Kirimannya datang jam 7 malam. Di mana Anda ingin bertemu? [The delivery arrives at 7:00 pm. Where do you want to rendezvous?]

Hadi is surprised.

HADI

Kita tidak berangkat dari sini? [Would we not leave from here?]

The Mayor pats Hadi's shoulder again.

MAYOR SUHARNO

(murmurs)

Tidak. Saya rasa itu kurang bijaksana. [No.  
I don't think that's at all wise.]

**32. EXT. CITY HALL. DAY.**

A worried looking Hadi hurries out the City Hall. He looks for a quiet corner, dials his cellphone. There is an engaged ring tone. He curses and dials again.

**33. INT. ARDI'S ROOM. DAY.**

Movie posters cover the walls. A desktop computer, TV, Playstation, stereos, and a guitar fill the room along with scattered clothes and comic books. Ardi is still sleeping with his head under the pillow.

YATI (43) knocks on the door.

YATI (O.S.)

Ardi!

No response from Ardi. Yati knocks again on the door. She opens the door and enters with a cordless phone.

YATI

Ardi! Hape kamu mana sih? Papa mu mau ngomong nih! [Ardi! Where is your cellphone? Your dad wants to talk to you!]

Ardi's hand snakes from under the duvet to grope the side table in search of his cellphone. He grabs it and with his head still buried, holds it up to Yati who stands there holding out the cordless phone to him.

YATI

Eh bangun! Telpon yang ini lho! [Wake up! This phone!]

Yati shakes Ardi's body. Ardi shows up from under the pillow with sour eyes. He takes the phone from Yati and falls back to bed. Yati walks out the room. Ardi puts the phone on his ear.

ARDI

Mmm?

HADI (V/O)

Papa kira kamu mestinya tanding bola hari ini?  
[I thought you were meant to be playing in a  
football tournament?]

ARDI

Mmm... Tadinya. Tapi aku cedera... [Mmm... I was.  
But I got injured...]

HADI (V/O)

Lagi? Kok cedera melulu? [Again? You always  
seem to be injured?]

ARDI

Iya, pelatih bilangny mending aku nyerah aja...  
nggak bisa ngapa-ngapain juga. [Yeah, the  
coach reckons I should give it up... he says I'm  
next to useless.]

HADI (V/O)

Nggak usah dengerin pelatih kamu... [Never mind  
what your coach says...]

ARDI

Tapi bener kok... [But he's right...]

HADI (V/O)

Udah nggak usah didengerin! Ada yang lebih  
dari sekedar main bola! [Never mind what your  
coach says! There's more to playing football,  
than playing football!]

ARDI

Kayak? [Like what?]

HADI (V/O)

Papa kan udah bilang! Yang penting itu kamu  
mainnya sama siapa! Udah sana, 15 menit lagi  
udah harus siap ya! [I've told you! It's who  
you play with! It's who you play alongside!  
Be ready in 15 minutes!]

**34. EXT. HADI'S HOUSE. DAY.**

Hadi's car pulls up and toots. Ardi emerges from the gates and gets in the car.

**35. INT. HADI'S CAR. DAY.**

Ardi closes the door.

HADI

Papa ganggu kamu ngapain tadi? [What did I interrupt?]

ARDI

Cuma pe-er doang. [Only my homework.]

Hadi isn't fooled. Hadi puts it into gear and drives.

**36. INT. HADI'S HOUSE. DAY.**

Yati peeks enquiringly out the window as the car leaves.

**37. INT. HADI'S CAR. DAY.**

Hadi appears awkward. Ardi pretends not to notice by looking out the window.

ARDI

Kita mau kemana? [Where are we going?]

HADI

Oh? Cuma jalan bentar aja. (beat) Ngobrol dikit. [Oh? Just a small drive. (beat) Have a little chat.]

ARDI

(beat) Ada apa emang? [Is something wrong?]

HADI

(unconvincing)  
Nggak! Nggak kok! Ya... waktunya kita ngobrol aja... [No! No! It's just... time we had a little talk...]

ARDI

Trus, kenapa kita nggak ngobrol di rumah? [So, why can't we talk at home?]

HADI

Karena... ini saatnya kita saling paham satu sama lain. (beat) Ya, laki ke laki gitu lho. [Because... it's time we better understood each other. (beat) You know. Man to man.]

ARDI

(puzzled)  
Laki ke laki... gimana maksudnya? [In what way...? Man to man?]

HADI

Ardi. Kamu tau mama mu itu perempuan yang beruntung banget. Dia nggak perlu tau dunia itu sebenarnya gimana. [Ardi. You know your mother's a very lucky woman. She has no need to know about the real world.]

ARDI

Oh? Dia tau itu nggak? [Oh? Does she know that?]

HADI

Ardi. (beat) Papa dikasih tau kalo ada yang namanya Ardi ya di tim bola kamu? [Ardi. (beat) I'm told there's a Kalid in your football team?]

ARDI

Iya? [Yeah?]

HADI

Kayak apa anaknya? [What's he like?]

ARDI

Kalo main bola sih? Nggak guna. [As a footballer? Useless.]

HADI

Kalo orangnya sendiri? [As a person?]

ARDI

Ngeselin. Kenapa? [He's a jerk. Why?]

HADI

Papa rasa kamu harus bantuin dia supaya dia  
(beat) nggak ngeselin lagi. [I think you  
should help him (beat) to be less of a jerk.]

ARDI

Apa? Aduh kayaknya nggak deh. [What? (beat)  
Not a good idea.]

HADI

Ardi, sekarang Papa ngomong sama kamu sebagai  
orang dewasa, bukan seorang bapak. [Ardi, now  
I'm speaking to you as an adult, not a father.]

ARDI

Aduuuh... Pap? [Nooo... Dad...?]

### **38. EXT. WAREHOUSE. DUSK.**

Hadi's car pulls up and dims its lights.

HADI (V/O)

Kamu harus ngerti ini salah satu waktu di mana  
kita... di mana kamu nggak punya pilihan. [You  
need to understand this is one of those times  
where we... where you haven't an option.]

### **39. INT. HADI'S CAR. DUSK.**

Hadi opens the glove compartment and takes out a scrap  
paper. He pulls out a pen from his front pocket and  
scribbles something down. He faces Ardi closely and gives  
it to him.

HADI

Pergi ke gudang. Ini kombinasinya. (beat) Dan  
apapun yang kamu temuin di dalem, pokoknya  
keluarin aja. (beat) Jangan kasih tau siapa-  
siapa... sama sekali! [Go to this store room.  
This is the combination. (beat) And whatever  
you'll find there, just clear it out. (beat)  
Don't tell anyone... at all!]

ARDI

(bemused)  
Emang... isinya apa? [But... what is it?]

HADI

Papa nggak tau. (beat) Barang-barang kepunyaan Pak Walikota. [I don't know. (beat) It's material that belongs to the Mayor.]

ARDI

Walikota? Trus kenapa dia nggak beresin sendiri? [The Mayor's? Then why doesn't he do it himself?]

HADI

Nggak usah banyak tanya! Pastiin aja semua selesai jam 7 malem, ngerti? [No more questions! Just make sure it's done by 7:00 pm, got it?]

ARDI

Trus dia maunya ditaro dimana? [So... Where does he want it put?]

HADI

Di mana kek! Di tempat sampah! Udah sana! (beat) Papa balik sebentar lagi. [Anywhere! In the rubbish! Now go! (beat) I'll be back soon.]

Ardi reluctantly leaves the car.

HADI

Udah Papa sebentar lagi balik! [I said I'll be back soon!]

#### **40. EXT. GUARD ROOM - WAREHOUSE. DUSK.**

Hadi's car drives off.

The SECURITY GUARD (30) is in a small post alongside the gates. He is listening to the radio whilst filling out a crossword puzzle. A small black-and-white television shows surveillance from a camera above the main complex entrance. The Security Guard does not mind it. He complains to himself and throws the pen. He flips the page to another puzzle.

Ardi casually walks up to the gates. He nods to the Security Guard. The Security Guard nods back. He presses a button. The gates slowly open.

ARDI

Selamat malem, Pak. [Good evening, Mister.]

The Security Guard politely smiles.

SECURITY GUARD

Eh selamat sore, Mas Ardi. Wah udah lama nih. Tumben kemari? [Master Ardi, good evening. It's been a while. What brings you here?]

ARDI

Papa mau saya mastiin semua rapi. Dia ada janji sama Pak Walikota. [Dad wants me to make sure things are tidy. He has an appointment with the Mayor.]

The Security Guard frowns.

SECURITY GUARD

Pak Walikota mau dateng? [The Mayor is coming?]

The Security Guard puts the crossword in a drawer. Ardi grins at what he sees.

SECURITY GUARD

Gimana kalo lima puluh ribu? [How does fifty thousand rupiahs sound?]

ARDI

Maksudnya? [Excuse me...?]

The Security Guard gives him a wink. He places some cash on his desk.

SECURITY GUARD

Ini sumbangan... [I'd like to make a donation...]

Ardi puzzles a moment.

SECURITY GUARD

(beat) Supaya nggak salah ngeliat, gitu. [To help your eyesight.]

ARDI

Salah ngeliat? [My eyesight?]

Ardi looks at the money then at the drawer the Security Guard has just shut. He puts one and one together. He smiles to himself, nods knowingly, looks casually around the room. His gaze falls upon a rifle that is propped against the wall underneath an open gun cabinet. Ardi nods at the rifle.

ARDI

Wah, ada isinya nggak tuh? [Wow, is that loaded?]

SECURITY GUARD

Ada dong? [Of course?]

Ardi extends his hand.

ARDI

Boleh memegang nggak? [Can I hold it?]

SECURITY GUARD

Wah maaf, nggak boleh. [Sorry, no can do.]

ARDI

Sebentar aja. [Just for a minute.]

The Security Guard thinks for a moment. He points up at a CCTV camera.

SECURITY GUARD

Liat nggak tuh? (beat) Kalo ada yang ngeliat saya izinin kamu, nggak lama bakal ada orang yang masuk ke sini trus nembak kamu. (beat) Abis itu mungkin saya yang ditembak. [You see that? (beat) If that sees me let you do that, next minute there will be someone coming through that door to shoot you. (beat) And then they as likely shoot me.]

Ardi peers up at the CCTV camera.

ARDI

Kalo saya tutup gitu gimana? [What if I cover it up?]

SECURITY GUARD

Kayaknya kamu sekarang mendingan ngurusin permintaan bapak mu deh. [I think you'd better go and do what your father says.]

Ardi grins and heads into the main complex which has an avenue of security doors off a loading/access truck dock. Every occupant has a side door and a combination. Ardi pulls out the piece of paper from his pocket and punches in the code. He enters.

**41. INT. WAREHOUSE STORAGE ROOM. NIGHT.**

The room is largely empty. There is an unmade bed in one corner. At one end a chair, a table, a fridge and some basic furnishings. A television rests on a bookshelf filled with VCDs and ordered magazines.

Ardi approaches it and picks up a magazine. His eyes bulge. It is pornography. It is evident that all the magazines below are well thumbed. He looks at the line of VCDs. They too are pornographic with various titles. He eagerly selects a handful.

**42. EXT. WAREHOUSE REAR. NIGHT**

Ardi quietly disposes of the VCDs and magazines in a dumpster but carefully conceals others in undergrowth nearby.

**43. EXT. GUARD ROOM - WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.**

A truck approaches. It flashes its headlights.

**44. INT. WAREHOUSE. GUARD ROOM. NIGHT.**

The Security Guard nods at the DRIVER (40) and actuates the gates to open.

As the TRUCK pulls up outside internal occupancy, we see Ardi has cleaned the interior and stacked the furniture. The logo on the truck door has been temporarily masked. He watches, discreetly, from a distance.

SEVERAL BODYGUARDS appear from nowhere. The Security Guard seems intimidated by their body language.

HADI (O.S.)

Ardi!

Suddenly Hadi appears with the Mayor.

HADI

Pak, boleh saya kenalkan anak saya, Ardi?  
[Sir, may I introduce my son, Ardi?]

A wide-eyed Ardi turns to see the broadly smiling Mayor approach. The Mayor is followed by Lieutenant Ezer and Sergeant Putra. Ardi smile hesitantly. He extends his hand to the Mayor who shakes his hand vigorously.

MAYOR

Ardi! Jadi ini dia laki-laki yang mau menangin Real Madrid? [Ardi! So you are the man who is going to shoot Real Madrid to glory?]

Ardi nervously glances at his father not knowing what to say. Hadi nods for him to say yes.

ARDI

Iya Pak, itu cita-cita... [Yes Sir, it is a dream...]

MAYOR

Nah, saya mau kamu punya cita-cita yang sama dengan anak saya Kalid. [So, I'd like you share the dream with my son Kalid.]

ARDI

(surprised)  
Kalid?

The Mayor puts a 'hushing' finger to his lips.

MAYOR

Iya, tapi jangan bilang siapa-siapa. Dia tidak terlalu suka membahas itu. Dia tidak mau campur tangan saya. Ini hanya di antara saya dan kamu. [Yes, but don't mention it to anyone. He doesn't like bringing attention it. He doesn't appreciate what he calls my interfering. This's just between you and me.]

ARDI

Kalid anak Bapak? [Kalid is your son?]

The Mayor glances sharply at Hadi.

MAYOR

Ayah kamu akan menjelaskan. (beat) Yang paling penting sekarang adalah Kalid bercita-cita yang sama bahwa Bakara Football Club yang akan menjuarai dunia, bukan Real Madrid! (beat) Dan saya sangat berterimakasih kamu sudah setuju untuk membantu Kalid mewujudkan itu. [You father will explain. (beat) The most important thing is that Kalid shares your dream that Bakara Football Club and not Real Madrid will rule the world! (beat) And I am really grateful that you have agreed to help Kalid realize his dreams...]

The Mayor snaps his finger and Sergeant Putra seems to magically produce a Real Madrid football shirt. He places it in the Mayor's hand.

MAYOR

Tapi itu mimpi untuk besok aja. Hari ini kita bermimpi Real Madrid! [But that must be tomorrow's dream. Today we dream of Real Madrid!]

He pats Ardi on the shoulder.

MAYOR

Saya tau kamu akan mengajari Kalid dengan baik. [I know you will teach Kalid well.]

He thrusts the shirt into Ardi's hands. The Mayor nods to the bodyguards who go to the back of the truck. Ardi glimpses pallets of pristine and shrink-wrapped money.

As the Mayor and bodyguards carry their business to the vault, Ardi peeks in the back of the truck to see other pallets of money. The Mayor notices Ardi's interest. He briefly corners Ardi.

MAYOR

Kawan, saya yakin ayah baikmu sudah pernah mengajarkan... rahasia umur panjang itu adalah jangan ingat-ingat apa yang harus dilupakan? [My friend, I am sure your good father has told you... the essence of long life is to remember you need to forget?]

Ardi ponders thoughtfully.

Lieutenant Ezer barks at the Guard and nods toward Ardi. Deterred, the Guard non-too-gently ushers Ardi away.

**45. INT. DINING ROOM - HADI'S HOUSE. DAY.**

Tuti serves a grand breakfast. Hadi reads his newspaper while slowly finishing his plate. Yati drinks her tea slowly. Not long after, Ardi approaches the table with a camcorder.

ARDI

Papa kenapa ninggalin ini di kamarku? [Why did you leave this in my room?]

HADI

Ya siapa tau kamu suka? [I thought you might like it?]

ARDI

Siapa tau...? [Would I...?]

Hadi's eyes are struck on a column in the economy section. Ardi excitedly plays with the camcorder.

HADI

Jangan lupa, tiap kali kamu pake (beat) ada bedanya dari sesuatu yang kamu mau lakuin sama apa yang kamu perlu lakuin. [Just remember, every time you use it (beat) that there is sometimes a difference between what we would like to do and what we must do.]

ARDI

(inattentively)  
Makasih Pap... [Thanks Dad...]

Hadi still has his eyes stuck on a column in the economy section.

HADI

(inattentively)  
Sama-sama. [You're welcome.]

Beat.

ARDI

Tapi, mungkin gak Pap kalo dibikin tahan cuaca?  
[But, do you think it's possible it can be  
weatherproofed?]

Hadi can hardly believe his ears. His eyes dart from the  
paper, but before he can speak...

ARDI

Maksudnya, kalo aku nanti ngelatih Kalid pas  
ujan-ujan? [Like, if I'm going to coach Kalid  
in the rain...?]

Yati, knowing what may happen next, tries to change the  
subject.

YATI

(faux brightly)  
Jadi... kok kalian lama banget semalem? [So...  
what took you boys so long last night?]

Ardi appears tongue-tied. Yati becomes curious why.

ARDI

Nggak apa-apa. Si Walikota pengen aku ngelatih  
anaknyaaa... [Nothing. The Mayor wants me to  
teach his son...]

Hadi glances over the newspaper and eyeballs Ardi.

YATI

Walikota? (beat) Punya anak? (beat) Sejak  
kapan dia nikah? [The Mayor? (beat) Has a  
son? (beat) Since when has the Mayor been  
married?]

HADI

(glares)  
Ini sesuatu yang tidak akan dibicarakan lagi.  
[This is something that must never be spoken  
about ever again.]

YATI

Lho, jadi bener ya apa yang orang-orang bilang?  
[So, it is true what they say?]

HADI

Saya tidak tau, dan tidak tertarik dengan apa yang 'orang-orang' bilang... [I have no idea, nor interest in what 'they' say...]

YATI

Ardi! Pak Walikota minta kamu ngapain? [Ardi! What has the Mayor asked you to do?]

ARDI

Nunjukkin anaknya... nunjukkin Ardi gimana maen bola yang bener? [Show his son... show Kalid how to play football better?]

YATI

Yakin cuma maen bola doang? [Are you sure it is only to play football?]

HADI

Ini udah keterlaluhan! [This discussion is out of hand!]

Hadi glares at Ardi.

HADI

Kamu itu utang budi ama kebajikannya Pak Walikota. (beat) Kalo kamu pinter, kamu tampil baik. Kalo kamu lebih pinter, kamu bikin Kalid yang keliatan baik. [You are indebted to the Mayor's kindness. (beat) If you're smart, you make yourself look good. If you're smarter, you make Kalid look good.]

Hadi turns to Yati.

HADI

Dan kita tidak akan membahas lagi siapa yang Pak Walikota mau anggap sebagai anak. [And we will have no further interest in who the Mayor wishes to call a son.]

YATI

Trus anak kamu sendiri gimana? Yang kamu bilang punya kekurangan? [And what of your own son? Who you have said yourself has two left feet?]

HADI

Ya dia tinggal cari kelebihannya? [Then he shall need to find his other foot?]

Tuti has been hovering. She enters to pour tea.

TUTI

... Orang-orang bilang anak saya si Ario itu jago lho. [... They say my Ario is very good with both feet.]

Tuti chuckles proudly.

TUTI

Dia juga bisa ngoprolin kelapa gitu. [He can even juggle a coconut.]

Ardi smirks.

ARDI

(beat) Ya iya, masa depan sepak kelapa bagus tuh. [Yeah, and there's a great future in juggling coconuts.]

TUTI

(taken aback)  
Ah? Masa sih? [Oh? Do you think so?]

Ardi and Hadi look at each other not knowing if she is serious.

#### **46. EXT. VILLAGE ROAD. DAY.**

Ario walks home from school as usual. He passes the football field. The field is now decorated for an upcoming match against another school.

ARDI (O.S.)

Psst! Psst!

Ario stops on his tracks and looks around. He finds Ardi at the field entrance. He holds up the Real Madrid shirt.

**47. EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. DAY.**

Ardi smiles behind his camcorder. Ario, wearing the Real Madrid shirt, demonstrates Kalid some expert juggling moves.

**48. EXT. PADDY FIELD. DAY.**

Budi stabs his sickle on the ground and stretches. He looks around. He cannot find Ario.

Budi sits below a tree and pulls out his cigarette. A police car pulls up on the nearby roadside. Lieutenant Ezer and Sergeant Putra alight. They move quickly and bring a sign board and a rifle. Concerned, Budi puts his cigarettes away and stands up.

BUDI

Selamat sore Bapak-bapak. Ada yang bisa saya bantu? [Good afternoon, Sirs. How can I help you?]

LIEUTENANT EZER

Sore. Boleh kami minta akte Bapak?  
[Afternoon. May we have your deed, please?]

BUDI

Akte? Buat apa? [My deed? For what]

Lieutenant Ezer sweeps his arm toward Budi's field. He turns his narrow gaze on Budi.

BUDI

Mana? Tanah saya? [What? My land?]

Budi looks down at his threadbare clothing.

BUDI

(beat) Saya nggak bawa. [I don't have it with me.]

Lieutenant Ezer nods to his mate.

SERGEANT PUTRA

Tolong minggir. [Please step aside.]

Sergeant Putra shoves Budi to the side and nails a sign stating "UNDER MANAGEMENT BY UNIGROW PALM, INC." to the tree.

BUDI

Lho, Pak? [Excuse me?]

LIEUTENANT EZER

Maaf, Pak Tua. Kami cuma menjalankan perintah.  
[I'm sorry old man. But we have our orders.]

BUDI

Perintah siapa? [Whose orders?]

Lieutenant Ezer looks toward Budi and then gestures at the sign.

LIEUTENANT EZER

Semua di situ. [It's all there.]

Budi peers short-sightedly at the sign.

BUDI

Emang bacaannya apa?? [But what does it say??]

Sergeant Putra looks curiously at Budi.

SERGEANT PUTRA

Bapak nggak bisa baca? [Can't you read?]

Budi peers blankly.

LIEUTENANT EZER

Kalau begitu kami tidak bisa buat apa-apa.  
[Then there is nothing we can do.]

SERGEANT PUTRA

Bapak terlalu tua untuk kerja. [You're too old to work.]

BUDI

Tapi kan saya punya anak? Dia yang ngebantuin saya kerja... [But I have a son...? He helps me with the work...]

SERGEANT PUTRA

Dia bisa baca nggak? [Can he read?]

BUDI

(eagerly)  
Bisa! [Yes!]

LIEUTENANT EZER

Ya sudah dia buang-buang waktu di sini, lebih baik kerja di pabrik. [Then he's wasting his time in the fields, he should be working in a factory.]

BUDI

Nggak... dia itu petani... kita nggak butuh kayak begini... [No... he's a farmer... We have no need for this...]

Budi goes to remove the company sign. Sergeant Putra quickly parries Budi in his side with a strong hook. Winded, Budi falls gasping for breath.

Lieutenant Ezer stands over Budi.

LIEUTENANT EZER

Minta anak Bapak untuk baca tulisan itu dan dia akan menjelaskan. Banyak kepentingan yang lebih besar dari Anda. [Have your son read the sign and he will explain. There are greater needs than yours.]

Budi watches as they return to their police car and leave.

#### **49. INT. CITY HALL. DAY.**

The Mayor is holding a 'show' press conference about signing an agreement with Unigrow. He shakes hand with the CEO RADIT MAS (50).

SEVERAL JOURNALISTS are covering the event. Melissa is amongst them taking pictures. Besides the Mayor and Radit, George is applauding with other INVITEES.

The Mayor, Radit, George and invitees tighten up in a line and have their picture taken.

**50. INT. BUDI'S SHACK. DUSK.**

Ario arrives home on time for dusk prayer and dinner. Tuti is tending the bruise on Budi's rib cage. Tears run down her face.

ARIO

Assalamualaikum!

TUTI

Wa'alaikumsalam.

Tuti quickly wipes her tears. Ario drops his rucksack, kisses Tuti's hand and sits next to them. He does not notice Budi's misfortune.

ARIO

Tau nggak Bu? Pas di jalan tadi, tim bola SMA sebelah ngajak aku latihan ama mereka. [Guess what mother? On my way home, the high school football team invited me to train with them.]

Tuti looks at Ario's shirt.

TUTI

Dapet dari mana itu? [Where did you get that?]

Ario points to his shirt.

ARIO

Ini? Ada yang ngasih. (beat) Kayaknya aku bakal maen ama mereka deh - di pertandingan! [This? A guy gave it to me. (beat) I think I might play for them - in a match!]

TUTI

Lho, kenapa mereka ngajak kamu? [Now, why would they ask you to do that?]

Budi winces under Tuti's strong massage.

ARIO

Karena pelatihnya bilang aku paling bagus dari semua pemain lainnya... [Because the coach said I was better than all his team put together...]

Ario looks down to Budi and suspects his injury.

ARIO

Pak? Bapak kenapa? [Father? What happened?]

TUTI

Dia keseleo (beat) kerja sendirian... [He strained himself (beat) doing all the work...]

ARIO

Astaghfirullah... maaf Pak... [Oh... I'm sorry father...]

Budi groans. Tuti applies more ointment. She stays silent.

BUDI

Yaudah. Lain kali jangan begitu lagi. [What is done has been done. Just learn the lesson.]

Ario hangs his head low.

ARIO

Ngghih. [Okay.]

Beat.

BUDI

Kamu harus lebih hati-hati mainnya sama siapa. [You should be more careful about which team you wish to play for.]

ARIO

Ya aku harusnya main sama yang paling bagus kan...? [But surely I should try and play for the best...?]

BUDI

Paling bagus dalam hal? [The best at?]

ARIO

Menang? [Winning?]

BUDI

Atau tim yang bayar wasit? [Or the team who pays the referee?]

ARIO

Nggak dong Pak? Kalo gol, ya gol aja? [No? Father? A goal is a goal?]

BUDI

Trus kamu mikirin tim yang kamu tinggalin nggak? Kamu lupain aja? Hah? Mereka gimana majunya? [And have you thought of the team you have left behind? Do you simply forget them? Eh? How are they to improve?]

ARIO

Mereka harus latihan lebih keras... [They would need to train harder...]

BUDI

Trus beli sepatu bolanya...? Kamu lupa ya ibu kamu yang nyariin kamu sepatu. Kamu tuh beruntung banget... [And maybe buy football boots...? You seem to have forgotten your mother found you some boots. And you are amongst the lucky ones...]

ARIO

Bapak, kenapa keberatan sih? [Father, why do you seem so disapproving?]

BUDI

Buka mata. Masih ada hal lain selain bola. [Open your eyes. There are things other than football.]

ARIO

Seperti? [Like?]

BUDI

Besok bakal ada pertemuan penting. (beat) Kita harus ada orang sebanyak mungkin. Dan... (beat) Bapak rasa kamu harus ikut. [Tomorrow there is an important meeting. (beat) We must have as many people as possible. And... (beat) I think you should be counted.]

Ario puzzles. Tuti is shocked.

TUTI

Jangan Mas! Aku nggak mau Ario ikutan! Kamu tau sendiri kan gimana emosinya si Yanto itu! [No Budi! I will not allow Ario to be involved! You know how much hot-headed that Yanto is!]

ARIO

Ikutan? (beat) Untuk apa? [Counted? (beat)  
What for...?]

BUDI

(to Tuti)

Udah biarin aja! Dia mesti ngerti juga! [Let  
it be! He must come to understand sooner or  
later!]

(to Ario)

Ario, bolehlah kita tenggelem maen bola  
sesekali. (beat) Tapi pas selesai, kita harus  
balik ke kenyataan. [Ario, it is reasonable we  
allow ourselves to get lost in football once in  
a while. (beat) But after the final whistle we  
must return to face the real world.]

ARIO

(softly)

Jadi Bapak mau aku berenti main bola? [Are you  
asking me to give up football?]

BUDI

Ya nggak. (beat) Tapi masih ada hal penting  
lain... [Of course not. (beat) But there are  
more important things...]

ARIO

Misalnya? [Like?]

BUDI

Kalo kita mau punya masa depan... besok kita  
harus bisa didenger! [If we are to have a  
future... tomorrow we must make ourselves heard!]

Ario looks bewildered at Tuti.

ARIO

Maksudnya apa sih? [What is he talking about?]

TUTI

Bapak mu ngawur. Kayaknya kepalanya kepentok.  
[He is talking nonsense. I think he has been  
hit on the head.]

**51. EXT. VILLAGE ROAD. DAY.**

Ario walks home hastily after school. Ardi comes across him on his scooter. Ardi toots. Ario ignores it. Ardi cuts his path, the camcorder pointed at him. Ario gets surprised.

ARDI

Nah di sini toh elo... kok nggak dateng ke pertandingan tadi? [Here you are... why weren't you at the game?]

ARIO

Aku harus bantuin bapak. (beat) Gimana tadi? [I had to help my father. (beat) How did it go?]

Ario starts to walk again. Ardi follows.

ARDI

Kita menang, tiga-kosong! [We won, three-zero!]

ARIO

(unconvincing)  
Wih mantep! [Great!]

ARDI

Tapi coba lo tebak! [But you'll never guess what!]

ARIO

Apa? [What?]

ARDI

Kalid ngegolin! [Kalid scored!]

ARIO

(stunned)  
Apa?! [What?!]

ARDI

Iya. (beat) Dan tau nggak apa Papaku bilang? [Yes. (beat) You know what my dad reckons?]

ARIO

Apa? [What?]

ARDI

Pak Walikota bayar kipernya! [The Mayor bought their goalkeeper!]

Ario goes to move off.

ARDI

Kenapa buru-buru sih? [What's the hurry?]

ARIO

... Bapakku nungguin. [... My father's waiting.]

ARDI

Nungguin apa? [For what?]

ARIO

Mau ada pertemuan. (beat) Di kota. [There's a meeting. (beat) In town.]

ARDI

Pas dong! Gue juga mau ke sana. Ngambil gambar di sana-sini gitu... katanya bakal ada yang seru. [Sweet! I was just about to head there. Capture some new sights and sounds, you know... some say there's going to be some excitement.]

ARIO

Seru? [Excitement?]

ARDI

Action! (beat) Yuk ikut gue! [Come with me!]

ARIO

Aku udah bilang aku harus ikut bapakku... [I said I'd go with my dad...]

ARDI

Trus? Ntar ketemuan aja di sana? Kita bakal cepet kok nyampinya. (beat) Elo yang bawa motornya deh? [So? Meet him there? We'll be there before anyone else. (beat) I'll let you drive?]

Ardi cuts his path again.

ARDI

Eh, tenang aja. Kita nyampe duluan kok.  
Percaya deh. [Hey, chill. We'll beat him  
there. Trust me.]

**52. EXT. REMOTE ROADSIDE CREEK. DAY.**

Ario and Ardi ride beside a clear water creek.

ARDI

Eh pelan-pelan! (beat) Liat nggak tuh? [Hey  
slow down! Not too fast! (beat) You see what  
I see?]

Ario slows down. Ardi zooms in his camcorder to THREE  
TEENAGE GIRLS bathing in their wet Batik sheets.

ARIO

Apa? [What?]

Ario stretches his neck to see. Ardi laughs sinisterly.

ARIO

(awed)  
Astaghfirullah...

One of the girls spots them.

GIRL 1

Siapa tuh? [Who's there?]

ARDI

Mbak, dadah-dadah mbak! [Say hi, ladies!]

GIRL 2

Kamu ngapain sih? [What are you doing?]

ARDI

Mau saya jadiin bintang film! [I'm making you  
a film star!]

GIRL 2

Eh jangan! Nakal! Pergi sana! [No! Stop!  
Go away! Go away you rascals!]

The girls scream and shoo them away. One quickly covers  
herself with more sheets. The other submerges to hide.  
Ario hits the gas. Ardi almost falls over.

ARDI

Eh eh tenang cing! Mereka juga doyan kok!  
[Hey hey! Chill man! They're enjoying it!]

**53. EXT/INT. VILLAGE MOSQUE. DAY.**

SOME VILLAGERS are having their midday prayer. A hundred others are busy equipping themselves with farming tools and placards.

Budi looks around for Ario. Yanto, with a head bandage, comes up to him.

YANTO

Saya pikir masih ada lagi...? [I thought there would be more...?]

Budi nervously nods.

BUDI

Ario sebentar lagi nyampe... [Ario will be here soon...]

YANTO

Mendingan dia nggak usah dateng. (beat)  
Kayaknya bakal ada masalah. [It's probably better he doesn't come. (beat) I think there will be trouble.]

Budi frowns.

BUDI

Masalah? [Trouble?]

Yanto gestures around.

YANTO

Wartawannya mana? [Where's the press?]

BUDI

Ada yang lupa ngundang kali? [Someone forgot to invite them?]

YANTO

Oh diundang kok. (beat) Mereka lebih milih dateng ke acara dangdutan aja... [Oh they were invited. (beat) They just have a private dangdut performance they'd prefer to attend...]

Yanto sighs.

YANTO

Udahlah nggak usah dibahas. Saatnya gerak. [Time to stop talking. Time to act.]

Yanto turns to the assembled group.

YANTO

(calls)  
Pasukan, maju...! [Marshalls, let's proceed!...]

SEVERAL MEN with headbands usher the crowd into a file. Yanto goes to lead the march. Budi goes to join him, but Yanto stops in his tracks.

YANTO

Mas Budi, yang di depan itu tugas anak muda. Mas lebih baik di belakang aja dan mengatur para ibu dan anak... [Budi, being at the front is a younger man's task. You should follow behind and marshal the women and children...]

BUDI

Nggak! Saya mesti isi tempatnya Ario. [No! I must fill Ario's place.]

Budi determinedly heads toward the head of the column.

Audio: Gamelan music.

#### **54. EXT. BAKARA CITY - VARIOUS LOCATIONS. DAY**

Audio bridge: Gamelan music.

A MONTAGE of citizens in daily activities. Passengers cram into the train in Balapan Railway Station -- Customers deal with sellers in Klewer Market -- Office employees buy and eat meatball noodles soup from street peddlers.

**55. INT. RADIT'S OFFICE - UNIGROW HQ. DAY.**

Audio bridge: Gamelan music.

George and Radit are looking down a big clear-plastic case of a model of factories and a map of the Bakara area landscape. They each hold a glass of wine. George points to a spatter of smallish, differently-coloured plots on the map.

GEORGE

Those are the troublemakers?

RADIT

Not for much longer. I think most are about to see sense.

GEORGE

Money talks?

RADIT

Of course, everyone has a price.

Radit raises his glass to toast; George lifts his glass in turn.

GEORGE

Free trade and prosperity for all.

Audio bridge: Gamelan music.

**56. INT. KRATON (ROYAL PALACE) GROUND. DAY.**

Audio bridge: Gamelan music.

The traditional Javanese music is being played by FIVE GAMELAN MUSICIANS and TWO FEMALE SINGERS inside the Kraton Palace. A teak pavilion is filled with gold-lined Javanese furniture and chandeliers. NINE YOUNG GIRLS in Batik cloths are practicing the traditional Bedhoyo Ketawang dance.

Melissa, in a tank-top, shorts and carrying a backpack, pays a great attention to the dancers and musicians. She is taping them.

**57. EXT. SIDE STREET - KRATON PALACE. DAY.**

Melissa steps out of the palace grounds and looks around. She is exhausted from the heat.

Clearly needing refreshment, she sees a beverage peddler across the street. She cautiously tries to cross it, stepping back and forth a couple of times to avoid the incoming vehicles.

Having survived the dangerous traffic, Melissa approaches the peddler and orders. He hands her a cola as..

Ario and Ardi ride past Melissa, alone, receives the cola. Ardi zooms on her.

ARDI

(calls)  
Ooo hello *bule*...!

Melissa pretends not to notice.

ARDI

(to Ario)  
Puter balik! Puter balik! [Turn back! Turn back!]

ARIO

Nggak bisa... ini satu arah. [I can't... this is one way.]

ARDI

Udah puter aja! [Just do it!]

ARIO

Nggak bisa! Kita di luar Kraton! Ntar gimana kalo kena tilang? [I can't turn around! We're outside Kraton! What if I get a ticket?]

ARDI

Bokap gue bakal ngomong ama si Walikota! [My dad will talk to the Mayor!]

A harried Ario turns against the traffic. Oncoming cars toot.

**58. EXT. SIDE STREET - KRATON PALACE. DAY.**

Ario and Ardi stop near Melissa. Ardi records behind Ario's shoulder.

ARDI

Hey... hey...

Ario looks up after turning off the scooter and sees her. The boys wide-eyed gaze at her.

After a few seconds, she sees them and smiles. Ardi grins widely like a jerk but Ario shies away from the eye contact.

MELISSA

Kamera bagus! (Nice camera!)

The boys are dumbfounded that she is starting an Indonesian conversation.

ARIO

Huh?

ARDI

Yes! It likes you!

Melissa is surprised to hear English.

MELISSA

Oh? You speak English! (beat) Are you guides?

ARIO

No...?

Ardi elbows Ario.

ARDI

Yes! (beat) How can we help you?

Ario looks at Ardi disbelieving. Melissa holds up a small map book.

MELISSA

I think I'm lost...

Ario, puzzled, glances at Melissa and then towards the Palace.

ARIO

You are at the Kraton Palace?

MELISSA

Yes... but I am looking for my hotel?

ARDI

We can show you!

MELISSA

(hesitates)

Thank you but (beat) I think I'd better get a taxi?

Ardi sees an opportunity. He goes to edge Ario off the scooter.

ARDI

But we can do it cheaper!

Melissa looks at their scooter. From a distance Ario cocks his head to look at a tag on Melissa's bag. She doesn't see this.

MELISSA

(chuckles)

Thank you! I think I'd prefer to walk.

ARDI

We will walk you!

Melissa looks askance. She begins to walk away.

MELISSA

Oh (beat) I think I am quite capable...?

ARIO

Excuse me princess, Mataram Hotel is that way?

Melissa stops to look enquiring into Ario's eyes.

MELISSA

How did you know I am staying at Mataram?

ARDI

Oh he's very clever.

Melissa giggles delightedly.

MELISSA

And what did you call me?

ARIO

(meek)  
Princess?

Melissa giggles almost hysterically.

**59. EXT. MATARAM HOTEL. DAY.**

A four-star hotel. Ario, Ardi and Melissa - all in one seat, respectively - slowly roll in to the drop-off. Ario makes a sudden brake. The three jolt forward. Melissa shrieks. Ardi, in the middle, enjoys the close contact. Melissa is oblivious, she laughs and steps down.

MELISSA

Thanks so much.

Melissa checks her watch.

MELISSA

Twelve o'clock... right on time.

ARDI

You are welcome.

MELISSA

How much do I owe you?

He holds up his camera.

ARDI

Oh, a beautiful smile is for free!

Melissa hesitates, has a second thought.

MELISSA

Wait... How about you join me for lunch?

Ario realises the time.

ARIO

Thank you, but I must meet my father.

MELISSA

Oh? Is it that urgent?

Ardi is obviously keen to spend more time with Melissa.

ARDI

Yeah, lunch!

Ardi raises his eyebrows repeatedly, unseen to Melissa.

ARIO

See you.

MELISSA

Wait! Just for five minutes?

**60. EXT. CITY ROAD INTERSECTION. DAY.**

A line of military vehicles are parked. Police in riot gear get down from the open trucks. Around the corner is an armed personal carrier. A number of soldiers emerge carrying rifles. They are more discreet. Their commander points toward the rooftops. The soldiers disperse into buildings ones and twos.

Some vehicles on the other lane and bystanders stop to look. The vehicles slowly move on to follow the instructions of the police. The bystanders gossip and walk to follow suit.

**61. EXT. CITY ROAD INTERSECTION. DAY.**

Budi, Yanto and the villagers chant. They hold placards that read: 'Go Away Unigrow', 'We Demand Our Land', 'Mayor = Traitor', 'No grow - Unigrow', 'Unigrow has genetically modified Mayor Suharno'. They shout slogans, blow whistles.

YOUNG RANDOM BYSTANDERS join the march and chant. Vehicles move out of the way.

**62. EXT. PANORAMIC OF ROAD INTERSECTION. DAY.**

A four-way intersection. From the left corner, the march builds up rapidly but still within one lane.

**63. EXT. CITY HALL. DAY.**

The protesters reach the City Hall gates. From the other side, the police come up to the gates. They face each other. The protesters shout their demands.

**64. INT. MELISSA'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY.**

Audio bridge: Protest shouts.

The vantage point is from the window. The sound of the protest is somewhat distant.

Ario and Ardi are flipping through a bunch of photographs of New Zealand. They appear oblivious to the noise. A couple of beer bottles are on the table. Ardi's swigs from his and finishes it, Ario's remains untouched.

Melissa shows up from the toilet refreshed. She sits on the bed facing them.

MELISSA

Would you like another one?

They look up to her. They realize now that Melissa's in a tank-top. She slowly applies skin lotion. They stare at her physique. She looks up to them again.

MELISSA

Well?

ARIO

(nervously)  
No... thank you.

ARDI

(jokes)  
It's bad for his religion.

MELISSA

(lightly)  
Then we mustn't lead him into temptation.

She seems amused but not cynical about Ario's shyness. Ardi glances hopefully at Ario's full beer. Ario moves it to Ardi's side. Ardi quickly takes a mouthful.

MELISSA

And you are obviously not afraid if you go to hell?

Ardi shrugs as he guzzles the beer. Ario returns their attention the New Zealand travel brochure Melissa has brought. It says "Kiwi Paradise!"

ARIO

Paradise...?

Ardi peers intrusively.

ARDI

(jokes)  
Nah! No virgins!

MELISSA

There! That's a Kiwi!

Melissa points to the image of a bird. Ardi points at a photo of Melissa bungee jumping.

ARDI

Crazy Kiwi flying!

Melissa laughs. Ario nods in seeming appreciation. He wistfully gazes down at the pictures. He is curious.

ARIO

Why do Kiwis like danger?

MELISSA

Hey, we only have one life aye? You should come down sometime, you'll love it.

Ardi puts down the second bottle. He is a bit tipsy.

ARDI

I am in love with a Kiwi smile...

Melissa laughs.

MELISSA

(to Ario)  
Is he serious?

ARIO

Oh yes (beat) he says that to pretty girls.

Melissa is amused.

MELISSA

(to Ario)  
I bet he does.

Ardi winces slightly embarrassed.

Ario goes back to flipping the pictures. Unseen to Ario, Ardi picks up a pen from the table and takes Melissa's arm. He scribbles his mobile number and whispers in her ear.

ARDI

Tomorrow I show you paradise...

Melissa giggles.

Ario puts down the pictures and finds a pile of the Unigrow Fun Fair pamphlets and press conference invitation near the stack. He picks it up, skims it. Ario seems bemused. He looks enquiringly at Melissa as he then hears protest noise outside. He goes to the window and realizes what is going on. He is immediately anxious and scurries to the door.

Ardi, not fully understanding what is going on, stands up and follows Ario to the door. Melissa picks up her backpack. She quickly picks up a light jacket from the bed and trails behind.

#### **65. INT. HOTEL HALLWAY. DAY.**

Ario has reached the elevator. Ardi tries to catch up as Melissa puts on the jacket and closes the door. Ardi turns his head.

ARDI

What are you doing?

MELISSA

(mildly sarc)  
Don't worry about me.

The elevator takes too long. From the stairs beside the elevator, a police marksman runs up to their floor and passes across the startled kids to the stairs up on the other side. Getting concerned, Ario runs downstairs.

**66. EXT. CITY HALL. DAY.**

Fists are up in the air. Hundreds of armed anti-riot police have surrounded the area.

The POLICE CHIEF (55) shows up from the building and approaches the protesters.

POLICE CHIEF

Bapak-bapak! Mohon tenang! (beat) Saya dengan menyesal mengabari bahwa Walikota tidak dapat ditemui. (beat) Dengan begitu saya mohon Anda bubar dengan tertib dan datang kembali lain waktu hanya dengan perwakilan saja. Terimakasih! [Gentlemen! Please calm yourselves. (beat) I am sorry to inform that the Mayor would not be available for meeting. (beat) I now request that you disperse in an orderly fashion and return some other time with official representatives only. Thank you!]

YANTO

Tidak, Pak. Kami akan terus bertahan sampai kami bisa berbicara dengan Walikota Suharno. [No, Sir. We will hold on to our position until we speak with Mayor Suharno.]

POLICE CHIEF

(sternly)  
Sayalah pejabat yang bertugas sekarang dan pilihan Anda hanya untuk meninggalkan tempat ini! [I am the officer in charge and your only option is to leave the area!]

YANTO

Apa? Jadi kami tidak boleh berada di jalanan kami sendiri? [What? Are we not allowed to walk our streets?]

The villagers protest. They fist the air and shout various disappointments louder and louder.

**67. EXT. BAKARA STREET. DAY.**

Ario hurries anxiously between traffic, cutting through various vehicles. Ardi and Melissa 'follow' some distance behind.

A huge rock breaks the window of a police car. A POLICEMAN jumps out of the car to chase the offender. Ardi stops in his tracks and raises his camcorder to his eye.

ARDI

Wah! *Action* beneran! [Wow! Real action!]

Melissa looks to where Ario has disappeared.

MELISSA

I've lost sight of him...!

ARDI

Ah! He's not far... but see this!

He goes show Melissa the image he has captured but she remains searching for Ario.

CUT TO:

Ario searches frantically for Budi in the melee. He scans every face he passes.

ARIO

Pak?! Bapak Budi?! Ada yang ngeliat Pak Budi?  
[Father?! Father Budi?! Has anyone seen Mr.  
Budi?]

He scans as some protesters throw rocks and debris at the police line. At that moment the police charge. Ario's eyes are frightened wide as some protesters fall to the ground beaten by the police.

A POLICEMAN begins to pepper spray the front line and A PEASANT screams covering his eyes in pain.

CUT TO:

Budi and Yanto are having trouble handling the marshals and protesters into place.

BUDI

Tahan posisi! Tahan posisi! [Hold your line!  
Hold your line!]

Yanto sees the police are closing in.

YANTO

Mundur! Balik ke mesjid! [Fall back! Retreat  
to the mosque!]

Protesters discard the placards. Some flee, some throw rocks and debris. Some loot electronic devices from nearby shops. Yanto separates from Budi and disappears into the melee. Budi finds his own way.

The other protesters notice their mates hurting and push forward, pummeling with their tools.

The anti-riot squad barge forward with their shields and hit back with their batons. Budi is trapped.

CUT TO:

Melissa, intermittently filming with her camcorder, has gone further into the melee; Ardi is about five metres behind. Melissa stops in her tracks and sees across the street, protesters trying to bring down a Unigrow billboard. Just as Ardi shows up shortly, Melissa crosses the street, leaving him bewildered.

#### **68. EXT. ROADBLOCK - CITY HALL. DAY.**

Melissa stops in front of a roadblock across the City Hall.

Villagers are scattering in melee. The police attempt to arrest the violent protesters.

Melissa sees anti-Unigrow placards scattered on the road. She determinedly cuts through the roadblock.

CUT TO:

A POLICEMAN sees Melissa struggling into the melee, close to Budi's frantic situation.

Melissa approaches A FEMALE PROTESTER with a placard while ANOTHER MALE tears down the Unigrow billboard.

MELISSA  
Tunggu! [Wait!] Jangan! [Don't!] Unigrow is  
here to help you!

The protesters ignore her and make the final push to bring down the billboard.

**69. EXT. BAKARA CITY STREETS. DAY.**

Ario struggles through against the wave of panicking protesters.

Yanto runs frantically to Ario's direction and grabs his shoulders. Ario releases him and goes back to find Budi.

CUT TO:

Ardi zooms in on police swinging their batons. Villagers pick up and throw rocks and obscure debris, shouting in anger.

CUT TO:

Melissa scans WOMEN dragging and carrying their CHILDREN, screaming in fear.

The police push forward, tumbling over the protesters.

Ario spots Budi in the crowd.

ARIO  
Bapak! [Father!]

CUT TO:

Ardi turns to Ario's shout.

CUT TO:

Melissa turns to Ario's shout.

CUT TO:

Budi stops on his tracks and recognizes Ario's voice. He sees Ario. Budi pushes toward him.

CUT TO:

Melissa and Ardi reunite close to Ario. Melissa keeps her camcorder aimed at Budi as she runs, while Ardi aims all over.

Audio: Three gunshots ring out.

For a moment everyone appears to freeze. Budi slumps to the ground. Everyone nearby Budi panics. Budi is suddenly engulfed and appears to get trampled by those around.

Ario struggles to get to him. Melissa quickly tucks her camcorder in her backpack and instinctively follows Ario. Budi lies motionless on the ground. They cradle Budi while fending off others.

CUT TO:

Audio: More shots ring out.

From his vantage point Ardi continues to scan the scene.

Sergeant Putra's hands grab Ardi's shoulders by surprise and struggles over the camcorder.

CUT TO:

Ario and Melissa attempt to drag Budi away from the scene. They are helped by others to lift Budi.

Ario sees Budi is still breathing. They approach a pedicab. Ario and Melissa wrap Budi's arms on their shoulders and sit him inside.

ARIO

Rumah sakit... cepet! [The hospital... quick!]

CUT TO:

Sergeant Putra punches Ardi in the face. Seeing Ardi's attention slip away for a few seconds, Sergeant Putra catches momentum and twists Ardi's arm behind his back. Ardi screams. Sergeant Putra takes him away.

ARDI

Lepasin, bangsat! Tau nggak gue siapa?! [Let me go, asshole! Do you know who I am?]

SERGEANT PUTRA

Tau! Tukang masalah! [Yes! A troublemaker!]

**70. EXT/INT. PEDICAB. DAY.**

The driver is peddling as hard as he can. Ario cradles Budi's head so it does not loll about. Melissa tries to get Budi to drink from a water bottle. Budi swallows but chokes it out.

**71. EXT. BAKARA CITY STREET. DAY.**

The police kick Ardi and shove other protesters into a paddy wagon.

**72. INT. POLICE PADDYWAGON. DAY.**

Ardi anxiously look at the other protester's faces while holding his bruised face. They sit very tightly amongst each other.

Audio: Driver's door closes and engine start.

The paddy wagon drives off. Ardi witnesses the aftermath of the protest. Some protesters still attempt to fight back. Some are tending to injuries.

**73. EXT/INT. PEDICAB. DUSK.**

The pedicab is still on the way. Ario tries to comfort Budi.

ARIO

Tahan ya Pak... sebentar lagi... [Hold on Father...  
just a little longer...]

Budi does not reply. A slight bump on the road shakes Budi, and he slowly slumps to Ario. Budi's eyes stare sightless. Ario realizes what has happened. Ario reaches around Budi's shoulders and tearfully hugs his head.

Melissa drinks in Ario's grief.

**74. INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE. DUSK.**

Audio: House music.

Radit is hosting drinks. George enjoys the company of Tommy and FOUR SEXY-DRESSED YOUNG LADIES. One lady is sitting on Tommy's lap. Radit leans to George.

RADIT

Mr. Willims, if you'd like to...

Radit signals George to an unattended lady and the bedroom door. The lady is slightly looking at George invitingly. George checks her out but is not too keen.

GEORGE

(politely)

Thank you, but I have an early day tomorrow.

Radit smiles understandably. The lady maintains her cool.

**75. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION. DUSK.**

CLOSE UP of protesters head to head against the police barricade.

PULL BACK to reveal the television playing the riot in Ardi's tape.

Lieutenant Ezer and Police Chief sit at a desk in front of Ardi. Both are looking at the TV monitor besides them. Ardi's CAMCORDER lies on the table nearby - it's cassette slot open.

Lieutenant Ezer pays close attention as the tape rolls Ario and Ardi riding in town to their interaction with Melissa in the riot.

**76. INT. LIVING ROOM - HADI'S HOUSE. DAY.**

Yati is watching the news report of the riot from the couch. Hadi is writing reports in the dining table, facing the opposite way. He is oblivious of the noise the TV is making.

YATI

Pa... sini deh. [Hadi... come here.]

HADI

Ada apa? [What is it?]

YATI

(slightly worried)  
Udah sini... [Just come...]

Hadi still has his eyes on the papers.

HADI

(annoyed)  
Papa kurang bantu apa sih hari ini? [Haven't I helped you enough for today?]

Yati turns from the couch facing Hadi's back, offended.

YATI

Emangnya tiap Mama panggil itu harus urusannya ama kerjaan rumah? (beat) Ini lho berita temen Walikota mu ada dimana-mana! [Do you think every time I call it's housework? (beat) Your Mayor friend is all over the news here!]

Hadi puts down his reading glasses and turns around to see the TV. Yati turns up the volume. They watch for a moment. Yati turns back to Hadi.

YATI

(worried)  
Kamu suruh si Ardi kemana? [Where did you send Ardi?]

HADI

(beat) Nggak usah terlalu khawatir. Polisi udah ngurusin kok? [You worry too much. Look, the police already have it under control?]

Hadi becomes fixated on the news report.

YATI (O.S.)

(very worriedly)  
Pa! Kamu nyuruh Ardi kemana?! [Hadi! Where did you send Ardi?!]

ZOOM on police-protestor confrontation.

**77. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION. DAY.**

The police-protestor confrontation freezes as Lieutenant Ezer pauses the video.

LIEUTENANT EZER

Jadi, kita liat kamu punya temen kampung yang namanya Ario... dan kamu juga berteman dengan bule. Menarik. (beat, sternly) Siapa bule itu? [So, we see you have a village friend named Ario... and you also have befriended a *bule*. Interesting. (beat, sternly) Who is she?]

ARDI

(shrugs)  
Cuma bule doang... [Just a *bule*...]

LIEUTENANT EZER

Cuma bule doang... yang kamu angkut dari jalan? Jadi kamu ini bilang ada pelacur bule di Bakara? [Just a *bule*... You picked up from the street? Are you suggesting there are *bule* prostitutes in Bakara?]

ARDI

Bukan! Tuh liat! Dia punya kamera! [No! Look! She has a camera!]

Lieutenant Ezer smiles knowingly.

LIEUTENANT EZER

... iya? Menarik kan? (beat) Jadi apa itu maksud kameranya? [... Yes? Isn't that interesting? (beat) So what's her camera about?]

ARDI

Saya nggak tau. [I don't know.]

LIEUTENANT EZER

Apa? (beat) Kamu kebetulan lagi ngerekam... (ironic pause) dan dia juga kebetulan lagi ngerekam... (beat) kerusuhan? (beat) Ngapain dia di sini? [What? (beat) You just happened to be filming... (ironic pause) and she just happened to be filming... (beat) a riot? (beat) What is she doing here?]

ARDI

Saya bener-bener nggak tau! [I honestly don't know!]

LIEUTENANT EZER

Tai kucing! [Bullshit!]

Lieutenant Ezer slams the table.

LIEUTENANT EZER

(BEAT) Siapa yang suruh kamu rekam...? [Who told you to film...?]

ARDI

Nggak ada! Saya cuma kebetulan ada di sana! Saya mau bicara sama bapak saya! [No one! I just happened to be there! I want to speak with my father!]

The Police Chief stares sinisterly in Ardi's face.

POLICE CHIEF

Bapak kamu tidak bisa membantu. [Your father can't help you.]

ARDI

Kenapa nggak? [Why not?]

POLICE CHIEF

Dia sendiri sudah banyak masalah. [He's in enough trouble by himself.]

ARDI

Masalah apa? [What trouble?]

POLICE CHIEF

Semuanya. (beat) Kita tahu semua rahasianya kecilnya. Apa yang dia sembunyikan. (beat) Di mana disembunyikannya. (beat) Dan selingkuhnya dengan siapa. [Everything. (beat) We know all his little secrets. What he has hidden. (beat) Where he has hidden it. (beat) And who he sleeps with.]

Ardi begins to become wary.

POLICE CHIEF

Kita juga tahu... (beat) bagaimana kamu bilanginya? [We know... (beat) how did you put it?]

Police Chief feigns a deep thought.

POLICE CHIEF

Ah iya! Kita juga tau kamu benci nyali dia, dan kenapa. (beat) Jadi maunya bagaimana? (beat) Apakah kita serahkan saja ke beliau untuk menghukum kamu? [Ah yes! We also know you hate his guts, and why. (beat) So what's it going to be? (beat) Do we leave it to him to beat it out of you?]

The Police Chief places the porn Ardi had hidden on the table.

POLICE CHIEF

Di mana tinggalnya si bule itu? [Where does the bule live?]

Ardi's shoulders sag.

Audio bridge: Recital of A-Quran.

### **78. INT. BUDI'S SHACK. NIGHT.**

Audio: Recital of the Al-Quran echoes around the room.

Ario hugs the tearful Tuti as they sit beside Budi's dead body. Covered in layers of Batik sheets, Budi is laid in the middle of the house.

Melissa and other villagers sit around the remaining areas of the house, mostly reciting.

Melissa is holding herself tight, still shocked. She appears oblivious of her bloodied shirt. Silently, she observes the mourning. She sympathetically gazes at Ario, who patiently comforts his mother.

**79. INT. LOUNGE - HADI'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

Lieutenant Ezer and Sergeant Putra sit on the long sofa. Hadi sits on the side sofa chair. Yati picks up a tray of empty plates from the table.

YATI

Mau kuenya lagi? [Would you like some more cookies?]

LIEUTENANT EZER

Tidak, terimakasih Bu. [No, thank you Ma'am.]

Yati nods with a friendly appreciation. She heads to the kitchen. Hadi offers a cigarette. Sergeant Putra politely declines.

HADI

Sekali lagi saya berterimakasih atas pemberitahuan ini. Dan saya akan pastikan bahwa ini... tidak akan... terjadi lagi. [I thank you again for bringing this to my attention. And please let me assure you, it will... never... happen again.]

LIEUTENANT EZER

Bagus kalau begitu. (beat) Namun, ada satu hal lain yang perlu kami perjelas. [That is good to hear. (beat) However, there is one other thing we need to clarify.]

HADI

Boleh... [Of course...]

LIEUTENANT EZER

Kami paham bahwa salah satu dari korban (beat) salah satu biang keladinya... punya hubungan dengan salah satu karyawan Bapak. [We understand that one of the casualties (beat) one of the ring-leaders... is related with one of your employees.]

HADI

Oya? [Oh?]

LIEUTENANT EZER

Bapak punya pembantu? [You have a housekeeper?]

HADI  
Tuti? Ya... (beat) istri saya terkadang punya... karyawan lepas. Tapi... (beat) saya rasa itu dulu ya? [Tuti? Well... (beat) my wife sometimes has... casual staff. But... (beat) I think that would be some time ago?]

**80. EXT. HADI'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

The Lieutenant and Sergeant hop in and drive away. Hadi and Yati enter the house.

**81. INT. LOUNGE - HADI'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

Hadi and Yati are still in the lounge. Hadi is trying to hold his anger. Finally.

HADI  
(bellows)  
Ardi!

Ardi appears at the door. He is sullen. Hadi points at the chair for him to sit.

YATI  
(fearful)  
Aduh Ardi? Kamu apa-apaan sih? [Oh Ardi? What have you done?]

Ardi sits down tensely. His tone is almost aggressive.

ARDI  
Nggak ngapa-ngapain kok! Aku cuma sama temen-temen... [Nothing! I was with friends...]

HADI  
(bellows)  
Jangan bentak mama mu kayak gitu! Kamu bilang apa ke mereka! [Don't talk to your mother in that tone! What did you tell them?]

Ardi whispers in the same breath.

ARDI  
Ma'af Mam, tadi ada halangan dikit... [I'm sorry Mum, we got a bit caught up...]

HADI

Halangan? Nggak usah bohong! Kamu mikir apa sih? Ngapain coba di sana! [Caught up? Don't give me that nonsense! What were you thinking? What the hell were you doing there!]

ARDI

Aku cuma nyari sampingan doang kok! Cuma ngajak liat-liat doang... [I was trying to earn some money! I was showing someone the sights...]

HADI

Liat-liat? Liat-liat apa? Ngeliatin preman ngelawan polisi? Mana bisa kamu jalan2 sambil nyolokin kamera ke muka orang? [Sights? What sights? Sights of a rabble going against the police? You can't just walk around poking a camera in people's faces?]

ARDI

Kenapa nggak? Kan tempat umum? [Why not? It's a public place?]

HADI

Kamu tuh nggak ngerti ya? Itu demo anti-pemerintah! [You have no idea do you? It was an anti-government demonstration!]

ARDI

Aku nggak demo! [I wasn't demonstrating!]

HADI

Nggak peduli! Yang penting itu kamu ada di sana! [Doesn't matter! What matters is you were there!]

YATI

Jadi bule yang sama kamu itu siapa? [So who is the *bule* you were with?]

ARDI

Aku nggak tau. [I don't know.]

Hadi cannot believe it.

HADI

Kamu ngerangkul dia tapi kamu nggak tau dia siapa? [You had your arm around her and you don't know?]

YATI

(dismayed)  
Aduh Ardi... kamu tau dari mana kalo dia nggak...  
positif HIV? [Oh Ardi... how do you know she  
wasn't... HIV positive?]

ARDI

Mam, dia itu dipukulin pas lagi ngebantuin yang  
cedera? Aku cuma nyoba ngelindungin dia!  
[Mum, she was being clubbed while she was  
helping the injured okay? I was just trying to  
protect her!]

HADI

Trus sekarang dia ada di mana? [And where is  
she now?]

ARDI

Mana aku tau? Pulang kali? [How do I know?  
Maybe she went home?]

HADI

Pulang ke mana? [Went home where?]

Ardi jumps up to storm out.

ARDI

Udah ah! Tadi polisi! Sekarang Papa! [I've  
had enough! First the police! Now you!]

He turns to yell at his father from the door.

ARDI

Aku nggak salah kok! (beat) Seenggaknya aku  
nggak punya tumpukan porno! [I've done nothing  
wrong! (beat) At least I haven't got a stash  
of porn!]

Ardi storms out. There is a frozen silence. Yati sits  
puzzled. She looks across at Hadi.

YATI

Kenapa dia ngomong begitu? [Why would he say  
something like that?]

Hadi grumps.

HADI

Mana ku tau? [God only knows?]

Yati swiftly follows Ardi.

YATI

Ardi!

**82. INT. HALLWAY/ARDI'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

Yati and Ardi stop in front of his room. Yati grabs his arm tighter and looks deep into his eyes.

YATI

Kamu ngomong apa tadi? [What did you say just then?]

Ardi backs off.

ARDI

Udah lah Mam... tadi lagi kesel aja! [Forget it mum... it was in the heat of the argument!]

YATI

Sekarang dengerin ya. Papa mu itu bener. Kamu tuh anak tersayang kita dan kita nggak mau kamu kenapa-napa lagi, ngerti? [Now listen to me. Your father is right. You are our beloved son and we do not need you to get into any more trouble, do you understand?]

Ardi does not react.

YATI

Kamu dengerin Mama nggak sih? [Are you listening to me?]

ARDI

Iya... met malem Mam. [Yes... Good night Mum.]

Ardi goes in his room and quickly swings the door to close. As it is about to slam shut, Yati stops it.

YATI

Jadi kamu ngomongin siapa tadi? [So who were you talking about?]

ARDI

Bukan siapa-siapa. Aku cuma ngasal doang... [No one. I was just mouthing off...]

YATI

Trus ini dapet dari mana? [Then where did this come from?]

Yati holds up a porn VCD. Ardi eyes bulge.

ARDI

Nggak tau. Mama dapetnya dari mana? [I don't know. Where did you get it from?]

YATI

Dari kamar kamu. Tadi pagi? [I found it in your bedroom. This morning?]

ARDI

Itu punyanya si Walikota... [It belongs to the Mayor...]

Yati stands shocked as Ardi slowly closes the door.

### **83. EXT/INT. UNIGROW HQ. NIGHT.**

Radit, Tommy and the ladies accompany George walk down the foyer. They are all quite half-cut.

RADIT

I apologise again for cutting our night short, but in view of the news... we must be proactive. (beat) Your safety must be paramount (beat) we will find you a quieter place to stay.

GEORGE

But my assistant is still at the hotel?

Radit nods knowingly toward one of the women.

RADIT

Of course, we shall take care of her. (beat) Meanwhile (beat) perhaps you might find something other may take your mind off the unfortunate developments?

They reach the front door. A LIMOUSINE is ready for George. Radit signs one of the ladies for George. From somewhere Radit produces a bottle of champagne and hands it to George as the ESCORT approaches the car. George politely stops her.

GEORGE

I cannot thank you enough, but... thank you, no!

Radit nods sorrowful but sagely.

RADIT

I think it a shame to have to drink alone. But if that is your wish... may you have a safe journey home Mr Willims.

George gives in. George and the escort enter the limousine. He finds the bottle of champagne beside the back seat and lifts it in bemused appreciation. George closes the door and the car drives off.

#### **84. INT. LIMOUSINE. NIGHT.**

George sits pensive in the rear for a moment, deep in thought. His female escort sits demurely opposite. She smiles demurely at him.

After a moment George gets out his wallet to retrieve a number of high value American dollars. He leans forward to tap the driver on the shoulder.

GEORGE

I have no idea where you are taking me. But first I must go to my hotel. Just for five minutes! I will double this once you have taken me there.

The DRIVER eyeballs the money. Then silently squirrels it into his pocket.

DRIVER

(almost inaudible)  
Hotel...?

GEORGE

Mataram.

**85. INT. FLOOR HALLWAY - MATARAM HOTEL. NIGHT.**

The elevator indicator rings on the 7<sup>th</sup> floor. The door opens. Champagne bottle in hand, George cautiously exits the lift. He seems to have sobered up. He walks tentatively down corridor when suddenly the building's power and lights cut. George curses. He gropes the walls and carefully traces the hotel doors.

George squints his eyes in the darkness to read the room numbers. Finally, he stops in front of Melissa's 709 room. He straightens his tie and then knocks quietly on the door.

The door opens.

The hotel's backup generator kicks in. Lights back on. George's eyes widen as Lieutenant Ezer stares at him.

George glances into the room. It is in disarray. Sergeant Putra is flipping through Melissa's suitcases.

GEORGE

I'm sorry...

George looks at the number on the door.

GEORGE

Wrong room.

Lieutenant Ezer locks his eyes on him.

**86. EXT. BUDI'S SHACK. NIGHT.**

Audio: Recital of the Al-Quran.

Melissa steps outside for fresh air. Yanto is sitting on the ground, slowly eating a piece of grilled cassava. He is still hurting from the head wound. He puts down his meal and tries to tie up a loose head bandage. Melissa approaches.

MELISSA

Mari... [Here...]

YANTO

Nggak apa-apa. [It's alright.]

Melissa takes the loose end and slowly unwraps the bandage. Yanto's wound has dried up. She straightens out the cloth and carefully wraps it again on his head.

MELISSA

That's a nasty wound. You should go to a hospital.

Yanto does not understand her language. He just nods politely. Melissa ties the loose ends, making sure it is not too tight. She smiles at Yanto sympathetically.

YANTO

Terimakasih, mbak. [Thank you, Miss.]

Yanto gets up and walks away.

MELISSA

Tunggu! Jangan... (beat) infeksi! [Wait! Don't get it (beat) infected!]

Yanto politely declines. He points to a direction he is going and gestures a praying position. He walks off as Melissa looks on.

YANTO

Terimakasih, inshAllah nggak apa-apa. [Thank you, but if Allah is willing, it would be fine.]

### **87. INT. MELISSA'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.**

George sits on the edge of Melissa's bed. As they peer through Melissa's scattered personal belongings, Sergeant Putra sits on the desk besides the wine bottle, playing with Melissa's passport. Lieutenant Ezer gazes out the window.

LIEUTENANT EZER

Mr. Willims, we appreciate your company's good intentions here. (beat) But, it seems Ms. Hart may also have other interests. (beat) Where is she?

GEORGE

Officer (beat) as you might have realized, when I came to the door (beat) I thought she was here. As for her (beat) personal affairs, I know little beyond her being a colleague.

LIEUTENANT EZER

And, that is why the champagne...?

GEORGE

No! The Governor has just given it to me to..

LIEUTENANT EZER

Yes, Mr Willims, we are quite informed. (beat) But if I may observe, you have another reason to be concerned? (beat) Why would she be at the disturbance? We have a witness...

GEORGE

Look...

George sighs.

GEORGE

(beat) She is young and... (beat) perhaps idealistic. (beat) But I have no idea, I hardly know her...

Lieutenant Ezer nods. George sighs. He glances at the champagne. Sergeant Putra points to the bottle.

SERGEANT PUTRA

But you want to know her better?

GEORGE

(affects amusement)  
No, as I have said this was a gift I was delivering from (beat) Mr. Radit...

Lieutenant Ezer is slightly intrigued by George's character. He seems impressed.

SERGEANT PUTRA

Mr. Radit... Mas? Really?

George smiles assuredly.

GEORGE

If you call Mr. Radit I am sure he will confirm...

Lieutenant Ezer looks across to Sergeant Putra for the bottle. Sergeant Putra picks up the champagne and glances thoughtfully at George. He picks up George's cell phone from the table and hands it to him.

SERGEANT PUTRA

I think you should call Miss Hart and tell her it's her bed time?

GEORGE

Now?

Lieutenant Ezer gestures George to make the call. Hesitantly, George presses the speed dial. They wait. George gestures she's not picking up.

LIEUTENANT EZER

Turn on the speakers.

George disbelieves this, and switches it to speakers. The call is diverted to mailbox.

MELISSA (V/O)

Hi this is Melissa Hart, Public Relations Officer for New Zealand Farms International. I do apologise for being unavailable right now, but your custom is important to us. Please leave a message. Thank you. (beeps)

Sergeant Putra nods for George to leave a message. George attempts to be jocular.

GEORGE

Hi...? Hi... Melissa? (beat) It's George. Who else? Say? Where have you been all day? I hope you didn't get caught up in today's little fracas. But I'm back at the hotel and... it seems there's some concern for your safety. (beat) So call me back once you get this. Take care, red riding hood...

George hangs up. Lieutenant Ezer thinks for a moment.

LIEUTENANT EZER

Red riding hood? (beat) Meaning?

GEORGE

Oh it's just...

George shrugs.

GEORGE

A nick name...

LIEUTENANT EZER

(suspiciously)

A code name?

GEORGE

No! A nick name! (beat) A pet name?

LIEUTENANT EZER

(suspiciously)

She is a pet?

GEORGE

An informal name?

**88. EXT. BUDI'S SHACK. NIGHT.**

Ario pours from the clay pot and washes his face. He is holding his sorrow in as much as possible. Most helpers have dispersed. Melissa puts on her jacket as she approaches.

MELISSA

(beat) Saya... pulang... ke hotel dulu. [I'd better get back to the hotel.]

Ario looks into the night.

ARIO

Sendiri? (beat) Nggak baik... [Alone? I don't think that is wise...?]

MELISSA

It's okay, I'll call a *becak* [pedicab]...

ARIO

There is no *becak* now...

Ario turns to Melissa.

ARIO

What happened to Ardi...?

Melissa just realized herself too. She immediately crosses to her hand bag on the ground and gets her cell phone.

MELISSA

Tunggu, saya telpon... [Wait, I'll call him...]

As she opens her phone, it lights up and she finds a missed call. She murmurs - more to herself.

MELISSA

Who's...?

As she listens intently for a moment, Ario sees her eyes cloud, darken.

ARIO

Ada apa...? [Is something wrong...?]

Melissa switches her phone to speaker.

GEORGE (V/O)

Hi...? Hi... Melissa? (beat) It's George. Who else? Say? Where have you been all day? I hope you didn't get caught up in today's little fracas. But I'm back at the hotel and... it appears there's some concern for your safety. (beat) So call me back once you get this. Take care, little red riding hood...

Ario frowns.

ARIO

What...?

MELISSA

(pensive)  
I don't know. (beat) Something's happened.

ARIO

Stay here...

Melissa gazes worriedly to Ario. Ario peers back into the night.

**89. INT. ARDI'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

Ardi is at his computer. There are images of the riot on the screen. There are cutaway shots to several passport-type images - one is of Melissa.

Ardi's cell phone rings and glows. He does not recognize the number. He answers.

ARDI

(suspiciously)  
Hello?

MELISSA (V/O)

Ardi? Where are you?

**90. EXT. YARD - HADI'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

The house is in darkness. Ardi emerges from the shadows and looks up at his parent's darkened bedroom window. He pushes his motor scooter out onto and down the road.

**91. EXT. ROADSIDE - BUDI'S PADDY FIELD. NIGHT.**

Ardi approaches on his motor scooter. Ario steps out of the darkness to wave him down. Melissa watches from the hideout. Ardi cuts the engine and they conceal the scooter from sight.

**92. EXT. UNIGROW-SIGNED TREE - BUDI'S PADDY FIELD. NIGHT.**

The trio sits across from one another. Ardi is panicking.

ARDI

We're in trouble..

MELISSA

How...?

ARDI

It's everywhere..

He looks evenly at Melissa.

ARDI

They are looking for you...

MELISSA

What...? (beat) What've I done?

Ardi finds it hard to explain in English. He slowly tries in Indonesian.

ARDI

Mereka ambil kamera saya... Polisi tau semua...  
[They took my camera... The police know  
everything...] Melissa, you have to get out of  
Indonesia. Where's your passport?

MELISSA

At the hotel...?

Ardi sighs deeply.

ARDI

We must get you away from this place.

MELISSA

But I've done nothing?

Ardi tries carefully in English to make it clear for Melissa.

ARDI

It is not what you haven't done. (beat) It is  
what they believe you have done.

They stare at each other anxiously.

ARIO

I think he's right.

### **93. EXT. VILLAGE ROAD. NIGHT.**

Ario, Ardi and Melissa are back on the scooter. In the end of the road up ahead, they see rotating flashes of blue light. As they hear the siren, they pull off to the roadside undergrowth.

A police car speeds past them. Ario stares at the car, worried. Ardi tells Ario to continue on. Ario nods. They return to the road.

**94. INT. VILLAGE MOSQUE. NIGHT.**

Yanto is sitting inside with Hono and THREE VILLAGERS, all facing each other.

YANTO

Kita harus aksi lagi... dua kali lebih banyak!  
[We must march again... with twice as many!]

HONO

Trus nanti ada yang mati lagi?! [And suffer  
more deaths?!]

YANTO

Iya! Sebanyak mungkin! Mereka mau mencuri  
hidup kita! [Yes! As many deaths as it takes!  
They are out to steal our lives!]

Audio: Scooter approaches and cuts off engine.

The men hush up. They recite the Quran and pray.

Shortly, Ario appears on the door.

ARIO

Assalamualaikum.

The men stop their activities and stare at Ario.

YANTO

Lho Ario? Kok kamu nggak sama ibu mu? [Ario?  
Why aren't you with your mother?]

Hono points to the door.

HONO

Ngapain ada bule di sini? [What's a *bule* doing  
here?]

Ario turns around to see Melissa hesitantly peering inside with Ardi. She takes one step inside.

HONO

Tunggu dulu! Dia mesti ada izin! [Hold on!  
She needs permission!]

Melissa backs off, scared. Ario tries to calm everyone.

ARIO  
Kita butuh bantuan. [We need help.]

**95. EXT. VILLAGE MOSQUE. NIGHT.**

Yanto escorts Hono and the villagers from the mosque. They seem to murmur protest to him. Yanto gestures it would be alright. Hono makes a final suspicious glance to the mosque, then leaves.

**96. INT. VILLAGE MOSQUE. NIGHT.**

Ario, Ardi and Melissa sit across Yanto who is deep in thought. Yanto trusts Ario but suspects Ardi. Finally he looks up to evenly meet their anxious looks.

YANTO  
(slowly)  
Kamu akan aman di sini. (beat) Untuk sementara. [You will be safe in here. (beat) For now.]

Melissa lets out an audible sigh.

YANTO  
Tapi kalian harus paham bahwa demi keselamatan desa ini... (beat) kalian harus pindah... (beat) secepatnya. [However, I need you to understand that for the sake of this village... (beat) you will have to move somewhere else... (beat) soon.]

MELISSA  
Baik... [Of course...]

Ario puzzles.

ARIO  
Tapi ke mana? [But where?]

Yanto glances semi-knowingly at Ardi. He turns back to Ario.

YANTO  
Tergantung. [That depends.]

ARIO

Dari? [On what?]

YANTO

Kita harus pastikan kalian menghapus jejak.  
(beat) Dan ada persoalan siapa yang mau bayar.  
[We need to be sure that you have covered your  
tracks. (beat) And then there is the question  
of who is going to pay.]

The trio remains silent as they look across at each other.  
Melissa only half understands. Finally.

ARIO

Jadi artinya... kita disandera? [Does that mean...  
we are hostages?]

Yanto seems slightly amused but his smile dies quickly.

YANTO

Bukan. Artinya orang yang mau membantu kalian  
punya biaya. (beat) Ada resiko untuk membantu  
orang yang tidak ada tanda bukti apa-apa... [No.  
It means those who might help you have  
expenses. (beat) There are risks in helping  
others without proof as to who they really  
are...]

ARIO

Tapi dia orang New Zealand...? [But she is a New  
Zealander...?]

YANTO

Yang tidak punya paspor. [Who has no  
passport.]

ARIO

Bayar berapa? [How much?]

YANTO

Kalo kira-kira? Sekitar seratus juta... [At a  
guess? About one hundred million rupiahs...]

The kids gape.

YANTO

Ada kapal dalam dua malam lagi... [There is a  
boat in two nights...]

ARIO

Dia mana punya uang sebanyak itu? [She hasn't that kind of money?]

YANTO

Jadi, berapa besar harga kebebasan dia? [So, at what price is her freedom?]

ARIO

Dia bakal masuk penjara? [They will put her in jail?]

YANTO

Kalo dia beruntung... [If she is lucky...]

Ario and Ardi look at Melissa worriedly.

MELISSA

Saya tidak salah apa-apa... [I've done nothing wrong...]

YANTO

Selain ngambil korban dari lokasi kejadian? [Except take a body from the scene of a crime?]

ARIO

Tapi kan kita bawa ke rumah sakit...? [But we were taking him to hospital...?]

YANTO

Tapi bukan itu yang mau didenger pengadilan? [That is not what the court will hear?]

Melissa looks to Ario.

MELISSA

Is there nothing we can do...?

Ardi has been deep in thought. There is a resolve in his voice that silences the others.

ARDI

Yes! (beat) I will get the money.

ARIO

Dimana...? [Where...?]

ARDI

Saya ada... [I have some...]

There is almost a small smile on Yanto's face. He looks knowingly at Ardi.

YANTO

Bisa mastiin dari mana? [How can we be sure of that?]

Ardi digs inside his back pocket. He pulls out his wallet and puts it on the floor.

MELISSA

What's going on?

Ardi rises and moves toward the door.

ARIO

Kamu mau ke mana? [Where are you going..?]

**97. EXT. MOSQUE. NIGHT.**

Ardi goes to his scooter. Ario follows behind. Ardi jumps in and starts the engine. Yanto goes out the mosque as he inserts a machete into a sheath on his belt.

YANTO

Jangan! Biar saya aja yang pergi! Kamu jagain dia. [No! I will go with him! You look after her.]

He turns to Melissa. She watches them from the door.

YANTO

Kunci pintu dan jendela. Matiin lampu. [Lock the doors and windows. Keep the lights off.]  
(to Ario, discreetly)  
Dan sebelum kalian istirahat, kasih dia ini.  
[And before you go to sleep, give her this.]

Yanto places a sachet of powder in Ario's hand.

ARIO

Ini...? [What...?]

YANTO

Jangan tanya... ini buat kebaikan dia. [Don't ask... It is for her own good.]

Yanto gets on the scooter behind Ardi. Ario glances nervously at the capsules.

Ardi looks nervously at the machete.

Melissa looks nervously as Ardi drives into the night.

**98. INT. VILLAGE MOSQUE. NIGHT.**

Ario takes a head scarf and sarong from a shelf and hands them to Melissa. She tries to put them on. Ario goes to double check the windows.

MELISSA

Do you trust him?

Ario nods and closes a window tight. He gazes blankly outside and silently sighs.

ARIO

(beat) He's my father's friend.

Melissa notices Ario's discomfort as she figures out how to wear the head scarf.

MELISSA

So... (beat) what are you going to do about what (beat) happened to you father?

Ario does not reply. He turns to Melissa and sees her struggle with the head scarf. He approaches her and attends to it. As Ario rearranges the head scarf, he notices the cross necklace. Melissa realizes to take it off. Ario stops her. He smiles.

ARIO

Nggak apa-apa... Ini melindungi kamu. [It's alright... It protects you.]

Melissa appreciatively smiles back. Ario makes the final touch on the scarf. He is mesmerized how she looks beautiful in it.

ARIO

(beat) I hope the boat will be safe..

Melissa nods.

**99. EXT. HILLSIDE - WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.**

Yanto waits by the scooter, puffs a cigarette. His other hand holds the machete. Yanto alerts but then relaxes as Ardi appears from the bushes.

Ardi slings his backpack to the front and unzips it. He pulls out a bundle of money and cheekily gives it to Yanto. Yanto stares at Ardi.

YANTO

Temam kamu butuh semua itu. (beat) Dan lebih lagi. [Your friend will need all of that. (beat) And more.]

ARDI

Lagi? [More?]

YANTO

Sepuluh juta lagi... [Ten million more...]

ARDI

Tapi buat apa? [But for what?]

YANTO

Jangan lupa biaya petugas pelabuhan. [Don't forget the harbor master's expenses.]

Yanto nods to take a look at the rucksack. Ardi hands it over. Yanto checks the amount of money. He puts it in the motor-scooter's saddle bag.

YANTO

Itu nggak cukup... [That is hardly enough...]

ARDI

Jadi saya harus ke sana lagi? [You mean I have to go back?]

YANTO

Ya... kalo uangnya di situ? [Well... if that's where the money is?]

Ardi grumpily disappears into the night. Yanto checks his watch.

**100. INT. GUARD ROOM - WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.**

The Security Guard smirks as he flicks through the pile of porn VCDs. He wipes bits of dirt on the cover.

The power supply cuts off in the entire complex. The Guard grumps and shelves the VCDs into his desk. He lazily picks up the rifle and walks outside.

**101. EXT. HILLSIDE - WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.**

Yanto sits on the scooter. He pulls out a pack of cigarettes and lights one up. He waits.

Audio: A loud gunshot rings out.

Yanto is startled. His mouth gapes. His cigarette falls to the ground. He goes to pick it up as a second shot resounds.

Yanto forgets his cigarette. He starts the scooter and drives into the night.

**102. EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX. NIGHT.**

The Guard aims his flashlight all over the ground. The backup generator kicks in, turns on SEVERAL LIGHTS.

The Guard spots a body, face down, near the gates. The Guard turns the body over. It is Ardi. His eyes stare sightless.

SECURITY GUARD

Mas Ardi? [Master Ardi?]

The Guard frantically tries to shake Ardi awake. He panics. He jumps up and dithers, walks in a worried circle and steps in the gathering pool of blood. He leaves several bloodied footprints. On seeing these he panics further. Takes his shoes off and throws them away. He looks about frenetically as if for some avenue of escape.

**103. INT. MOSQUE. NIGHT.**

The mosque is dark. Melissa sleeps soundly on Ario's thigh. She curls up and scratches her leg from a mosquito bite. Ario sleeps with his back on the wall. His hands hold a Quran.

**104. EXT. WAREHOUSE REAR. NIGHT.**

The Guard drags Ardi's body to near the dumpster. Ardi's blood trails along the way. Exhausted, the Guard drops the body and looks at the dumpster. He looks into the darkness on the other way. He picks up Ardi again and drags him there.

**105. EXT. WAREHOUSE COMPLEX. NIGHT.**

The Guard drags dirt on to the blood trail. Only a short trail of blood is cleaned - too much blood.

**106. INT. GUARD ROOM. NIGHT.**

The Guard peers blindly on to his desk. Finally his shoulders sag - there is no escape.

The Guard grabs the rifle. He turns the rifle facing his face, opens his mouth and inserts the nozzle. He struggles to find a comfortable position to pull the trigger, maneuvers the rifle around. Unsuccessful, finally he pulls it out of his mouth and rests the rifle back to its place. He pulls out a revolver from the drawer and puts the nozzle under his jaw. He gazes, almost tearfully, into the darkness outside.

Audio bridge: A gunshot rings out.

**107. INT. MOSQUE. NIGHT.**

Audio bridge: Gunshot fades.

Yanto gazes down at them, bewildered. He reaches down and nudges Ario on the shoulder. Ario startles surprised. Yanto quietly hushes Ario - so as to not disturb Melissa's sleep. Yanto nods for Ario to follow him outside. Ario moves to gently move from under Melissa's head.

**108. EXT. MOSQUE. NIGHT.**

The pair emerges from the mosque. Ario looks around. They whisper.

ARIO

Ardi di mana? [Where is Ardi?]

YANTO

Sayangnya... (beat) dia ada halangan. [I am afraid... (beat) he has been delayed.]

ARIO

Halangan? Gimana...? [Delayed? How...?]

YANTO

Itu nggak penting sekarang... [That is not of immediate importance...]

ARIO

Kok...? [Huh...?]

Yanto takes the backpack from scooter and thrusts it at Ario. Ario looks down at the bag and his eyes bulge as he realizes the amount of cash.

YANTO

Kalo kamu waras, kamu sendiri juga beli tiket satu arah... [If you have got any sense, you will also buy yourself a one way ticket...]

ARIO

(nervously)  
Tapi... kenapa? [But... but... why?]

YANTO

(firmly)  
Karena kamu adalah anak bapak mu, dan dunia harus tau ini semua. [Because you are your father's son, and the world must to know about this.]

Ario chokes at the suggestion. Yanto hands over a piece of paper.

YANTO

Bawa temen mu ke alamat ini besok... [Take your friend to this address tomorrow...]

ARIO

Tapi? [But...?]

YANTO

Dia dalam bahaya... [She is in danger...]

ARIO

Ibu saya...? [My mother...?]

YANTO

Dia nanti ada yang jagain... sekarang bantuin saya sama Melissa... [She will be looked after... now give me a hand with Melissa...]

Ario quickly retreats inside the mosque. Yanto turns to wash his face under a tap. He mutters.

YANTO

Astaghfirullah... [God please forgive me...]

Yanto follows inside. They carry Melissa out.

Audio bridge: Call of Morning Prayer.

### **109. INT. UNKNOWN HUT. DAWN.**

Audio: Call of Morning Prayer.

Melissa sleeps with her head on the backpack. She stirs, wakes, and looks about. She is alone and in unfamiliar surroundings.

She peers around frightened.

### **110. EXT. BAKARA DOWNTOWN ENVIRONS. NIGHT.**

The city is silent. Remains from the riot litter the street.

**111. EXT. UNKNOWN HUT. DAY.**

Melissa, cautious with the surroundings, washes her face and hands and dries herself with the sarong.

Melissa alerts as she hears somewhere distant the familiar scooter. The engine is cut. Melissa crouches, conceals herself.

She gasps relieved as Ario emerges stealthily from the surrounding undergrowth.

MELISSA

Ario... where are we...?

Ario stops. He hushes her. Whispers.

ARIO

We are safe...

Melissa instinctively whispers.

MELISSA

Ardi di mana? [Where is Ardi?]

ARIO

I don't know... the police are everywhere.

MELISSA

What happened...?

Ario pulls some clothing out of a bag and throws them to Melissa.

ARIO

Pakai ini. [Put these on.]

MELISSA

What...? But these... are these your mother's?

ARIO

Dia mau kamu pakai itu. Tolong pake aja... [She would like you to have them. Now, please do as I say...]

Melissa frowns.

MELISSA

Ibu mu baik-baik saja? [Is she all right?]

ARIO  
Melissa, kayaknya saya diikutin... [I think I  
have been followed...]

MELISSA  
Ario, is your mother all right?

ARIO  
Yes! Quick!

**112. INT. FOYER - OLD BRICK BUILDING. NIGHT.**

Audio: Radio playing *dangdut* music.

Ario and Melissa wait in a small foyer. Yanto shows up from inside and nods them to come in.

**113. INT. BAR - OLD BRICK BUILDING. NIGHT.**

Ario and Melissa enter. It turns out to be a dodgy bar. They see FOUR CREW MEN playing domino on a wooden table. They crack jokes, swig beer, smoke. A BARMAID (35) watches on.

As Ario and Melissa come into view, IWAN (40) throws his deck on the table. The men stop their game. Ario gathers the courage. He takes Melissa's hand. Yanto steps to one side. Iwan eyeballs Melissa and Yanto.

IWAN  
Ini penumpangnya? [Is that the fare?]

YANTO  
Dua-duanya. [They both are.]

Iwan gestures at the table top.

IWAN  
Coba liat uangnya? Bener nggak? [So what colour is your money? Do you have the wrong one?]

Ario delves into his rucksack and places two fat envelopes on the table. Iwan takes the envelopes and feels their weight. Iwan eyes Melissa up and down. He weighs the money in his hand again.

IWAN  
Mana sisanya? [Where's the rest?]

ARIO  
Kan ada seratus juta...? [There's one hundred million...?]

Iwan checks out at Melissa.

IWAN  
Itu kalo Cina. (beat) Dia kan bukan Cina.  
[That was for a Chinese. (beat) She's not Chinese.]

The crew guffaw.

IWAN  
(mocks)  
Bule naik... [*Bules* travel...] first class.

Ario walks closer to Iwan, speaking privately.

ARIO  
Tapi kita nggak ada uang lagi... [But we've got no more money...]

Iwan looks at Ario dead in the eyes.

IWAN  
Kalau begitu tunggu kapal berikutnya. [Then you must wait for the next boat.]

Ario is imploding, but Iwan remains indifferent.

ARIO  
Kita harus pergi. Polisi udah deket. [We have to go. The police are near.]

Ario goes to reach for the money but Iwan sweeps it onto his lap. Those at the table become tense.

**114. INT. BACK CORRIDOR - OLD BRICK BUILDING. NIGHT.**

Iwan swiftly leads Ario and Melissa along a corridor full of COMMON PEOPLE sitting against the walls, clutching their personal belongings. Some beg to Iwan to be transported.

**115. EXT. WHARF. NIGHT.**

Iwan, Ario and Melissa emerge from the back door. Ario and Melissa gape as they see SEVERAL REFUGEES huddling the wharf. There are Chinese, Uzbekistanis, Bangladeshi and locals.

The SRIKANDI FISHING BOAT. Iwan approaches the HARBOUR MASTER loitering near it. Iwan pulls out a bundle of cash and slips it into the Man's pocket. Iwan climbs up the bridge plank and turns to Ario and Melissa.

Ario lags behind Melissa and stops. Melissa rushes when she realizes.

MELISSA

Ario! Come on!

Ario ponders deeply. Melissa and Ario look deep into each other, thinking what to say. Melissa is anxious. Finally..

ARIO

Aku nggak bisa... [I can't...]

Melissa is confused. Ario approaches her. He holds her shoulders. Melissa nervously takes a deep breath, then inally nods. Both slightly move forward, but finally Melissa hugs Ario. She hugs him tight. This time Ario hugs her fully. Melissa kisses Ario's cheek. She lets go, holding her tears.

Without a word, Melissa is lead on board.

The crew pulls the plank and the anchor into the boat. The boat disappears into the night.

**116. EXT. AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY (AUT). DAY.**

Caption: Auckland, New Zealand.

Melissa hops off a bus and enters the plaza. It is the start of a fresh new semester. STUDENTS roam the plaza and chatter excitedly.

**117. INT. CLASSROOM - AUT. DAY.**

A LECTURER (60) sits casually in front of TEN STUDENTS from various countries and ethnicities. "ECO TERRORISM" is written on the whiteboard. Melissa sits at the middle-left side.

LECTURER

Before we start, I think we should get to know each other by introducing ourselves. Just say... your name and where you are from. So shall we start with...

The Lecturer nods to an Oriental-looking student at the front.

LECTURER

... you?

The STUDENT (18) nods shyly.

STUDENT

Hi... my name is Eric, I am from Jakarta, and I am here for honours. Nice to meet you.

Eric smiles shyly.

LECTURER

Jakarta? Oh? They know all about my classes in Indonesia?

ERIC

(puzzled but polite)  
I don't think so?

The class laughs. The Lecturer nods toward Melissa and explains to Eric.

LECTURER

Not to worry Eric. (beat) I think Melissa has spent some time in Java. And I'm sure she will interpret my strange jokes for you...

Melissa and Eric's eyes meet.

LECTURER

Melissa... perhaps you'd like to be the ice breaker?

MELISSA

Sure...

Melissa stands in front of the class and addresses the lecturer and the students.

MELISSA

Last summer I was in this small town in Java called Bakara. (beat) Anyway I came away with some footage about (beat) these two guys I met. (beat) I'd like to write a story about one of them (beat) and... and what happened to his family. (beat, she blinks back a tear or two) But I don't know the ending yet...

LECTURER

So? Who is the story about?

Melissa thinks momentarily.

MELISSA

Well, his name is Ario and he's the son of a rice farmer...

LECTURER

What age?

MONTAGE FLASHBACK.

**118. INT. VILLAGE CLASSROOM. DAY.**

Ario nods politely to the English teacher.

**119. EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD. DAY.**

Ario juggles the coconut masterfully in front of the soldiers.

**120. EXT. KRATON PALACE - ROADSIDE. DAY**

Ario meekly smiles at Princess Melissa.

**121. INT. BUDI'S SHACK. NIGHT.**

Ario patiently hugs Tuti besides Budi's body. He looks at the sky.

**122. INT. CLASSROOM - AUT. DAY.**

Melissa seems fixated on the sky. She smiles wanly to look across as Eric who is also feeling the same way.

**123. INT. BUDI'S SHACK. DAY.**

(PRESENT DAY.)

Ario approaches the door, still in his praying clothes. He opens it to reveal A POSTMAN (25) delving into his bag. As the postman hands over a letter, he briefly startles at Ario's face.

ARIO

Matur nuwun. [Thank you.]

The postman makes no comment and leaves. Ario closes the door and checks the envelope. We now SEE clearly there is a bruise in Ario's cheekbone.

Ario peers at the stamp from New Zealand. He turns it over and quickly tears the envelope and reads the letter.

MELISSA (V/O)

Hi Ario... How are you? I hope this letter comes through. I just want you to know that I've finally arrived safely at home.

ARIO

(murmurs)

Alhamdulillah... [Praise the Lord...]

MELISSA (V/O)

So many things have happened since I last saw you. I don't know where to begin. (beat) I've been keeping a low profile since I got back. (beat) There are some very embarrassed people back here. People in high places who are very keen for me not to repeat what I saw in Bakara. (beat) I haven't shown anyone about the tape as yet, but I've quit my job and gone back to university. I'm taking a film making course...

**124. INT. MELISSA'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

Melissa's room is neat and tidy.

She is sitting at a study desk before her laptop.

On the wall, hangs a picture of Melissa, Ario and Ardi posing together in front of Mataram Hotel, and another one of Ario and Tuti, smiling softly, sitting down in front of their dinner inside the shack.

She continues to write.

MELISSA (V/O)

How is Ardi? Say hi to him from me. I hope you don't mind but I wrote to him first..

**125. INT. ARIO'S ROOM. DAY.**

Ario is sitting on the floor. He gazes sadly at the Real Madrid shirt hung on the wall.

MELISSA (V/O)

I thought there was less likelihood of the Prawoto's mail being lost... but he hasn't replied..

Ario composure crumbles and he shuts his eyes at the thought.

**126. INT. UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE. DAY.**

Melissa comes next to pay at the cashier. Some international students are busy shopping necessities.

MELISSA (V/O)

Anyway... Uni's great. I don't know if I should mention this but I've met another cool Indonesian! But don't worry there's no need to get jealous!

**127. EXT. AUT PLAZA. DAY.**

Melissa receives a hotdog from AUT's free feed. A STUDENT accidentally kicks a soccer ball across the plaza, nearly hitting her. He apologises.

MELISSA (V/O)

He's not like any other Indonesians I've seen before, but no matter, I get to practice my already miserable vocabulary. By the way, are you still playing football...?

**128. INT. ARIO'S ROOM. DAY.**

Ario smiles ironically. He is lying down on the floor; his pillow is the half deflated football.

MELISSA (V/O)

One day I hope that I can come and see you play. (beat) Please write back, okay? (beat)  
*Aku kangen kamu* (I miss you). *Arohanui*,  
Melissa.

**129. INT. MELISSA'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

Melissa tucks in the letter inside the envelope and licks the tip to seal it.

Melissa drops herself to the bed. She takes the shopping bag from the bookstore and pulls out the content. It is the "Al-Quran and its Meaning". Melissa takes a moment and carefully opens the cover.

Audio bridge: Airplane

**130. EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY.**

Audio bridge: Airplane

Ario's looks up at the aircraft and then down to the writing pad on his knee. The page is full of writing.

ARIO (V/O)

Mother is well... but she doesn't work for the Prawotos anymore. They are... (beat) no longer a family. Something bad happened and they had to move away. I have lost... (beat) a friend. But I am sure if he is with me now, he wants me to send this letter... (beat) with a kiss.

Ario pauses. He looks up from his pad across to Ardi's tombstone.

**UP THEME AND END TITLES.**