

Song of the Sword

Written

by

Sasha Tomas

Copyright 2024  
Registration# P Au004225777

Draft V6 9.16.25

PROLOGUE:

1 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD 1980 - DAY- PAST 1

1A TITLE: BALI, INDONESIA 1980 1A

A sea of white cloud sprawl to the horizon, glowing in the predawn.

The sun breaks over the curvature of the earth, illuminating a green island.

As the sun begins to rise the clouds slowly starts to burn off.

A silver sword fin catches the light as it dips in and out of the sea of clouds. Soon it is followed by another fin. They chase each other.

And clash!

The clouds burn to mist as the sunrise bursts into colors of orange gold and pink.

The mist rolls back to reveal the fins are swords racing in the clouds.

The two swords clash against each other again.

The mist rolls back

YOUNG IBU AYU (16), a beautiful Indonesian girl with long black hair wields the long blade. Her red sash wrapped around her waist flaps in the wind as she grits her teeth while sweat drips down her face.

She leaps from steps, an ancient Balinese temple silhouetted in the dawn behind her. A Balinese golden dagger sparkles in her waistband. She swings her sword held mid leap, ready to strike.

YOUNG GUNTUR (16), a muscular, gangly boy dressed in a sarong tied at his waist in the style of West Java style. He stands bellow her facing the other way. At the last minute he twist and raises his sword blocking the death blow.

MONTAGE:

Opening credits over....

She lands, turns and charges. Their swords clash, the scrap of metal rings out, both move swiftly, with purpose, caught up in a dance.

...The two figures lock swords in battle silhouetted against orange and golden streaked sky over the ancient building

...Up close they hold each other off -- face to face.

...He knocks the sword from her hand.

...Their battle expressions tighten with focus, then....turn to smiles.

They disengage, he lowers his sword, and they bow to each other in respect. The sparring exercise is over.

Title superimposed over montage.

1B TITLE: SONG OF THE SWORD 1B

END MONTAGE:

Young IBU AYU hands him the Kris, her sacred golden dagger. She walks away leaving him behind her.

Alone, she walks through a darkened temple door...

2 INT. VILLA. HALLWAY OF MANY DOORWAYS 1980- CONTINUOUS 2

Young IBU AYU walks through the entrance into a bright corridor, through a series of arched door ways. Each arch a different color of the sunrise.

With each step, she and the hallway age. Her long black hair turns white as she morphs from spritely Young IBU AYU into an older dignified matriarch, IBU AYU(60's). The colors of the archway fade and darken with age until it narrows down into a blackened doorway at the end of hall.

She walks through the dark doorway...

3 INT. BLACKOUT ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

A pitch black room.

IBU AYU emerges from a dark doorway...

Flames pop up before her. Blazing bright then calming down into birthday cake candles.

The candles flicker as DIANDRA(20's), crosses in-front of them leaning in to blow them out.

She stops. Through the candle flames, she sees IBU AYU dressed in a sarong on the other side of the candles.

For a moment both women stare at each other, the candles illuminate their faces.

DIANDRA blows out the flames.

4 INT. RESTAURANT. KITCHEN - EVENING - PRESENT DAY 4

Overhead florescent lights flash on causing a momentary glare off of all of the stainless steal of a restaurant kitchen.

4A TITLE SUPERIMPOSED: CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA - PRESENT DAY

DIANDRA is in a t-shirt and jeans surrounded by a huge KITCHEN STAFF of miss matched characters. Everyone is wearing chef uniforms and baseball caps with a flame logo embroidered: BALI BBQ.

KITCHEN STAFF  
Happy Birthday to you!

DIANE(40's) a pleasant woman, hugs and kisses her daughter,

4B DIANDRA. 4B

DIANE  
Happy birthday, baby.

DIANDRA  
Thanks, mom.

ALEXANDER(40's), DIANDRA's father, an Indonesian man, leans over the kitchen grill, smoke and flame with skewers of Indonesian BBQ.

ALEXANDER  
Happy Birthday! Okay, everyone back to work!

The KITCHEN STAFF goes back to their stations. DIANDRA takes a swipe with her finger and eats the icing before shoving the cake into the walk-in fridge.

Alexander calls out orders from the ticket system. He checks the food orders and puts the to-go orders in plastic bags.

Each bag lined up with precision.

Alexander flips through order tickets.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
 DIANDRA, Can you grab these orders.  
 We're behind.

DIANDRA sighs, grabbing the to-go bags. She places the drinks in carriers.

DIANDRA  
 You know I have two degrees, right?

ALEXANDER  
 And student loans to match.

DIANDRA hesitates, glaring at him.

DIANDRA  
 But...

Alexander turns to her, his expression firm.

ALEXANDER  
 This is a family business. And last  
 I checked, you're part of the  
 family.

DIANDRA  
 Doesn't feel like it.

DIANDRA grabs the bags. She storms out, leaving Alexander standing in silence.

5 EXT. RESTAURANT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

5

A crappy alley an old scooter sits held together with duct tape sits outside the door. DIANDRA packs the bags into the insulated basket on back of the scooter. She straps on a helmet.

She hops on but it won't start.

DIANDRA  
 Dammit! Not again...Dad!

Alexander comes out through the door. Gives the scooter a kick at the same time revving the hand clutch. It sputters to life.

ALEXANDER  
 Good as new.

DIANDRA  
 Seriously?

ALEXANDER  
 I brought this over from Indonesia  
 when I first came to this country.  
 It IS a classic.

She turn the scooter around heading to the main road and  
 mouths words she heard him say a million times.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
 (simultaneously)  
 It's a classic.

DIANDRA  
 (simultaneously)  
 It's a classic.

6 EXT. CHARLOTTE. CITY STREET - LATER

6

DIANDRA grits her teeth and leans hard on the throttle as the  
 wind blows tendrils of her hair loose from her helmet. The  
 city in the background blurring as she speeds to her  
 destination.

A HORN blares from behind.

American cars are lined behind her on the narrow street. Her  
 slow driving holding up traffic. Cars take turns swerving  
 around her.

A DRIVER pulls up along side her and curses her out. She  
 flips them the bird as they drive past.

...The scooter's breaks lock. She loses control of the  
 scooter and hits the curb.

...She goes flying over the front of a parked car. Landing in  
 the wet, muddy grass ditch.

...She lays on the ground, looking under the car, through the  
 traffic and sees her dad's scooter. Still on one piece. Still  
 a classic.

...She looks down at herself. She is covered in mud. The to-  
 go food sprawled everywhere.

DIANDRA  
 Oh, come on!

7 INT. RESTAURANT. DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS 7

Diane is holding the door open to let CUSTOMERS out.

DIANE

Thank you for coming. Good night!

Muddy and covered in sauce, DIANDRA walks past her mother, as the last of the customers leave.

Diane is stunned at her condition.

DIANDRA

Don't ask.

DIANDRA walks back into the kitchen.

8 INT. RESTAURANT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 8

ALEXANDER

Where have you been? Customers canceled orders. This is a waste of food.

DIANDRA walks past him without saying a word. She goes into the fridge and comes back out. Her birthday cake in hand.

She kicks the swinging door open and heads out of the kitchen.

9 INT. RESTAURANT. DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS 9

DIANDRA sits at one of the tables at the back of the restaurant.

She eats her cake straight out of the box while scrolling on her phone.

Alexander walks up.

ALEXANDER

What happened to the scooter?

DIANDRA

I'm fine. Thank you.

She goes back to scrolling through her phone.

ALEXANDER

It's time to get back to work. No more daydreaming.

DIANDRA continues to scroll through her phone, ignoring him.

10 EXT. BALI. MOUNTAIN TOP. SWING - DAY 10

DIANDRA daydreams of is swinging, her hair blowing loose as she swings on the iconic Bali swing overlooking the scenic mountain and landscape below.

11 INT. RESTAURANT. DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS 11

Exasperated, he snatches it from her.

DIANDRA is abruptly jerked out of her daydream.

DIANDRA

Hey!

He looks at her screen.

ALEXANDER

What are you looking at? Curated  
crap. This isn't Bali.

He points to a large blown up photograph on the wall of Bali landscape.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

That's Bali.

DIANDRA

Wouldn't know. You've never taken  
me. All I have is daydreaming.

...DIANDRA gets up and tries to take her phone back.

...Her father blocks her move with his forearm.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)

No fair. Give it back.

...She counterattacks with a strike to disarm him but he evades her, stepping to the side easily.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)

Dad!

...He deftly uses his wrist and back of hand to hold her off.

ALEXANDER

If you had kept up practicing  
Pencak Silat, you would have your  
phone already.

...They engage in a full play fight battle.

...Jumping over tables.

...Sliding under chairs. In the process knocking over napkins and rattling dirty dishes.

...Alexander slides out from under a table, looks for

11A DIANDRA.

11A

...DIANDRA comes flying through the air out of nowhere.

...He stops her cold. With a delicate hand movement, deflection.

...She tumbles into a crouch.

ALEXANDER

Nice try. Still can't beat your old man.

He shakes the phone in his hand, teasing her.

Diane comes from behind and snatches the phone out of his hand, replacing it with a rag and spray bottle. She grabs a broom and dust pan and puts it in DIANDRA's hand.

DIANE

This place isn't going to clean itself.

Chagrined, they both quietly get to cleaning up the mess they made.

DIANDRA

What's so bad about Bali?

ALEXANDER

Nothing. It's paradise. It's home...but not every home is a place you want to be.

Alexander picks up plates and piles them up.

DIANDRA

How would you know. You haven't been back in 25 years.

ALEXANDER

You don't understand, Bali isn't what you think.

DIANDRA

You're right, I don't understand.  
Everybody and their mother has been  
there, except me.

ALEXANDER

It's different for us!

DIANDRA

How? You know what? Forget it. I  
got student loans to pay off,  
right?

DIANDRA takes the stack of dirty plates from her dad and  
heads into the kitchen.

DIANE

You're too hard on her.

ALEXANDER

I'm trying to keep her safe.

Diane steps closer, her voice softening.

DIANE

Safe isn't the same as happy.

Alexander exhales, glancing toward the kitchen.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Alex, its time to let go. What harm  
can your mother do in two weeks?

ALEXANDER

She's impossible to deal with  
...she's ...She was against our  
marriage.

DIANE

It's not important anymore.

ALEXANDER

She doesn't accept anything except  
her rules.

DIANE

Your daughter needs something.

ALEXANDER

My mom is more than something.

12

INT. RESTAURANT. DINING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

12

DIANDRA comes out of the kitchen carrying a box of BEER. She goes behind the bar and restocks the fridge.

ALEXANDER

Don't forget to lockup after you leave.

DIANDRA

I know. I know. But its my...

ALEXANDER

Birthday.

He reaches from behind his back and hands her a small package wrapped in a to-go bag.

A mix of emotions crosses his face. He hands it to his daughter.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Here you go, a little bit of your heritage.

DIANDRA quickly unwraps the book. She delicately wipes the dust off the stained and torn cover. TITLE: THE COMPLETE POETRY OF CHAIRIL ANWAR.

DIANDRA looks up at him, confused.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

It's a classic.

DIANDRA flips through the book, crayon marks and yellowed pages are dog-eared with Balinese scrawled on the inside borders on some of the pages.

DIANDRA

Thanks, dad.

She sets the book aside and continues to stock the bar.

ALEXANDER

I know you have been saving money to go to Bali...

DIANDRA

Are you saying I can go?

ALEXANDER

You're an adult. I can't stop you.

DIANDRA runs out from behind the bar and gives her dad a hug.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
 Somethings you have to learn  
 yourself. Keluarga saya adalah  
 kekuatan dan kelemahan saya.

DIANDRA leans back waiting for her dad to clarify.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
 My family is my strength and my  
 weakness.

13 INT. RESTAURANT. DINING AREA - MOMENTS LATER 13

Alexander slips behind the bar and opens the register. He takes out cash and slips it in-between the pages. He takes the book and discreetly puts it in her backpack.

14 EXT. BALI. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. - LATER 14

A bustling scene of tourists streams out of the airport. DIANDRA, in stylish vacation attire, pulls her suitcase with an eager smile. She poses by the "Welcome to Bali" sign but is quickly pushed aside by a group of influencers snapping selfies.

SATYA (20), a shy smiling baby-faced young man, wearing a traditional Balinese outfit—a crisp safari shirt, a sarong wrapped neatly around his waist, and a simple udeng head covering stands on other side of in front of a car parked blockade fence curbside. He holds a sign that reads: DIANDRA

SATYA  
 Selamat datang.[Welcome]

15 INT. SATYA'S CAR - DAY 15

The car glides smoothly along a serene stretch of road, lined with lush green rice paddies and swaying palm trees. Traditional gamelan music plays softly from the car's speakers.

SATYA  
 (glancing at DIANDRA in  
 the rearview mirror)  
 First time in Bali?

DIANDRA  
 Yeah. It's beautiful.

As the car rounds a bend, the tranquil scenery gives way to a bustling street.

16 EXT. BALI. MAIN ROAD - CHAOTIC TRAFFIC - DAY 16

Scooters swarm around SATYA's car like a school of fish. A monkey darts across the road, followed by a squawking chicken. SATYA honks the horn cheerfully. A scooter carrying a family of five—baby included—overtakes the car.

17 INT. SATYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 17

DIANDRA

You handle chaos like a pro.

SATYA

Comes with the job. Your grandmother trusts me. Driving, managing the things, keep the place running.

DIANDRA

Cool. You're a jack of all trades.

SATYA

No. My name is SATYA, not Jack.

DIANDRA grips the door handle as a scooter zips past, inches away.

SATYA (CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

Rush hour.

DIANDRA

Do they have lanes here?

SATYA

Lanes are suggestions.

A construction site appears, with piles of rubble spilling onto the road. Beyond it, a massive tourist group clogs the sidewalk, selfie sticks raised.

DIANDRA's eyes dart between the garbage-strewn edges of the road and the ornate temple in the distance.

18 EXT. SATYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 18

LUXURY CAR with tinted windows cuts them off. SATYA jerks wheel.

19 INT. SATYA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 19

DIANDRA slams against back of seat hard. The car blocks the way. SATYA tries to maneuver around. Luxury car and SATYA play chicken and mouse. SATYA cuts them off and zooms ahead.

20 EXT. VILLA. ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 20

The car finally skids to a halt before a grand, intricately carved gate. SATYA jumps out and beams proudly.

DIANDRA steps out, clutching her phone, her initial exasperation melting as she takes in the villa's beauty.

The same LUXURY CAR that cut them off, pulls up behind them and a uniformed DRIVER quickly steps out and comes around to the back passenger door.

Driver opens the door revealing BATARA (40), a strikingly handsome Indonesian man with a deep voice and a posh English accent in an expensive dark suit and sunglasses. He steps out and doesn't bother to acknowledge DIANDRA or SATYA's existence as he walks past into the ornate entrance.

SATYA stands still a strained smile on his face. He bows and takes her bags and leads the way.

21 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 21

DIANDRA follows SATYA through the winged stone gate into the open outer courtyard.

Multiple free-standing wooden homes, one more elaborately decorated than the next surround the courtyard.

Balinese women bearing trays of flowers for Canna, place offerings of flowers and fruits in front of Hindu god statues that adorn the courtyard. SATYA takes DIANDRA through the arched wooden front door of the main house in the compound.

22 INT. VILLA. FOYER - CONTINUOUS 22

Inside an ornate foyer filled with finely colored archways, gold gilded lamps, and massive hand-carved wooden beams overhead with ornately engraved figurines.

DIANDRA  
How old is this place?

IBU AYU (O.S.)  
The villa is 500 years old.

23 INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

23

DIANDRA stops dead in her tracks.

Before her IBU AYU (60's) a beautifully regal woman with white hair dressed neatly in a vibrant sarong, sits in the middle of the opulent living room, like a queen on a throne, holding a bamboo cane as if it were a scepter.

An older servant, KADEK (50) stands obediently by her side.

Servants flank her other side. SATYA joins the group and stands next assistant to IBU AYU, a young sweet-faced girl, PREETI (18), and smiles at her, but she shyly ignores him.

A MAID and helper stand behind them.

IBU AYU

It has been in our family for  
centuries. Passed down generation  
to generation.

BATARA sits poised with crossed legs, his gaze sharp and suspicious.

DIANDRA

Hello, grandmother.

IBU AYU

Call me, Nene. Come here.

DIANDRA

Nene.

DIANDRA steps forward awkwardly.

IBU AYU holds out her hand. DIANDRA looks at it. Uncertain what to do she looks around the room. SATYA signals for her to bow her head. Gesturing for her to touch her forehead to her grandmother's hand. She does so.

IBU AYU

When is my son coming?

DIANDRA

He isn't.

BATARA

So much for generation to  
generation.

IBU AYU gives him the side eye. She looks her grand daughter up and down.

IBU AYU  
Let me look at you.

Her grandmother taps the ground with her cane and motions for DIANDRA to spin around.

She complies.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
My son didn't disappoint in making  
a beautiful granddaughter. Just the  
right shade,  
(under breath)  
at least your mother did something  
right.

BATARA  
Yes, she does the bloodline proud.

IBU AYU  
(annoyed)  
Why are you here?

BATARA  
IBU AYU, is this any way to treat  
your nephew?

IBU AYU  
That is Ibu, to you.

BATARA smirks, ignoring IBU AYU. He gets up and approaches DIANDRA, getting in her personal space.

BATARA  
Let me introduce myself. I'm  
BATARA. Auntie's husband's  
brother's son.

DIANDRA tries to sort out the complicated connection in her head.

DIANDRA  
So your my... cousin?

BATARA  
Uncle.

IBU AYU  
No need for you to bother. PREETI,  
take Niluh to her room.

DIANDRA  
It's DIANDRA.

IBU AYU  
Here, we follow tradition. You will  
be called Niluh.

DIANDRA  
But my name is a combination of my  
mother and father's name.

IBU AYU ignores her.

IBU AYU  
These clothes are...PREETI, pastikan  
Niluh memakai sesuatu yang  
cocok.[PREETI, see that Niluh wears  
something suitable.]

PREETI nods, head down, avoiding BATARA as she crosses the  
room to DIANDRA. He watches PREETI with a keen eye.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
BATARA. I believe our business is  
done for the day. [Bahasa Bali]

BATARA  
I just want to ask DIANDRA one more  
question.

BATARA leans in toward DIANDRA smiling, making her  
uncomfortable.

BATARA (CONT'D)  
Does Wayan have the Kris? [Bahasa  
Bali]

DIANDRA  
Who? I don't understand.

BATARA  
Oh, you don't speak.... Does  
Alexander have the ancestral sword?

IBU AYU cracks her cane against the tile. The sound makes  
DIANDRA jump. She steps back from BATARA.

IBU AYU  
Enough. KADEK, show him out of my  
house.

BATARA turns around to glare at IBU AYU. PREETI quickly takes  
DIANDRA's arm and pulls her to the other side of the room  
away from BATARA.

BATARA  
Your house?

IBU AYU  
This is my ancestors' home. Wayan  
is the rightful heir.

BATARA  
Your son? But I'm the one that's  
been here taking care of...

IBU AYU holds her head up regally. With the wave of her cane,  
she dismisses BATARA.

KADEK  
Sir, please.

KADEK escorts BATARA out of the room.

24

INT. VILLA. DIANDRA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

24

A large bed with gold, orange, and white bedding beautifully  
made sits in the middle of a large ornate room with pillars  
and arches. Adorned with old handmade teakwood furniture and  
a breezy balcony overlooking the inner courtyard.

DIANDRA  
Wow. This is amazing.

PREETI takes out her bag and hand it to a MAID starts to  
unpack.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
That's okay, you don't have to...

PREETI  
No problem. I will do, Ms. Niluh.

DIANDRA  
It's DIANDRA.

PREETI smiles sweetly and innocently at her.

PREETI  
Niluh is name of all first born  
girls. And Wayan is name of first  
born boys.

DIANDRA  
Oh, that's why BATARA called my  
dad, Wayan. What's your name?

PREETI  
I am PREETI. It's not so formal.

As PREETI puts away clothes.

PREETI (CONT'D)  
I am IBU AYO's assistant. I will  
help you learn our traditions.

She pulls out the poetry book and handles it like a treasure.

PREETI (CONT'D)  
You like poetry? DIANDRA takes the  
book and places it on the  
nightstand.

DIANDRA  
A gift from my dad.

Money slips out of the book. Surprised, she picks it up and  
hugs it to her chest.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
I am going to take a quick shower.

She picks up her toiletries bag and heads to bathroom.

25 INT. VILLA. DIANDRA'S SUITE - LATER

25

DIANDRA comes out of the bathroom in a bathrobe, preoccupied  
with drying her hair. She bumps into PREETI who is patiently  
waiting in the room. The MAID stands behind her.

DIANDRA  
(startled)  
You're still here?

PREETI  
Of course, Ms. Time to get ready.

DIANDRA  
For what?

PREETI  
To go into town.

DIANDRA  
Now, your talking.

DIANDRA pulls out a cute short outfit to wear.

PREETI  
Oh no, no.

PREETI goes to a stand-up closet and takes out quite a few  
traditional Balinese dresses.

She selects a colorful sarong and lacy matching tight top. PREETI holds the top up against DIANDRA to gauge the fit.

DIANDRA  
It's a bit revealing.

PREETI  
The top is of normal length.

She hands DIANDRA the dress.

DIANDRA  
I only wear this kinda stuff for parties or weddings.

PREETI  
Here we dress traditionally. IBU AYU expects no less. How do you say? She is like a walnut.

DIANDRA  
She's nuts?

PREETI  
No, no. Hard on the outside but soft on the inside.

DIANDRA turns toward a mirror and holds the sarong up, uncertain of how to wear it.

DIANDRA  
I'm not sure about this.

PREETI  
Don't worry. I make you pretty, like me.

26

INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

26

IBU AYU sits in the chair. KADEK stands besides her. The MAID stands behind her. DIANDRA walks awkwardly in dressed in a traditional outfit that is uncomfortably one size too small. PREETI follows behind her.

IBU AYU  
Much better. A bit tight but presentable. KADEK, make an appointment with the Batik tailor.

KADEK  
Yes, Ibu.

27 EXT. MARKET - DAY

27

DIANDRA, PREETI, SATYA, KADEK, IBU AYU and her MAID enter through the arched gates onto the cobblestone paved road leading to the traditional row house shops.

The buzz of a lively market, sounds of homes - clothes hung being put out to dry, as children running around, the occasional whistle of a pressure cooker. Tourists walk up and down the cobblestone road.

DIANDRA

Where are we?

IBU AYU

The market.

Welcomed by friendly residents willing to show them around their compound. Old bricks still stand in their place, traditional kitchens are covered in soot from the billowing wood-fire hearths, and the compounds are uniquely laid out, each following old Balinese spatial and architectural rules.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)

I don't know how girls behave in America but we will be having none of that tourist-like behavior.

IBU AYU looks around with contempt at the throngs of tourists drinking, acting rowdy and half-dressed in the streets.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)

We have rules and expectations.  
KADEK, teach Niluh the rules.

KADEK

Yes, Ibu.

IBU AYU

Make sure you abide by them.

DIANDRA

Yes, Nene.

An Australian girl crossed their path drunk.

KADEK

Rule number One. You never go off by yourself.

A group of girls pass in bikini's and tiny skirts.

KADEK (CONT'D)  
 Rule number Two. You will learn the  
 customs and respect the traditions.

Two Russians walk past seeing who can burp loudest.

KADEK (CONT'D)  
 Rule number Three is most  
 important. Do not do anything that  
 will bring shame to the family.

KADEK stares at her intently waiting for her acknowledgement.

KADEK (CONT'D)  
 Understand?

DIANDRA  
 Yes.

DIANDRA walks with the group down the tightly packed marketplace together with colorful signs, hawkers giving live demonstrations and beckoning tourists to come look at souvenirs and dress shops.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
 (grumbling to self)  
 Don't go off by yourself. Don't  
 bring shame...

Distracted by signboards pointing to hotels down alleys and cafes selling fresh juice and smoothies. She mindlessly walks the road and uses cellphone to video-records everything on her phone getting caught up in the crowd.

KADEK pulls DIANDRA aside.

KADEK  
 Ms. Niluh. Please remember the  
 rules.

Grandmother frowns at DIANDRA moving from stall to stall picking up accessories and clothes from the local vendors on the narrow streets. She loves the colors and the different outfits.

IBU AYU takes the sarong out of her hand and puts it back.

KADEK eyes the vendor who takes a step back. IBU AYU and KADEK continue walking.

DIANDRA  
 What did I do wrong?

PREETI

The market is for foreigners.  
Locals don't shop here.

28 EXT. MARKET. JEWELRY SHOP - LATER

28

PREETI and DIANDRA walk along a row of storefronts with lavish jewelry and dress shops. Foreign and local MEN sit around playing cards and drinking beer in front of the stores.

PREETI stops and looks at a piece of jewelry.

BATARA (O.S.)

Do you like it?

Surprised, PREETI looks up. BATARA hovers over her.

BATARA (CONT'D)

These are all my shops. Look around. You can have anything you want.

PREETI

No, thank you.

BATARA takes PREETI's hand and strokes it.

BATARA

This hand would look lovely with my ring on it.

PREETI pulls back her hand in fear. She stumbles back and stands behind DIANDRA.

BATARA (CONT'D)

Is this any way to treat your future husband?

IBU AYU

Talking nonsense again, BATARA.

IBU AYU walks past, ushers the women along.

SATYA hurries up and stands behind PREETI, physically blocking her from BATARA's view.

BATARA

You won't always be around old woman.

He sits down with a group of young Foreign MEN.

BATARA discreetly puts down a bundle of cash on the table  
 nods his head at the MEN sitting around the shops. MAN #1,  
 MAN #2 and the DRIVER get up and follow after the group.

29

EXT. MARKET - LATER

29

In front of them is a long line of street vendors with  
 various carts filled with sumptuous goodies.

DIANDRA  
 Satay kombin!

A vendor cooks chicken satay skewers on an open grill. The  
 smell entices her and she heads straight for the stall.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
 It smells so good. It's just like  
 my dad's cooking at the restaurant.

IBU AYU  
 Cook? Growing up he had people  
 cooking for him.

DIANDRA rummages in her purse and pulls out money.

DIANDRA  
 Two, please.

IBU AYU  
 We don't eat off the street. NIt's  
 not clean. Move along.

IBU AYU, SATYA and KADEK push on ahead. The MAID walks  
 behind.

PREETI lags behind. She secretly buys the skewers and gets a  
 pastry from the street vendor.

PREETI  
 Ms. Niluh.

PREETI sneaks DIANDRA the skewers and a sweet pancake wrapped  
 in a piece of waxed paper.

DIANDRA  
 What's this?

PREETI  
 Martabak telur. It's like pancake.

DIANDRA  
 You're the best.

The fragrant smell of chilies fills her nose. She takes a bite and burns her mouth.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
Oh, it's hot!

DIANDRA fans her mouth.

PREETI  
(confused)  
Too spicy?

Davina's mouth is on fire.

DIANDRA  
No, no it's... it's so good.

Excited and happy, DIANDRA nods and continues to eat it secretly avoiding IBU AYU.

The women are too engrossed in the food and laughing they don't see KADEK standing behind them.

KADEK  
Miss.

They jump up. DIANDRA tosses her food.

KADEK (CONT'D)  
Ibu, reminds you of rule number one.

The girls quickly rejoin the group.

30 EXT. MARKET. BATIK TAILOR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER 30

IBU AYU's cane taps the stone pavement rhythmically as they approach a small, intricately carved wooden shop tucked into a corner of the street. A painted sign reads: "Penjahit Batik Agung" [Agung Batik Tailor].

IBU AYU  
Here, clothing is more than fabric.  
It tells the world who you are and  
where you stand.

The group stops in front of the shop.

31 INT. MARKET. BATIK TAILOR SHOP - CONTINUOUS 31

Inside, vibrant bolts of batik fabric drape the walls—floral, geometric, and mythical designs in rich colors.

A skilled tailor, PAK ARDI, a beautifully dressed tailor, looks up from her sewing machine. She rises and bows slightly.

PAK ARDI

IBU AYU, an honor as always. Nice to see you in good health. [Bahasa Bali]

IBU AYU smiles and nods.

IBU AYU

Pak Ardi, this is my granddaughter, Niluh. She needs something that fits her status. [Bahasa Bali]

Pak Ardi assesses DIANDRA with a trained eye, her gaze thoughtful.

PAK ARDI

Ah, a modern shape with traditional roots. A challenge I welcome.

DIANDRA shifts uncomfortably, running her fingers along a fabric patterned with gold thread.

DIANDRA

These are beautiful.

IBU AYU

Clothes show pride, not extravagance.

Pak Ardi selects a piece of fabric with deep orange and gold motifs, holding it against DIANDRA's shoulder. DIANDRA watches the Batik workers Dye the fabric.

PAK ARDI (O.S.)

This speaks of elegance.

IBU AYU (O.S.)

Something that shows dignity but roars tradition.

The artist skillfully works art into the fabric.

PAK ARDI (O.S.)

Leave it to me, Ibu.

DIANDRA looks up as she nods for her to step onto a small platform surrounded by mirrors.

DIANDRA  
(unsure)  
Okay.

As Pak Ardi takes measurements and pins the fabric, DIANDRA studies her reflection in the mirror.

The tailor holds different fabrics up. DIANDRA apprehension turns to delight.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
Roar.

PREETI smiles and gives her a thumbs up. IBU AYU staunchly nods her head, a mixture of pride and approval.

32                   EXT. MARKET. BATIK TAILOR SHOP - LATER                   32

IBU AYU and DIANDRA comes out of the shop. Diandra is dressed back in her original tight ill-fitting outfit. turns and waves goodbye to the shop.

PREETI follows behind with packages and shopping bags. She hands them to Kadek, Satya and the Maid who are waiting.

IBU AYU turns and waves goodbye to the shop.

IBU AYU turns back toward the shop. She gives a warm smile and a gracious nod to the shop keeper. (Who is inside the shop, unseen.)

IBU AYU  
Ngaturang Suksema. [Thank you.]

Something catches DIANDRA's eye and she walks to the shop across the road.

33                   EXT. MARKET. ALLEY - LATER                   33

DIANDRA gets distracted by the jewelers, shoes, bags, and journals. Wanders down an alleyway by herself, mindlessly taking pictures. Children play on the street and women gossip on the steps and balconies.

Lost in the beauty and authenticity of the world around her, she is unaware of a group of MEN approaching from behind.

The women call their children in and shut their doors and window shutters.

DIANDRA is left all alone on the street.

The MEN surround her. The men taunt and make catcalls.

MAN #1

Where are you going? Are you lost?

MAN #2

Can I have your number?

DRIVER

Hi, little lady.

Uncomfortable and scared. DIANDRA tries to skirt around them.

DIANDRA

No. Please leave me alone.

34 EXT. MARKET. BATIK TAILOR SHOP - MOMENTS LATER 34

PREETI and the Maid hand bags to KADEK and SATYA. and The MAID rearranges bags of supplies and goods.

PREETI

Ms. Niluh?

PREETI realizes that DIANDRA is not anywhere on the street.

PREETI (CONT'D)

Ibu, I don't see her.

IBU AYU

She must be somewhere. KADEK.  
SATYA. Go find her.

35 EXT. MARKET ALLEY - SAME TIME 35

The flash of a small hidden circle knife held in the palm of his hand by MAN #1. Frightened DIANDRA tries to run away, but the men catch her and push her around.

...She take a defensive stance, recalling pencak silat moves her father taught her.

DRIVER

Cute. The little girl wants to fight.

...A Sarong flaps in the wind on a clothesline. DIANDRA grabs it and ties it around her wrist and elbow.

MAN #1 approaches. ...DIANDRA. She uses the sarong to wrap around MAN #1 neck and pulls him down to the ground. He gasps and chokes trying to untie the sarong around his neck. .... MAN #2 grabs DIANDRA around the waist. She elbows him and he stumbles back, pushing her, she falls to the ground. ...on the ground, she finds baskets filled with wet laundry and throws it at the men. They put up their arms to deflect the clothes.

...The men chase after her. DIANDRA runs up some stairs onto a balcony and throws potted plants down on their heads...knocking MAN #2 down.

... The DRIVER continues to chase up the stairs...

...DIANDRA bangs on doors and shuttered windows but no one opens up.

DIANDRA  
Help! Open the door!

...The DRIVER captures her and drags her back down the stair onto the street. The MEN surround her and kick her.

...DIANDRA uses her arms up to protect her head. She rolls back up onto legs. She is hurt but still standing her ground.

Diandra using Pencak Silat to fight back against the young Russian men.

...Punching and spin kicks. The young men fight like boxers.

...Dancing around looking for a clear shot.

...DIANDRA turns towards a sound and is met with perfectly aimed fist to the jaw by the biggest of the men.

...She crumbles to the ground. Revealing IBU AYU standing at the front of the alley.

IBU AYU cracks her cane sharply on the limestone ground. It echoes in the alley.

IBU AYU  
Stop!

DIANDRA looks up to see her grandmother standing like a warrior queen holding a scepter ready to ride into battle.

MAN #1  
Stay out of this, old woman!

IBU AYU walks slowly into the alley.

IBU AYU  
Pigs come in herds.

...MAN #2 tries to grab her cane, but she pivots on her heel and comes at him from another angle.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
A lion comes alone.

...Her cane moves swiftly from left to right in an "X" pattern.

...She gives each MAN #2 a good smack upside his head with her cane. He stumbles back clutching his head.

...MAN #1 grabs up DIANDRA and holds the knife to her throat.

...IBU AYU does a running leap kick to the knife hand of the man holding her granddaughter. He falls backwards, releasing DIANDRA. The knife skids far from his reach.

...MAN #2 rushes IBU AYU from behind.

DIANDRA  
Look out!

...IBU AYU does a spin kick, dropping MAN #2 to his knees.

IBU AYU stands up and clutches her heart. She picks up her cane, using it to stand up tall.

She glares at DRIVER. He puts up his hands up in surrender, turns and runs away.

PREETI returns with KADEK and SATYA. DIANDRA stares up from the ground at IBU AYU, her expression a mix of awe and embarrassment.

IBU AYU  
This is why we have rules.

36

EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - SAME

36

The group returns to the compound. SATYA quickly carries the packages inside the villa while PREETI helps a limping DIANDRA. KADEK offers his hand to IBU AYU to get out the car. She looks pale. He hands her the cane.

KADEK  
Ibu, you must mind your health.

With a wave of her hand, she dismisses his comment.

37 EXT. VILLA. ENTRANCE - LATER 37

A moment later BATARA's luxury car pulls up and blocks the front entrance. A few other cars pull up behind it.

38 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - SAME 38

BATARA enters the courtyard with ELDERS, a group of wise men.

BATARA  
Good Evening.

IBU AYU  
Not now, BATARA. I'm tired.

PREETI is visibly upset, she averts her eyes away from catching BATARA's attention. She helps DIANDRA walk faster to get inside the main villa.

BATARA steps in front of them blocking the way.

BATARA  
Auntie, I heard there was trouble  
in the city center involving my  
niece. We were worried.

The ELDERS nod their heads and look disgruntled. They shake their fingers at DIANDRA.

IBU AYU  
Don't act like I don't know what  
you did.

The ELDERS grumble and whisper to BATARA.

BATARA  
You seem to be confused. I was  
minding business at my shops.

ELDER 1  
This young lady has destroyed  
property. Scared women and  
children. Banging on doors and  
causing havoc. [Bahasa Bali]

ELDER 2  
Ibu, this is not something that  
happens in our community. [Bahasa  
Bali]

IBU AYU  
 She was attacked in the street.  
 Have you no sympathy? Look at her?  
 [Bahasa Bali]

BATARA glances over DIANDRA with disdain. The ELDERS look at her condition and shake their heads.

BATARA  
 Walking in the street dressed like  
 this and alone. No wonder she  
 attracted attention.

Anger, shame, and anxiety overwhelm DIANDRA.

DIANDRA  
 Excuse me? What kind of backwards  
 thinking is that?

BATARA  
 Talking back to your elders.  
 Shameless.

IBU AYU  
 It's time for you to leave.

She shakes her cane at him.

BATARA  
 You don't scare me with your stick.  
 It is time for you to leave.

IBU AYU  
 You have no claim.

DIANDRA  
 Leave us alone.

BATARA  
 Not your country, not your people,  
 not your problem.  
 (He leans closer to  
 DIANDRA)  
 Go back to America.

IBU AYU  
 Enough.

BATARA  
 Tradition dictates the villa and  
 the land gets passed to the eldest  
 man.

IBU AYU

I am the one who has the Kris.

IBU AYU signals SATYA to her side. She whispers in his ear.

He nods head and runs into the villa.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)

The Kris is everything. Tradition must be followed.

BATARA

Tradition is about the men.

IBU AYU

My son is the first born and he is still alive.

BATARA

Then where is he? Wayan!

DIANDRA

Wayan?

BATARA

Oh, that's right he goes by Alexander now. Alexander!

BATARA spreads his arms wide and aggressively turns around emphasizing that Alexander is nowhere to be seen.

BATARA (CONT'D)

Where is the Kris?

IBU AYU

BATARA, you wish to see my family heirloom? Not a problem.

SATYA comes running back out with an OLD COLONIAL GUN and gives it to IBU AYU.

BATARA

What is this?

IBU AYU

A warning.

She fires off a shot straight into the air.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)

Get off my property.

The crowd gasps and disperse.

Furious, BATARA stares directly at IBU AYU.

BATARA  
I will be back.

39 INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

39

IBU AYU looks irritated and exhausted. She hands the gun back to SATYA.

SATYA mounts the gun up over the fireplace mantle under a large imposing oil painting of a Balinese man.

DIANDRA  
What the hell just happened?

IBU AYU  
Our ancestors are warriors. We never give up.

DIANDRA  
Look at me!  
(beat)  
So never giving up means me getting beaten up, for what?

IBU AYU  
Kamu harus mempertahankan kehormatanmu. Dan keluargamu.  
[Bahasa Indonesian] You have to defend your honor. And your family.  
[English]

DIANDRA  
This is insane. My father was right. I shouldn't have come.

IBU AYU  
Fine. Leave. Go. [Just like he did. Forget about family. No honor.]  
[Bahasa Bali]

DIANDRA  
I'm sorry, Nene. This isn't my fight.

DIANDRA exits the room. IBU AYU lays back on the couch, exhausted, closes her eyes.

40 INT. VILLA. DIANDRA'S SUITE - LATER

40

DIANDRA is frantically packing her bag.

PREETI  
What are you doing?

DIANDRA  
Packing.

PREETI  
Please, Ms. Niluh don't go. Ibu  
needs you.

DIANDRA  
She can handle everything all by  
herself.

PREETI  
You misunderstand her. She is  
protecting us.

DIANDRA  
The only thing she is protecting is  
her reputation. This is nothing  
like the vacation I imagined.

41 INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 41

DIANDRA enters the living room with her luggage in tow. IBU  
AYU sits herself calmly sipping her tea.

DIANDRA  
Nene, thank you for the  
hospitality. I've called a ride...

IBU AYU  
Before you go, I have one thing I  
want to show you.

42 INT. VILLA. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 42

DIANDRA follows after IBU AYU through the hallway. Old oil  
paintings of the Royals that came before them line the  
hallway walls.

IBU AYU  
These are your ancestors.

IBU AYU leads her back into the living room.

43 INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 43

They move into the living room and stand in front a large  
painting of IBU AYU's father lording over the room.

A stern faced man with a large curved mustache, dressed in royal clothing, he holds an adorned golden Kris.

The old Colonial Gun used earlier is mounted underneath the painting.

IBU AYU  
This is your great-grandfather.

DIANDRA  
He looks so mean.

IBU AYU  
He was a proud warrior.

DIANDRA reaches out to touch the painting. IBU AYU clears her throat. DIANDRA drops her hand.

DIANDRA  
What is so important about this dagger?

IBU AYU  
This dagger is our Kris. It connects us to our ancestors. Passed down from son to son for centuries. Family law dictates whoever has it is the rightful owner of everything, the land, the compound, our home.

DIANDRA  
I've never seen my dad with a Kris.

IBU AYU  
That is because he doesn't have it.

FLASHBACK:

44 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD 1980 - DAY 44

44A TITLE: BALI, INDONESIA 1980 44A

YOUNG IBU AYU (16), the eldest, and her seven sisters, dressed in simple sarong silat uniforms fight each other with sticks.

IBU AYU (V.O.)  
We have a history of being fierce warriors trained in the art of pencak silat.

FATHER (man from the painting) sits on the side drinking tea with a manservant holding an umbrella over his head.

IBU AYU (V.O.)

To my father's shame, he only had a daughter, but he was a proud man. So he insisted I train to be strong and brave.

YOUNG GUNTUR (16) arrives on a motorbike.

IBU AYU (V.O.)

A young man was brought in by my father to teach me something new...martial arts from Java.

Young GUNTUR jumps and moves solo in the middle of the courtyard, showing off his martial arts skills.

IBU AYU (V.O.)

He charmed me. Gave me hope of a world outside the compound.

Young GUNTUR showing off on his motorbike and encouraging Young IBU AYU to ride on the back.

MONTAGE:

45 INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM 1980 - PAST 45

Young IBU AYU and Young GUNTUR fall in love. The couple secretly meeting around the villa and hold hands.

They show each other pictures from magazines that they wish to travel.

IBU AYU lying in GUNTUR's arms while he holds a new poem book as she reads aloud to him.

YOUNG IBU AYU

Love is a closed door A riddle to be solved ...

46 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD 1980 - PAST 46

Young IBU AYU holds YOUNG GUNTUR's hand with a pen, teaching him to write. He writes a Indonesian word on the border of the poem book.

YOUNG GUNTUR

What did I write? [Bahasa Indonesian]

YOUNG IBU AYU  
Cinta. [Love.]

He turns to look at her.

YOUNG GUNTUR  
Cinta. [Love.]

47 EXT. TEMPLE 1980 - DAY - 1980

47

Young IBU AYU and Young GUNTUR kneel outside before the temple steps. In front of them is an offering of flowers and fruits. They are dressed in simple white ceremonial outfits. GUNTUR wears a red sash around his waist. The Kris is tucked into the band.

IBU AYU (V.O.)  
We went to temple to run away  
together and pray for protection on  
our journey, but my family found  
out.

\*Young GUNTUR bows head in respect. From behind, Father grabs GUNTUR at the back.

\*...Young GUNTUR spins into fighting stance. Shocked, he sees the father and takes a step back.

\*...Father is accompanied by VILLAGE MEN who stand behind him.

\*...Father and Young GUNTUR engage in hand to hand combat. GUNTUR blocks, receiving the majority of the blows.

\*...Young IBU AYU intercepts the father, pleading for him to stop. She is pushed aside and falls to the ground.

\*...Young GUNTUR evades the Father's swing. He grabs Young IBU AYU and they run away but are surrounded by the village men.

\*...Young IBU AYU is detained by her father. She cries as the and village men beat GUNTUR. He tries to fight back and go to Young IBU AYU but he is no match against the father..

FATHER  
Thief! Think you can steal my  
daughter. Filthy, poor animal!  
[Bahasa Bali]Indonesian]

Young GUNTUR gets up and starts to run away. He looks back one last time at Young IBU AYU.

YOUNG GUNTUR  
Come back!

FATHER  
(Looking at Young IBU AYU)  
Never bring shame to the family.  
[Bahasa Bali]Indonesian]

Her father holds her back as she reaches out and continues to cry for GUNTUR to take her with him.

48 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD 1980 - PAST - LATER 48

Young IBU AYU has a quick marriage in front of the villa to

48A OLDER HUSBAND (40). 48A

The flash photographer takes a photo of the unhappy child bride, next to the older man seated in a chair.

IBU AYU (V.O.)  
I never saw GUNTUR again. I was  
forced to give up my dreams, be a  
good daughter, and marry a man who  
never loved me.

MONTAGE:

49 INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM 1980 - PAST - LATER 49

Young IBU AYU endures being belittled and beaten by her mother- in-law.

Young IBU AYU suffers from her OLDER HUSBAND's neglect and cold demeanor.

IBU AYU with a small child, BABY ALEXANDER, who plays by himself on the floor as she sits in a chair with an unopened poem book in her lap looking proper and unfazed.

IBU AYU (V.O.)  
I learned to be stoic and strong.  
Did my best to shelter my son from  
pain of the world...

FLASHBACK END:

49A INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM - 49A

50 NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

50

IBU AYU sits in the same chair, looking crestfallen and tired.

IBU AYU  
 ...but maybe all I did was close  
 myself off from world and from  
 Wayan.

She takes a deep sigh.

DIANDRA  
 You did the best with what you  
 could.

IBU AYU  
 My best isn't good enough if BATARA  
 takes everything.

DIANDRA  
 You won't let him.

The proud woman's shoulder slope. Her brow furrows in confusion but she quickly shakes it off. She presses down on her cane and regains her staunch composure.

IBU AYU  
 This is not for you to worry about  
 anymore. You are leaving.

DIANDRA  
 I...

She reaches out but the old woman clacks her cane on the tile. The sharp sound makes DIANDRA retreat. She turns and leaves.

As she walks down the hall she passes the oil paintings. A picture of Young IBU AYU with baby Alexander sitting in her lap comes into view. She looks up and stares.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
 My family is my strength and my  
 weakness.

She abruptly turns around and looks down the hall. IBU AYU is at the other end, looking back at her.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
 You have to defend your honor. And  
 your family.

Both women look at each other knowingly.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
I will help you. This is my  
heritage and I'm not going to let  
anyone take it away.

IBU AYU  
It's late.

DIANDRA picks up her bag and heads back to her room.

DIANDRA  
(softly)  
Nene.

IBU AYU looks back at her.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
Can you teach me to fight like you?

IBU AYU nods her head.

IBU AYU  
Your first lesson begins tomorrow.

51 INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME 51

Secretly, KADEK stands behind a pillar listening to their conversation. He waits for DIANDRA and IBU AYU to leave the room.

He walks across the living room and stands in front of the painting. He snaps a picture of the patriarch with the sword painting on his phone.

He sends text message to BATARA.

52 INT. BATARA'S LUXURY CAR - NIGHT - SAME TIME 52

BATARA gets a text message. He checks his phone and smirks.

BATARA  
Driver, what was the name of the  
sword maker that made your family  
Kris?

DRIVER  
Empu Sungkowo.

BATARA  
Take me to him.

53 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - MORNING

53

DIANDRA is dressed in stretchy athletic clothes. She is dragging and looks like she just woke up.

She sees KADEK setting up a tea station with an umbrella and chair. DIANDRA makes a beeline toward it.

KADEK  
Selamat Pagi. [Good morning.]

DIANDRA  
Good morning.

PREETI runs up to her with a big, bright smile and intercepts her with a hug.

PREETI  
I'm so glad you stay!

A clack of the cane on the ground startles the girls. PREETI quickly releases DIANDRA and runs to IBU AYU's side.

IBU AYU  
Ready to learn?

DIANDRA  
What about breakfast?

IBU AYU ignores her and stands in the middle of the courtyard in a pencak silat sarong uniform holding a long bamboo stick. PREETI stands awkwardly next to IBU AYU holding a cluster of sticks and various martial arts equipment.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
What is all this?

IBU AYU exchanges her long bamboo stick with PREETI for a short wooden stick. IBU AYU gives it to DIANDRA.

IBU AYU  
Tongkat is stick fighting. A form of self-defense. She takes it and swings it around a bit like a sword.

DIANDRA  
This doesn't seem so hard.

IBU AYU  
It is a baby stick for children.

SHE shows DIANDRA the traditional art of using a bamboo cane. IBU AYU moves with her cane, swinging it from one side of DIANDRA to the other side. Gently guiding DIANDRA in opposite directions.

IBU AYU moves with fluidity and grace. She teaches DIANDRA the skip-and-catch method of the stick.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)

Your turn.

DIANDRA, slowly at first, follows instructions, step-by-step, moving the stick. As she speeds up she drops the stick.

IBU AYU shows her where to lace her hand and how to maneuver the stick so it flows freely.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)

Pinky leads the way. The weakest,  
yet mightiest of all fingers.

IBU AYU steps back and allows DIANDRA to try on her own. DIANDRA gives it a try and keeps dropping the stick.

IBU AYU demonstrates.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)

Pinky up and rotate hand, flow over  
wrist, grab top with other hand.

DIANDRA masters the skill fairly quickly.

Proud of herself, DIANDRA shows off doing the skill one-handed, first the right, then the left hand.

PREETI hands DIANDRA a longer wooden staff.

DIANDRA works with the longer stick to replicate the skip-and-catch move but it is going nowhere fast.

54

EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - HIGH NOON

54

The sun beats down overhead. Sweat is dripping down DIANDRA's face.

IBU AYU sits under the shade of the umbrella. KADEK serves her tea.

IBU AYU

Pinky out!

IBU AYU demonstrates the skill as she drinks her tea, extending her pinky out.

DIANDRA  
(grumbling)  
Pinky. Pinky. Pinky.

Over and over again, DIANDRA spins the staff (Bamboo Stick) and hits her head or back of her leg.

IBU AYU  
Enough! Stop! You're off balance.

IBU AYU gets up from the table. She walks over and uses her cane to correct DIANDRA's stance.

DIANDRA  
Ow!

IBU AYU  
Same foot needs to be in line with  
your hand.

DIANDRA tries again. This time she completes the set with perfect form.

She gets cocky and spins the staff faster. It looks like the blades of a spinning helicopter.

The cane bangs hard against the middle of her forehead. She is knocked off balance and lands on her butt.

At the same time, SATYA pulls up in a scooter carrying the groceries and parks the scooter in the courtyard.

IBU AYU whispers something to PREETI.

PREETI approaches SATYA with a big smile. He dismounts the scooter, takes off his helmet, and puts it on the seat. He fixes his hair and smiles back. PREETI passes right by him and takes the helmet off the seat. She turns around and quickly hurries back and gives the helmet to DIANDRA.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
Put that on.

DIANDRA puts on the helmet. She practices again this time with proper form and speed. She does better. DIANDRA spins the staff faster. She hits the helmet with a loud BANG.

She staggers back for a second before grounding herself.

DIANDRA  
It's all good! Helmet works.



57 EXT. BALI. ROAD. - LATER 57

PREETI drives the scooter, navigating traffic and pot holes.

DIANDRA winces.

DIANDRA

Ow!

PREETI

Sorry, Ms. Niluh. They stop in traffic.

DIANDRA

I wasn't expecting there to be so much traffic here. PREETI doesn't respond, turning as she sees a path through the grid lock.

58 EXT. SUBAK. TERRACED RICE FIELDS. ROAD - LATER 58

PREETI and DIANDRA ride on the new scooter up the hillside and park on the long road at the crest on the rice fields. They walk along a terraced wall, FARMERS labor in the rice paddies tending to the shoots of grass in the pools of water.

59 EXT. SUBAK. TERRACED RICE FIELDS - MORNING - LATER 59

PREETI parks the new scooter. And she and DIANDRA get off and walk for a bit admiring the view. They stop at a vista.

PREETI

This is my family land.

DIANDRA touches the grass. PREETI smiles with pride.

They walk back to the road, passing a long line of tourists waiting outside of a hotel on the other side of the road. A sign posted: BALI SWING PHOTOS

DIANDRA gets excited but her smile soon fades.

Each person gets to the front of the line and hands a hotel employee a camera or phone. Then gets on to a giant swing and poses mid swing above the iconic rice fields below.

DIANDRA and PREETI walk back to the scooter.

59A EXT. BALI MOUNTAIN TOP. CULTURAL DANCE CENTER - DAY - LATER60

They arrive at the top of the mountain. All of Bali can be seen from both sides, down below.

A beautiful open air, temple like structure sits in the middle. The simple dance platform underneath with four gigantic pillars hold up a beautiful traditional roof. The view is even more spectacular framed by the simple wooden pillars and traditional roof. Soft tinkling of gamelan music fills the air.

PREETI

Go sit there. I will be right back.

DIANDRA sits cross legged on the ground with a group of SPECTATORS. Marveling at the view of the land from all sides.

DIANDRA watches, mesmerized, as a group of DANCERS performs a traditional Balinese dance. Their movements are fluid, precise, and hauntingly beautiful.

PREETI appears, transformed in a gold-and-red sarong and ornate headpiece that glitters like sunlight.

Shy but regal, she joins the formation mid-dance, her movements fluid and confident. The timid girl, DIANDRA once knew is gone, replaced by a graceful vision embodying centuries of tradition.

The dancers shine on the mountain top.

59B INT. BALI. MOUNTAIN TOP. CULTURAL DANCE CENTER - CONTINUOUS61

DIANDRA sits cross-legged closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. She quietly meditates letting the music, the warmth of the sun and the breeze flow all around her.

DIANDRA opens her eyes and looks up. The sun gleams off the far off trees. She stands up taking in paradise.

She hears PREETI approach and turns around.

DIANDRA

That's... incredible.

PREETI chuckles, holding out a fan.

PREETI

You try.

DIANDRA hesitates, then grabs the fan with mock determination.

DIANDRA  
Alright, but don't laugh.

DIANDRA mimics the dancers' intricate steps, fumbling with the fan as she tries to replicate their graceful arm movements. She accidentally flicks the fan too hard, causing it to clatter to the floor.

PREETI giggles.

PREETI  
Sorry. It take many, many years of practice. I started when I six year old.

She picks up the fan and demonstrates, her grace and precision leaving DIANDRA speechless.

DIANDRA  
You were born to do this.

PREETI's smile fades, her expression clouded with emotion. Not missing a step, she encourages DIANDRA to try the step with her.

PREETI  
I was lead performer of ceremonies. But BATARA... he start showing up every performance.

DIANDRA's brows furrow as she tries to follow along.

DIANDRA  
Wait. So what BATARA said in the market, he wasn't kidding? He wants to marry you?

PREETI stops dancing, ashamed.

PREETI  
He act like I already belong to him.

She moves to the edge of the platform and stares out at the scenic view. DIANDRA joins her.

PREETI (CONT'D)  
My parents trird to resist, but... here, land is power. And our family land—it's all we have.

PREETI hands fidget with the edge of her sash.

PREETI (CONT'D)  
 Families are...how do you  
 say?...Pressure to sell, and if  
 they say no...people like BATARA  
 use other ways.

She looks at DIANDRA, her voice dropping.

PREETI (CONT'D)  
 IBU AYU saved me. She brought me to  
 compound, gave me job, a chance to  
 escape. But he won't leave me  
 alone.

DIANDRA leans closer, her face a mix of concern and  
 determination. She looks directly into PREETI's eyes.

DIANDRA  
 I'm not going to let him hurt  
 anyone in my family.

PREETI  
 You have the same warrior blood as

59C IBU AYU.

59C

The dancers return, surrounding PREETI with warm smiles. She  
 forces one in return.

PREETI  
 Join us.

DIANDRA  
 Dance isn't exactly my thing.

PREETI stands firm, she uses the fan to poke and corral  
 DIANDRA into formation. DIANDRA tries again with the fan,  
 playfully joining the edge of the circle. The girls laugh and  
 dance.

62 INT. VILLA. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

62

IBU AYU and DIANDRA are sitting at the table. The servants  
 clear the table.

IBU AYU  
 In that cabinet over there pull out  
 a box.

DIANDRA pulls out the box and puts it on the table.

IBU AYU opens the box. It's filled with old photographs and magazine clippings of beautiful places in Indonesia.

DIANDRA hands her grandmother a photograph. In it, a YOUNG IBU AYU and YOUNG GUNTUR smiling at the camera. She flips the picture over. Words written in Bahasa Indonesian.

DIANDRA

What does it say?

IBU AYU

It's a list of all the places we wanted to travel by motorbike after we ran away together.

DIANDRA

Did you plan on seeing all of Indonesia?

IBU AYU

He talked about his little village in West Java. It was our first stop.

DIANDRA

Do you remember the name of it?

IBU AYU

No, but it's one of the places written on the back of the picture.

MONTAGE:

63 EXT. SUBAK. TERRACED RICE FIELDS - MORNING 63

....DIANDRA mastering her form, practicing her Indonesian martial art moves in the rice paddy fields.

64 EXT. MONKEY FOREST - DAY 64

....DIANDRA stretching and shadowboxing in the Monkey Forest.

END MONTAGE:

65 EXT. INDONESIA GOVERNMENT BUILDING - MORNING 65

DIANDRA and SATYA wait in a long line outside.

The CLERK unlocks and opens the door. People push to get in. DIANDRA gets jostled.

SATYA pushes her forward from behind to get to the front. Making sure she doesn't lose her balance in the crowd.

66

INT. INDONESIA GOVERNMENT BUILDING - LATER

66

DIANDRA takes a ticket. Number 5.

DIANDRA and SATYA stand in the crowded airless government building with a ton of people waiting.

DIANDRA

I hope this works. I only have his first name.

SATYA

That normal.

DIANDRA

That's a thing? Just having no last name?

SATYA

What is "last name"?

CLERK changes electric number sign to 5 to reflect current customer being helped.

DIANDRA approaches the counter and smiles sweetly at the Clerk.

DIANDRA

Selamat Pagi. [Good morning.]

The Clerk speaks fast and fluently in Basa Bali.

DIANDRA looks confused.

She reaches behind her and pulls SATYA up to the window.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)

Ask her.

SATYA grins broadly. He leans into the window and turns on the charm. The female clerk's demeanor changes. They speak in Bahasa Indonesian.

SATYA

Kami memerlukan informasi warga yang tinggal di sini enam puluh tahun yang lalu? [We need information of residents who lived here twenty years ago?]

CLERK  
Siapa namanya? [What is his name?]

SATYA  
GUNTUR.

The clerk types in computer. The sound of a printer can be heard. He pulls out a long piece of paper and gives it to

66A SATYA.

66A

CLERK  
Berikutnya! [Next!]

They move to the side and look at the paper together in astonishment.

DIANDRA  
There has to be a thousand names  
and addresses on here!

67 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - NOON

67

IBU AYU watches her granddaughter practice as she sits and enjoys tea. She scowls and nods her head in approval or disapproval, correcting her form.

IBU AYU  
Your feet should be same as  
shoulder- bend your arms.

DIANDRA takes a deep breath and mimics the stick strike IBU AYU demonstrated earlier. IBU AYU observes closely, her eyes keenly analyzing each movement.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
Imagine the stick as part of your  
arm.

DIANDRA nods, absorbing the advice. They continue practicing, the sound of sticks clashing filling the air.

IBU AYU and DIANDRA sit at the table under the umbrella, sweat on their brows, sipping tea from delicate cups.

IBU AYU looks at DIANDRA.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
Better.

DIANDRA  
Thank you.

DIANDRA demonstrates, her skill by extending her pinky out, as she drinks her tea.

IBU AYU  
 But you still have long way to go.  
 Skill and strength alone won't make  
 you a great warrior.

IBU AYU taps DIANDRA on her forehead and her heart with her fingers.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
 Where the heart leads the head  
 follows.

68 EXT. TEMPLE - LATER

68

IBU AYU and DIANDRA, both wearing special ceremonial long sarongs and head coverings, enter the outdoor temple. Incense fills the air, and the sound of soft chanting can be heard in the background. The atmosphere is serene and peaceful.

IBU AYU  
 This is temple dedicated to Dewi,  
 Goddess of love and strength.

They walk further into the inner sanctum of the courtyard. The temple steps leading up to the golden doors of the shrine. Elephant statues guard the entrance.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
 If you are lost or your heart is  
 broken. You will find answers here.

IBU AYU kneels on the ground at the base of the steps before the shrine, lighting incense, offering a plate of rice and flowers. She pours water from a small cup over her hands to cleanse and places her hands together in prayer before the goddess.

DIANDRA mimics IBU AYU's gesture, joining her in prayer before the temple.

They finish their ceremony, and IBU AYU looks at DIANDRA with a gentle smile, her eyes conveying love and wisdom.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
 (softly)  
 You carry the strength of your  
 ancestors within you, Niluh. Never  
 forget that.

DIANDRA  
I'll remember.

69 EXT. WATERFALL - DAY 69

DIANDRA standing on the rocks of the waterfall crouched into pencak starting position. Grounding herself into the water and practicing slow movements.

70 INT. INDONESIA GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS 70

DIANDRA and SATYA search through government archives. microfilm of old Bali clippings for info about GUNTUR.

71 INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 71

DIANDRA sits on the floor at her grandmother's feet reading from the book of poems.

DIANDRA  
If my time should come, I'd like no  
one to entice me, Not even you.

IBU AYU rests on her favorite chair comfortably with her eyes closed listening to her granddaughter read, "AKU."

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
No need for those sobs and cries. I  
am but a wild animal. Cut from its  
kind. And I should care even less,  
I want to live for another thousand  
years.

DIANDRA closes the book and places it on the table.

IBU AYU recognizes the poem book. She picks it up and strokes torn and stained cover lovingly.

IBU AYU  
Aku. [I]  
(beat)  
Lovely poem of hope and sorrow.  
Where did you get this?

DIANDRA  
Dad gave it to me as a gift. It is  
his favorite poem.

IBU AYU  
I used to read him this every  
night.

IBU AYU lands on the page, "CINTA."

IBU AYU runs her finger over handwritten words written on the border.

DIANDRA  
What does it say?

IBU AYU  
Love.

IBU AYU is silent for a long moment. Tears moisten her eyes.

She dabs at them and composes herself.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
My efforts didn't go completely to waste. Outside of his marriage, he still keeps some traditions.

DIANDRA  
I never understood why rule number two is so important, but I think I get it now.

IBU AYU  
People think tradition is old fashioned. It is to keep us safe. Know who we are and not repeat the mistakes of the past.

An expression of sorrow and regret crosses her face as she stares at the book.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
Niluh, would you mind making a call for me?

DIANDRA  
Of course. Who are we calling?

IBU AYU  
My son. I need to say some things.

DIANDRA nods. She pulls her phone out of her pocket. Dials, puts it on speaker and puts it on the table.

ALEXANDER (O.S.)  
DIANDRA! How are you?

DIANDRA

Really good, Dad. I'm learning Pencak Silat and the food is amazing. Would be better if you were here too.

ALEXANDER (O.S.)

You know how I feel about it.

DIANDRA

I have you on speaker. Grandma is here.

ALEXANDER

DIANDRA, I...

IBU AYU

(softly)

You raised a beautiful daughter. She is smart and brave.

Silence.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)

I missed out on so much.

ALEXANDER

It's been a long time.

IBU AYU

(teary-eyed)

Can you forgive a foolish old woman? [Bahasa Bali]

Alexander remains silent on the other side.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)

I understand.

IBU AYU cuts herself off and tries to hand the phone back to

71A DIANDRA.

71A

DIANDRA

Dad, please hear her out.

DIANDRA pats IBU AYU's hand, giving her reassurance to continue.

IBU AYU

I've made a mistake, choosing the family rules over my own son...I didn't get to watch my granddaughter grow up and I'm sorry I never gave your wife a chance. DIANDRA tells me she is a wonderful woman. [Bahasa Bali]

Alexander, touched by his mother's vulnerability, softens.

ALEXANDER

She is...How have you been, mom?

IBU AYU smiles through her tears, encouraged by the breakthrough.

DIANDRA stands up to give them privacy. From the other side of the room, she makes tea and watches her grandmother soften as she talks to her son.

DIANDRA returns to the table with a tea tray.

IBU AYU

I've missed you.

The line is silent.

ALEXANDER

Keluarga saya adalah kekuatan dan kelemahan saya. [My family is my strength and my weakness.]

(beat)

I think it is time to return for a visit.

The phone call ends.

IBU AYU looks up at her granddaughter overwhelmed.

IBU AYU

Thank you.

72

EXT. BALI. TOWN. STREET - DAY

72

DIANDRA ventures out on her own, showing the picture of Young IBU AYU and Young Gunter to elderly people sitting in open cafes. They do not recognize GUNTUR.

73 EXT. BALI. TOWN. CAFE - LATER 73

DIANDRA sits with locals at a cafe. They open up, laugh and drink coffee together. She has a language book, trying to communicate and learn in their language.

74 EXT. BALI. TOWN. STREET - LATER 74

DIANDRA thinks she is walking alone and practices her Penchak Silat. Girls follow her in the street, emulating her.

DIANDRA turns and sees the girls. She practices with them in the street. Women and mothers watch her from balconies and courtyards while they hang laundry.

75 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - DAY 75

IBU AYU is sitting under her umbrella, sipping tea, watching DIANDRA friendly sparring with PREETI. Their sticks clash. DIANDRA is besting PREETI.

PREETI puts down the stick and picks up two Chinese fans. She tosses one to DIANDRA.

PREETI

Catch!

DIANDRA

Can't take the heat, huh?

DIANDRA opens her fan up and fans herself. PREETI does the same, she smiles sweetly then launches into a martial arts stance. She beckons DIANDRA to fight her. They engage in fan dance fighting.

Young girls peek in through the gate. They use bamboo staffs or their hands to pretend spar and mimic DIANDRA's action inside the courtyard.

KADEK appears at the gate.

KADEK

Go home! Shoo!

IBU AYU hears KADEK shouting and looks in his direction.

IBU AYU

What is the matter?

KADEK comes over.

KADEK  
Everything is fine, Ibu. Just kids  
at the gate.

IBU AYU  
What for?

KADEK  
They followed Ms. Niluh home to  
watch her practice.

IBU AYU  
Really?

IBU AYU returns to sipping her tea and critiquing the  
practice.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
Interesting.

76 EXT. VILLA. ENTRANCE - SAME 76

BATARA's Luxury car pulls up and blocks the front entrance.

A few other cars pull up behind it.

The uniformed driver comes around, shooing away the girls  
before BATARA gets out of the car.

BATARA looks reproachfully at the sight of girls congregating  
outside the entrance.

77 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 77

BATARA enters the courtyard with a group of Elders.

BATARA  
Ibu, what is the meaning of this?

DIANDRA, look less than thrilled to see BATARA.

IBU AYU  
What now?

BATARA  
(frowning)  
Those girls are blocking traffic. A  
disgrace to the family.

ELDER 1  
Girls in town picking up sticks and  
hitting people.

(MORE)

ELDER 1 (CONT'D)  
It's not ladylike for them to be  
behaving this way. [Bahasa Bali]

BATARA  
And where did they get this idea?  
Following a wild woman, fighting  
like a man around town?

DIANDRA  
What's wrong with them wanting to  
learn self-defense?

BATARA  
It's about tradition.

ELDER 2  
BATARA has a point, IBU AYU.  
Tradition must be respected.  
[Bahasa Bali]

IBU AYU  
Pencak Silat is part of our proud  
tradition.

BATARA  
It is not a reason to allow women  
to beat men with sticks. IBU AYU  
rolls her eyes and throws her hands  
up.

IBU AYU  
Times may change, but the need for  
strength and independence does not.

The Elders look chagrined. As the tension in the courtyard  
rises, it becomes a clash between tradition and progress,  
with IBU AYU and BATARA at the center of the storm.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
KADEK, I've changed my mind. Please  
invite the young girls inside. They  
are welcome to come and learn.

KADEK opens the gate to allows the girls outside to come in.

The girls are excited and shy at the same time.

PREETI and DIANDRA invite them in.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
The girls are welcome. You are not.  
KADEK, please escort these  
gentlemen out. [Bahasa Bali]

IBU AYU stands up.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)

Come.

The girls line up before her. She teaches the girls basic stances. DIANDRA and PREETI go around helping to correct form.

78

INT. INDONESIA GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

78

Small room with shelves of government records, books, and file drawers. Electric metal fans stuck to the wall rotating nosily barely blowing a breeze.

Covered in sweat, PREETI and SATYA sit closely side-by-side at a table looking through old handwritten tax records.

SATYA finds something and puts the book in front of PREETI's face.

SATYA

PREETI, look.

He holds it up so close to her face it makes her cross-eyed!

PREETI

I can't see.

Annoyed, PREETI pushes the book down onto the table. Her hand rests on top of SATYA's hand.

Both blush.

PREETI pulls her hand back and rests it in her lap.

PREETI (CONT'D)

What did you find?

SATYA

Oh, yes. Look.

SATYA points to a line.

PREETI checks it against the printout. The name and dates match.

PREETI

It's him. You found it!

She reaches over and hugs SATYA enthusiastically.

SATYA is stunned. He goes to hug her back, but she quickly gets up out of her seat, leaving him hanging.

PREETI heads for the door. She stops and looks back impatiently.

SATYA still sits in the chair, grinning like a fool.

PREETI (CONT'D)  
Are you coming?

SATYA  
Oh, yes.

He grabs up the materials and follows after her.

79 EXT. INDONESIA GOVERNMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER 79

BATARA is in front of the building talking with MAN #1, MAN #2 and his DRIVER. MAN #1 has architectural drawings in his hands.

MAN #1  
When can we break ground?

BATARA  
Soon. (off the man's incredulous look) I promise.

PREETI and SATYA run quickly out of the building.

PREETI  
Ms. Niluh will be so happy when we tell her the good news.

They make a beeline for the scooter parked among a ton of other scooters. They get on and zip away.

BATARA watches them with a keen eye.

80 INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM - LATER 80

DIANDRA bursts into the living room.

DIANDRA  
We found him!

IBU AYU sits on the couch having her afternoon tea. KADEK pours her another cup and hands her a pill. She takes her medicine.

IBU AYU  
Why are you shouting? So noisy.

DIANDRA pushes KADEK aside.

DIANDRA  
GUNTUR. We found him. It took some time but with SATYA and PREETI's help we scoured through government record and...ta'da!

She presents a piece of paper to IBU AYU.

She takes it and stares at the information.

IBU AYU  
He's still alive.

DIANDRA  
Yes. And, get this. He not that far away.

IBU AYU  
(stunned)  
He never left Bali.

DIANDRA  
We can get the Kris.

IBU AYU  
It's been ages...

DIANDRA  
Think of this as an adventure. Just like you planned with GUNTUR.

IBU AYU  
I don't know.

DIANDRA  
Of course you have to go.

IBU AYU paces looking at the paper. Forgetting everyone is there. She remembers and looks up.

IBU AYU  
Practice in the morning. Get going.

81 EXT. VILLA. STORAGE - EARLY MORNING

81

The sun is barely up and it is cold outside. A sleepy DIANDRA stumbles behind a perky IBU AYU, excitement and mischief in her eyes.

IBU AYU  
Come on. Hurry up, DIANDRA.

DIANDRA  
(shocked)  
Nene! You called me DIANDRA.

IBU AYU  
It's your name, isn't it?

SATYA stands in front of an old neglected building on the villa grounds.

SATYA  
Good morning.

DIANDRA  
What is this?

IBU AYU  
Don't just stand there. Open it up.

SATYA  
Yes, Ibu.

He takes out a ring of keys. He opens the old doors to reveal a unit packed with old furniture and keepsakes.

82 INT. VILLA. STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

82

DIANDRA, IBU AYU and SATYA enter. He removes old furniture and keepsakes.

He pulls off the tarp covering revealing an old Royal Enfield motorbike.

IBU AYU  
I can't believe it is still here  
after all these years.

IBU AYU touches the bike lovingly.

DIANDRA  
Is this what I think it is? Does it  
work?

SATYA put gas in and starts the bike. It backfires in a plume of smoke from the tailpipe, startling everyone.

IBU AYU  
Oh my! [Bahasa Bali]

SATYA holds the clutch and accelerator and revs the engine to warm it up.

SATYA  
Roars like a tiger.

83 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - DAY - LATER 83

DIANDRA learns to ride the motorbike.  
She has mishaps but gets right back on.

DIANDRA  
I'm doing it.

DIANDRA rides around the villa triumphantly. She pulls up in front of IBU AYU.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
Come, Nene. Get on!

KADEK  
I must remind you to take it easy.  
[Bahasa Bali]

IBU AYU  
Nonsense. [Bahasa Bali]

SATYA and KADEK help IBU AYU get on the back of the bike.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
Last time I was on the back of a  
motorbike was in 1980.

DIANDRA takes Grandmother for a ride on the back of a bike around the villa as servants run behind.

IBU AYU is happy, holding tight to her granddaughter and enjoying the slow ride around the courtyard.

84 EXT. VILLA. ENTRANCE - SAME TIME 84

BATARA's Luxury car pulls up.  
The back window rolls down. BATARA looks out.

85 INT. BATARA'S LUXURY CAR - SAME 85

BATARA sees DIANDRA and IBU AYU riding around the courtyard on the motorcycle.

86 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - SAME 86

KADEK looks out at the courtyard entrance. The Luxury car sits outside the gate.

87 INT. BATARA'S LUXURY CAR - MOMENTS LATER 87

KADEK gets in the backseat with BATARA.

KADEK  
IBU AYU has located the Kris.

BATARA  
Does she have it in her possession?

KADEK  
Not yet. They are planning a trip to get it.

BATARA  
Well, let's make sure she doesn't.

88 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - LATER 88

DIANDRA brings the motorbike to a halt in front of the villa doors.

IBU AYU takes off her helmet. She is exhausted after the ride.

KADEK and PREETI wait outside the doors.

IBU AYU  
Such a thrilling day. KADEK, help me down.

KADEK  
Ibu. Tea has been prepared.

KADEK helps her inside the villa.

PREETI hops onto the back of the bike.

PREETI  
My turn!

89 INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON 89

The living room, dimly lit by the fireplace, BATARA towers over IBU AYU, sipping her tea with calm elegance. She gestures to the seat across from her.

IBU AYU  
BATARA, join me for tea.

He sit down and leans back, his expression cool and confident.

BATARA  
You know why I'm here.

IBU AYU takes another sip of tea, unfazed.

BATARA (CONT'D)  
Admit you don't have the Kris and  
we can end this game.

IBU AYU sets her teacup down, her composure still intact.

IBU AYU  
Do you think I'm senile? I know  
about your scheme with the hotel.  
[Bahasa Bali]

BATARA freezes, caught off guard.

BATARA gets up. He crosses over to the fireplace pulls out the replica Kris and stands in the same position as the painting. It gleams in the firelight.

BATARA  
The swordsmith did exquisite work.

IBU AYU's eyes narrow as she recognizes the blade. She stands slowly, her regal presence filling the room.

IBU AYU  
You won't fool anyone with that.

BATARA  
Look at the painting. Do you see  
yourself there? No. Only men. This  
is my destiny.

IBU AYU  
Destiny? You're nothing but a  
desperate boy playing at being a  
man. My son is coming to claim his  
birthright. [Bahasa Bali]

BATARA laughs.

IBU AYU (CONT'D)  
He will be here next week.

BATARA realizes she isn't joking. Fury engulfs him. He lunges, swinging the fake sword, but IBU AYU is ready. The teacup shatters as she blocks his strike, launching into a counterattack.

BATARA  
You always underestimated me.

The room transforms into a battleground, IBU AYU's fluid, deliberate strikes countering BATARA's raw power and emotion. The shattered teacup crunches underfoot as they clash.

IBU AYU  
And you always overestimated  
yourself.

IBU AYU disarms BATARA, the fake sword clattering to the ground. BATARA strikes his palm in to the center of her chest. IBU AYU stumbles back. She stands tall, breathing heavily clutching her chest.

IBU AYU reaches behind her and sits on the sofa, gasping for air.

BATARA  
It didn't have to be this way.

He fixes her hair. She is sweating. Her chest contracting. Her eyes wince with pain.

BATARA (CONT'D)  
We could have done this together.

BATARA helps her to lay flat on the sofa. He straightens her clothes.

BATARA (CONT'D)  
I could have been your son.

She takes her last breath. He closes her eyes with two fingers.

BATARA (CONT'D)  
But you threw me away.

90 EXT. VILLA. STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

90

DIANDRA puts the motorbike away. She closes the shed doors and leaves.

KADEK comes out of the shadows. He opens the doors and kneels down. A pair of clippers in hand, he snips wires on the bike.

91 INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM - LATER

91

DIANDRA enters the living room and goes over to the sofa where IBU AYU is sleeping peacefully.

DIANDRA sits on the floor at her grandmother's feet and picks up the book to read her grandmother a poem.

DIANDRA

Nene, what poem should we read tonight?

IBU AYU doesn't speak.

DIANDRA sees that her grandmother is asleep.

She takes the blanket off the couch and places it over her grandmother.

As she tucks the blanket in, she realizes that her grandmother isn't breathing.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)

Nene. Wake up. Please, wake up.

She checks her pulse and the harsh reality sets in on her.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)

KADEK! KADEK!

KADEK comes in quickly.

KADEK

Yes, Ms. Niluh.

DIANDRA is in distress.

DIANDRA

She is cold. Please, wake up.

KADEK sees IBU AYU lays unmoving on the sofa. He puts his hand under her nose to feel for breath.

KADEK is shocked and confused. He quickly looks around for BATARA, but he is not there.

KADEK

(scared)

I will bring the car around.

92 INT. VILLA. IBU AYU BEDROOM - NIGHT 92

DIANDRA does the last rites ritual with PREETI and the MAID to prepare IBU AYO's body.

Washing the body with water, honey, and milk. Placing essential oils and turmeric on IBU AYU's head.

Placing a garland of flowers and 'pinda' (rice balls) around her loved one.

Dressing the body in beautiful clothes and covering it with white sheet.

Putting a lamp near the head. The FLAME flickers.

DIANDRA looks through the flame at her grandmothers peaceful, lifeless face.

93 INT. VILLA. LIVING ROOM - MORNING 93

The family room is packed with somber mourners lined up around the room paying respects and offering condolences.

They bringing offerings to the table, fruits, food, for the Balinese Funeral Ceremony, "Ngaben."

DIANDRA, the lone granddaughter, sits in a corner, her eyes swollen from tears.

BATARA storms into the room with MAN #1, MAN #2 and his DRIVER. The atmosphere grows tense.

BATARA

DIANDRA, you should be ashamed!

PREETI, SATYA, KADEK and mourners are present gathered around BATARA who stands at the front of the room.

BATARA (CONT'D)

IBU AYU would still be with us if you had taken care of her properly.

DIANDRA pushes through the crowd.

BATARA (CONT'D)

Instead, acting like a wild woman, taking an old lady on a motorcycle ride, ignoring her health.

Everyone looks at DIANDRA with accusing eyes.

DIANDRA  
This wasn't meant to happen. I  
wanted her to have a good time.

BATARA  
Good time? She wouldn't have died  
if it weren't for your  
recklessness!

DIANDRA lowers her head, overwhelmed with guilt.

DIANDRA  
(whispering)  
I didn't think...

BATARA  
Well, you should have thought!

BATARA pushes DIANDRA aside. He presents the replica of the  
ancestral sword.

BATARA (CONT'D)  
IBU AYU has given me the sword.

DIANDRA  
He's lying. It's not possible.

BATARA  
I have the sword, which follows the  
family rules. I am the rightful  
heir.

He challenges DIANDRA, getting close to her ear.

BATARA (CONT'D)  
(through gritted teeth)  
I know the truth about IBU AYO's  
lover.

DIANDRA  
How?

BATARA  
Do you want me to divulge Ibu's  
secret? Don't forget family rule  
number three.  
(beat)  
Bring no shame to the family.

DIANDRA steps back and looks around the crowded room.

BATARA (CONT'D)  
Get them out of here!

The men use brute force to drive the crowd out.

94 EXT. VILLA. ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 94

PREETI, SATYA, the MAID and all the other servants get kicked out of the compound. They weep and cry on the street.

KADEK comes out with DIANDRA's luggage packed up. He puts on the ground and steps back. He joins BATARA.

DIANDRA  
KADEK, how could you?

KADEK  
Sorry, Ms. Niluh.

BATARA  
Just give up and return to America.  
You don't need to worry about this  
place anymore.

BATARA pulls PREETI towards him. He holds her tightly and takes her inside the courtyard.

SATYA  
PREETI!

SATYA and DIANDRA try to go after PREETI but are blocked by the MEN.

DIANDRA  
BATARA, you son of a bitch! Let her  
go!

KADEK slams the gate closed in DIANDRA's face, locking her and the others outside.

95 EXT. VILLA. STORAGE - MOMENTS LATER 95

SATYA helps DIANDRA take out the motorbike. DIANDRA gets on the bike. SATYA hands her a backpack and the printout with GUNTUR's information.

DIANDRA  
I will be back.

96 EXT. BALI. COASTAL ROAD - LATER 96

The light of the day plays on the waves as DIANDRA drives along the coastline. The long highway stretching out in front of her.

97 EXT. BALI. REMOTE VILLAGE - LATE AFTERNOON 97

An isolated, rural beach community, surrounded by lush foliage, palm trees, and small bungalow houses far apart line the waterfront.

DIANDRA walks her broken-down motorcycle on the side of a dirt road in a remote village.

CHILDREN run alongside her.

98 EXT. GUNTUR'S HOUSE - LATER 98

DIANDRA and the group of children arrive in an alcove with a small house tucked into a hidden grove off the beach.

They point to the house but don't dare get any closer.

A lopsided worn-out hand-painted "Mechanic" sign in English "Me-kan-ik and Bahasa Indonesian is nailed to a tree.

One small child pushes her in the direction.

DIANDRA approaches cautiously and knocks on the door. GUNTUR, (60) a disheveled, cranky old man, opens the door and speaks loudly in Bahasa Indonesian.

GUNTUR

Apa yang kamu inginkan? [What do you want?][Bahasa Indonesian]

Startled, DIANDRA takes a step back.

The children run away.

GUNTUR looks at the stranger at his doorstep and assesses her.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)

What?

DIANDRA

Permisi...Sorry to bother you. My motorbike broke down, and I hoped you could help me.

He looks out at the motorbike propped up under the tree.

They step over to the bike. GUNTUR looks it over.

He walks around it. Recognition in his eyes.

GUNTUR  
Royal Enfield. [Haven't seen one of  
these in decades. Surprised they  
still exist.] [Bahasa Indonesian]

DIANDRA  
It's my Nene's.

He kicks the tire.

GUNTUR  
What wrong?

DIANDRA  
It won't start. Can you fix it?

GUNTUR looks it over. He fiddles with a few parts.

He starts pointing to broken parts and explaining in Bahasa Indonesian what is wrong with the motorbike. DIANDRA looks confused. He switches to English and demonstrates with his hands.

GUNTUR  
Clutch no good. Leak oil. Wire cut.  
No drive.

DIANDRA  
How long will it take to get fixed?

GUNTUR  
Hours.

DIANDRA  
Great!

GUNTUR  
No parts.

He looks up at the darkening sky.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)  
Go to town. Buy parts tomorrow.

GUNTUR turns around and heads back to his house.

DIANDRA  
Wait!

He stops and looks at her annoyed.

DIANDRA catches up to him.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
I didn't plan on staying...

GUNTUR  
Well, you can't stay here. [Bahasa Indonesian]

DIANDRA  
I understand. Maybe you can help me. I'm looking for a man named GUNTUR. According to government records he lives in this village.

GUNTUR  
(suspicious)  
Why?

DIANDRA  
I have to find him.

GUNTUR  
Not here. Come tomorrow. Get bike.

He starts to close the door, but DIANDRA quickly interjects.

DIANDRA  
Please, I've traveled so far.  
(beat)  
Hold on! Just a minute.

DIANDRA runs over to the motorbike.

Lighting and a loud crack of thunder rolls across the sky.

She grabs her backpack off the back of the bike and sprints back to the house.

DIANDRA drops the bag and digs through it.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
It's in here somewhere.

GUNTUR  
(impatient)  
Hurry up. Its going to start raining. [Bahasa Indonesian]

She pulls out the poetry book. In the middle of the book is a picture. She shows him the picture of Young IBU AYU and Young

98A GUNTUR.

98A

DIANDRA

Can you at least tell me if you  
know him?

GUNTUR hesitates, then reluctantly lets out a sigh.

GUNTUR

No. Not here.

DIANDRA

(disheartened)

Oh... Do you know where he went?

GUNTUR

He leave long long ago.

DIANDRA

My grandmother asked me to find  
him. Please, is there anything you  
can tell me about him?

DIANDRA holds up the picture again.

GUNTUR

No. Come tomorrow.

GUNTUR closes the door in her face.

99 INT. GUNTUR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

99

GUNTUR walks over to a small cabinet. He opens it and pulls out a box. It looks similar to the one IBU AYU kept. Inside is a box full of memories. A worn out photo of Young IBU AYU and himself as young man sits on the bike.

100 EXT. BALI. REMOTE VILLAGE - NIGHT

100

Another strike of lightning and a loud crack of thunder roll across the sky. It starts to downpour rain.

Wet, alone and cold DIANDRA wanders down the darkened road. The sound of waves and wind fill the air. No one is around. She is lost. She is trying to find signal. Her phone dies.

DIANDRA

No. No. No!

She somehow wanders back to her bike that sits under shelter under the broken awning of the repair shop. She gets angry.

She kicks the bike at the same time revving the hand clutch.  
But it won't start.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
(crying in frustration)  
Start Dammit! Come on, you're  
supposed to be a classic! GUNTUR  
drawn by the noise outside, opens  
the door wide and sees DIANDRA  
kicking the bike.

GUNTUR  
Stubborn girl...Come inside.  
[Bahasa Indonesian]

101 INT. GUNTUR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

101

DIANDRA takes off her shoes in the doorway.

DIANDRA  
Terima Kasih. [Thank you so much.]  
[Bahasa Bali]

She puts her sneakers next to GUNTUR's sandals.

Inside the small home is humbly decorated with a simple cot with bedding, rugs, pillows, a tiny table set with a tea set next to a tiny kitchen cupboard with a hotplate. Small windows and candles light the space. The sound of rain on the tin roof.

GUNTUR hands her a towel to dry off. He offers her a seat on a cushion at the table. DIANDRA sits down and pats herself dry.

GUNTUR sits down and lights the candles. He picks up a pair of reading glasses and looks closely at the picture in the fading light of the day.

GUNTUR  
How is IBU AYU?

GUNTUR asks DIANDRA without looking up from the picture.

DIANDRA  
Are you?

DIANDRA takes a long, hard look at the old man sitting in front of her. Outside of his thinning gray hair and wrinkles, she can see the resemblance of the once-young man in the picture.

GUNTUR nods his head.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
But you said...

GUNTUR  
I didn't lie. The boy in this  
picture is long gone. [Bahasa  
Indonesian]

He puts the picture down on the table.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)  
How is she?

DIANDRA  
She died.

Silence stretches between them as GUNTUR absorbs the news.

He gets up silently and goes to the small kitchen nook and  
fixes tea with his back to her.

GUNTUR  
When she die?

DIANDRA  
A few days ago. That's why I'm  
here. It was my grandmother's wish  
to see you again.

GUNTUR  
Me?

DIANDRA  
She gave you her family Kris along  
ago. I need to bring it back.

GUNTUR  
I no have.

DIANDRA  
Are you sure?

GUNTUR brings two cups of tea to the table on a simple tin  
tray.

GUNTUR  
(curt)  
Not senile. [Bahasa Indonesian]

DIANDRA  
But Nene said she gave it to as an  
engagement gift when you eloped...

GUNTUR  
I'm no thief!

He slams the tray down.

DIANDRA curls back.

DIANDRA  
Maaf. [Sorry] [Basa Bali] That is  
not what I meant.

GUNTUR hands her a teacup.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
My uncle has taken our home and the  
only way to prove it is rightfully  
my family's inheritance is to  
present the Kris. I really need  
your help.

He slides the picture across the table.

GUNTUR  
I'm not the type of guy who helps  
little girls like you. [Bahasa  
Indonesian]

They drink in silence.

102 INT. GUNTUR'S HOUSE - LATER

102

DIANDRA sits under a blanket on the opposite side of the room  
from GUNTUR.

She reads from the poetry book.

He looks at the cover with a sense of familiarity.

GUNTUR  
What you reading?

DIANDRA  
Chairil Anwar. This used to be my  
grandmother's book.

GUNTUR  
I remember her reading that. She  
wanted to teach me... [Bahasa  
Indonesian]

He goes quiet, staring off into a far-away place.

DIANDRA  
 Would you mind if I read one poem  
 out loud? It's just a nighttime  
 tradition she and I used to share.

He nods his head.

DIANDRA flips through the pages and comes across one with IBU AYU's writing scrawled across it.

DIANDRA runs her finger over the Balinese inscription.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
 The song that I came to sing  
 remains unsung to this day...

GUNTUR listens intently with his eyes closed.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
 And the bitter taste of longing.

DIANDRA looks up.

GUNTUR is softly snoring, curled up on his cot.

She puts the picture back to mark the page.

She closes the book, leans over, and blows out the candles.

103 EXT. GUNTUR'S HOUSE - MORNING

103

GUNTUR fixes the motorcycle.

DIANDRA picks up a stick and practices her moves that IBU AYU taught her.

GUNTUR watches her.

GUNTUR checks the clutch. The motorcycle purrs. He cleans his hand with a rag.

Gunther walk up quietly.

DIANDRA is lost in the movements of her martial arts.

GUNTUR circles around her assessing her form.

GUNTUR  
 No bad. [Just needs a few  
 adjustments.] [Bahasa Indonesian]

With two quick moves, he uses his arms and hands to deflect her stick, and disarms her. Boastfully, he twirls her stolen stick.

DIANDRA

Hey!

GUNTUR scavenges broken pieces of bamboo sticks that have washed up on the shore. He tests their weight and balance in his hands.

GUNTUR

How we can decide the direction  
depends on how the enemy attacks.  
There are two outcomes for us.

He tests their weight and balance in his hands.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)

What happens if we dodge it, and  
what happens if we fail to do so?  
Even when we fail, we won't be  
shocked because we've considered  
the outcome. [Bahasa Indonesian]

GUNTUR hands her the sticks. He shows her how to fight with sticks two-handed. GUNTUR goes straight in and smiles the entire time. Making it look like child's play.

DIANDRA is making choices but each time she is disarmed or struck by a stick.

He tosses the sticks at her.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)

Mind. No good place.

She catches the stick.

He stomps the instep of her foot and snatches the stick back.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)

Silat is not taught to harm others  
but to defend ourselves. [Bahasa  
Indonesian] Defend. Protect.  
[English]

This time, DIANDRA doesn't attack, she defends, protecting herself.

GUNTUR nods his head happily.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)  
 No look for problem, if problem,  
 solve by self. [English]

DIANDRA  
 I can't solve it by myself, I need  
 help. Your help.

GUNTUR  
 No my problem. Pay and go.

DIANDRA  
 Fine. You didn't help my  
 grandmother back then, you won't  
 help me now...

He stops and turn to look at her.

GUNTUR  
 Follow me.

104 EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

104

GUNTUR leads DIANDRA down to the beach. It is a deserted  
 cove, and tranquil waves wash up on the shore.

GUNTUR  
 You want to know what you are doing  
 wrong, right? [Bahasa Indonesian]

DIANDRA  
 Yes.

GUNTUR  
 Forget everything you know. The  
 roots of Silat is to tune our  
 bodies to nature with our  
 surroundings. [Bahasa Indonesian]

He kicks off his sandals, takes a basic starting stance, and  
 ground his feet into the sand. He encourages her to follow  
 him. DIANDRA takes off her sneakers and takes up the stance.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)  
 Tanah. Udara. A'ir. Api.

DIANDRA  
 Earth. Air. Water. Fire.

Training in sand. GUNTUR shows her how to ground herself and  
 move through the sand.

GUNTUR  
 Solid like earth. [English] Ground  
 yourself. Unmovable. [Bahasa  
 Indonesian]

He gets low to the ground. Showing her footwork. Kicking sand, gaining traction. He kicks sand in her eyes.

DIANDRA  
 I can't see.

GUNTUR  
 Use ears. Listen. [Sound and Air  
 have energy. Feel the wind shift  
 around you. Respond to the sound.]  
 [Bahasa Indonesian]

She stumbles around until ...

GUNTUR (CONT'D)  
 Mind still. Breathe.

DIANDRA responds to his movements. She keeps her eyes closed using her ears and the movement of the wind to predict his movements.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)  
 Who teach you?

DIANDRA  
 My Nene.

GUNTUR pulls a move on her that ends up with her sprawled out face first in the sand. She gets up sputtering out a mouthful of sand.

GUNTUR  
 Focus!

105 EXT. BEACH - LATER

105

Training in shallows of the ocean. DIANDRA moves in the water. She keeps getting knocked down by waves. She gets back up and continues.

GUNTUR stands on shore watching.

GUNTUR  
 The way the water flows is the way  
 your heartbeats.  
 (MORE)

GUNTUR (CONT'D)  
 Listen to your body. It's in your  
 spirit. Muscle has memory. [Bahasa  
 Indonesian]

## FLASHBACK:

106 EXT. SUBAK. TERRACED RICE FIELDS - EARLY MORNING 106  
 DIANDRA practices stick fighting in the rice fields.

DIANDRA (V.O.)  
 Earth.

107 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - DAY 107  
 DIANDRA fan fights with PREETI.

DIANDRA (V.O.)  
 Air.

108 INT. TEMPLE - DAY 108  
 DIANDRA burns incense in the temple with her grandmother.

DIANDRA (V.O.)  
 Fire.

109 EXT. WATERFALL - DAY 109  
 DIANDRA practices Penchak Silat in the waterfall.

DIANDRA (V.O.)  
 Water.

**END FLASHBACK**

110 EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS 110  
 GUNTUR joins DIANDRA in the ocean. He tests her.

DIANDRA aggressively fights back and can match all of the  
 guru's movements. Her skills on par with GUNTUR.

The movements and the training come together and everything  
 falls in place.

She comes out soaking wet, exhausted and beaten by the waves,  
 but happy and proud. She pumps her fist in the air.

DIANDRA and GUNTUR give a short bow of respect to each other.

DIANDRA  
This is different from what my  
grandmother taught me.

The mention of IBU AYU strikes GUNTUR. His mood changes.

GUNTUR  
Pencak Silat. Many moves. Master  
one.

DIANDRA  
What is that?

GUNTUR  
Sweep away bad guests.

GUNTUR does a round kick and a back sweep. He sweeps her feet  
from under her.

She goes down hard.

DIANDRA  
Ow!

GUNTUR  
Pay and go.

111 EXT. GUNTUR'S HOUSE - LATER

111

DIANDRA comes out dressed in dry clothes.

DIANDRA  
What about the Kris?

GUNTUR  
I say, no have.

DIANDRA  
This is more than my family legacy,  
my friend needs my help...

GUNTUR  
I teach you all I know. No look for  
problem, if problem, solve by self.

DIANDRA  
You don't understand...

GUNTUR

What you don't understand is I am  
not that man, never was. [Bahasa  
Indonesian]

DIANDRA wants to encourage him to help her but is cut short  
by the ring of her cell phone. Alarmed, she sees it is SATYA  
and takes the call.

SATYA (O.S.)

BATARA changed the date. He is  
marrying PREETI tonight.

DIANDRA

Shit! I'm coming.

SATYA

Did you get the Kris?

She looks back at GUNTUR with a look of disappointment.

DIANDRA

No. But I have an idea.

She grabs her bag and heads out the door. The book of Poems.

GUNTUR

Hey! Book!

He picks it up and opens to the page where DIANDRA stuck the  
picture. He traces the inscription on the border.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)

(melancholic)

Cinta. [Love.]

He closes the book and walks out the door.

112 EXT. BALI. COASTAL ROAD - LATER 112

DIANDRA speeds down the coastal road leaving the shore behind  
heading toward the lush, green mountains of central Bali.

113 EXT. VILLA. STORAGE - LATE AFTERNOON 113

SATYA is waiting on the side of the storage. DIANDRA pulls up  
on the motorbike. He quickly hands her a bundle of clothes.

DIANDRA changes in the storage building. She comes out  
dressed in a traditional Balinese outfit.

SATYA gives her a shawl to cover her head. She puts it on.

DIANDRA  
How do I look?

He shyly shrugs.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
Help me up over the wall.

SATYA looks at her strangely.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
Come on. Hurry up. Put your hands  
together like this.

She demonstrates how he should weave his fingers.

She puts her foot in his hands and uses it as leverage. She struggles to get up and uses his back and face to get over the wall.

114 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 114

Diandra tumbles over into the garden on the other side. DIANDRA pops up. She brushes the leaves off and straightens her head covering. She runs for the villa.

115 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 115

The courtyard is decorated for the wedding. Batara is drinking wine with MAN #1, MAN #2, the DRIVER and the Elders.

BATARA  
Construction can commence once the  
wedding is over.

MAN #1  
Congratulations.

BATARA clinks glasses with MAN #1.

Disguised, DIANDRA slips through the wedding crowd. The MAID Through his glass, BATARA catches a glimpse of DIANDRA in the hallway but he is uncertain. He goes to investigate. He gets stopped by an Elder.

ELDER 1  
An auspicious day for a wedding.  
[Bahasa Bali]

BATARA  
Yes. One moment. Excuse me.

BATARA looks around the corner but DIANDRA is gone.

116 INT. VILLA. DIANDRA'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS 116

PREETI sits on the bed. A MAKEUP ARTIST applies her makeup. DIANDRA crashes into the room startling the woman.

DIANDRA

Sorry. Sorry. Friend of the bride.

She hurries over to PREETI and pushes aside the makeup artist.

She looks PREETI over. Relieved to find she is unharmed.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

PREETI

Ms. Niluh, you come back.

DIANDRA

Let's get you out of here. She grabs PREETI's hand and drags her out of the room. They go to leave through the door but BATARA is in the hallway. DIANDRA closes and locks the door.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)

Change of plan.

The women climb onto the terrace and shimmy down the side of the building.

117 EXT. VILLA. STORAGE - MOMENTS LATER 117

DIANDRA and PREETI climb over the wall. SATYA helps them get down safely.

They hear shouts coming from over the other side of the wall.

118 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - SAME 118

BATARA and Men appear at the front door.

BATARA

Find her.

DIANDRA and PREETI zoom past and head through the entrance on motorbike.

Everyone runs toward the entrance after them.

119 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD. ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 119

They get in cars and motorbikes. They chase after DIANDRA and Preeti.

120 EXT. TOWN STREET - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER 120

DIANDRA revs the motorbike engine, PREETI clinging to her in a wedding dress, as they speed through the labyrinth of streets, desperately trying to shake off their pursuers. The narrow roads become a maze of chaos, obstacles emerging at every turn—cows ambling lazily, vendor carts blocking the path, and pedestrians scattering in panic.

PREETI  
(shouting over the chaos)  
DIANDRA, left!

DIANDRA navigates the tight backstreets, the unfamiliarity of the terrain adding to the challenge. PREETI guides her, shouting directions over the roar of the engine.

PREETI (CONT'D)  
Right, right! No, left!

Watch out for that cart!

BATARA's men persist and the chase escalates. The men, more familiar with the terrain, use shortcuts, cutting them off at every opportunity.

DIANDRA  
Hold on tight!

DIANDRA drives up a ramp and ends up driving across garden walls. The pursuing men on motorcycles leap from one villa to another, the city below a blur. The cityscape turns into a high-stakes playground.

PREETI  
(screaming)  
DIANDRA, exit left! Left!

121 EXT. TOWN. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS 121

DIANDRA makes one wrong turn, and the alley narrows into a dead end.

DIANDRA  
 (panicking)  
 No, no, no!

The men, seizing the opportunity, close in. DIANDRA revs the engine, attempting a U-turn, but it's too late. The women are trapped, surrounded by the determined pursuers.

BATARA pulls up in the Luxury car driven by KADEK. He gets off and confronts DIANDRA and PREETI.

DIANDRA grabs a broomstick from off a storefront entrance.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
 Get back!

...She lands a few blows and holds back the men. They wait for BATARA's instructions.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
 Stay behind me, PREETI.

BATARA  
 Do you really think you can win  
 this fight?

DIANDRA  
 I'm going to try.

BATARA  
 Brothers, teach her a lesson.

...The men confidently approach but DIANDRA sweeps a few men off their feet with the broomstick.

DIANDRA  
 HA! Sweeping out bad guests.

...Those standing go in for the attack, she smacks them hard. They stumble back. Less confident.

...She twirls and strikes with precision, blocking incoming attacks effortlessly.

BATARA  
 Get her, damn it!

...With each strike, she disables her opponents, showcasing an unexpected mastery of combat.

BATARA (CONT'D)  
 Enough of this! KADEK, get her!

...KADEK pulls a tire iron out of the back of the Luxury car.  
 ...DIANDRA and KADEK go a few rounds. Each matching skill.

DIANDRA

Ibu taught you those moves. Where  
 is your loyalty?

KADEK

I am loyal to the family. BATARA is  
 the rightful heir. [Bahasa Bali]

... DIANDRA disarms KADEK with a swift strike, sending the makeshift weapon clattering to the ground. DIANDRA swings the stick with all her might, catches KADEK upside the head, and sends him flying. He lies dazed on the ground.

BATARA is shocked by DIANDRA's skills and agility. He turns around, and runs back to the car. He looks like he is retreating.

DIANDRA

Come on, PREETI. Let's get out of  
 here.

DIANDRA gets on the motorbike. Before PREETI can get on, BATARA revs the engine and drives into her, knocking DIANDRA and the bike to the ground.

DIANDRA lays bloody and bruised on the ground.

KADEK stumbles forward and grabs hold of PREETI.

PREETI

Let go!

BATARA steps out of the car with a smirk on his face.

DIANDRA

(weakly)  
 You fight dirty.

BATARA

For a Warrior, the battlefield is  
 his field.

BATARA spreads his arms wide.

BATARA (CONT'D)

Everything you see here is my  
 battlefield. And I'll be damned  
 before I let a woman take what is  
 mine. Not IBU AYU, not you.

DIANDRA struggles to get up.

BATARA puts his foot on her and pushes her back to the ground.

BATARA (CONT'D)  
 You should have left when you had  
 the chance.

He picks up the broomstick and mercilessly beats DIANDRA.

She rolls away trying to avoid the hits but gets struck several times.

PREETI struggles against KADEK and MAN #1.

PREETI  
 (sobbing)  
 BATARA, stop! Please! Stop. I will  
 marry. Don't kill her!

People gather on the street. DIANDRA is bloody and badly hurt. The police come blowing whistles and shouting.

KADEK  
 We should leave.

BATARA stops and throws the broken broom stick handle away. He motions for everyone to leave.

BATARA shoves PREETI into the backseat gets in the luxury car and takes off.

DIANDRA tries to get up and chase after but she stumbles, dropping her backpack.

She stands in the road alone.

A WOMAN brings her the backpack.

WOMAN  
 Do you want me to call someone?

DIANDRA  
 Nene...No, no one. DIANDRA looks  
 into her backpack. She frantically  
 searches to find the poem book and  
 picture.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
 (CONT'D)  
 It's gone. It's all gone.

She sits down with her head in her hand.

IBU AYU (V.O.)  
 If you are feeling lost or your  
 heart is broken. You can find your  
 answer here...

She wipes her bloody mouth and smears her hand over her  
 heart.

IBU AYU (V.O.)  
 ...You carry the strength of our  
 ancestors within you, DIANDRA.  
 Never forget that.

122 EXT. TEMPLE - TWILIGHT - LATER

122

Dusty and bleeding, DIANDRA kneels before the alter, the  
 flickering temple candles cast a soft glow on her tear-  
 streaked face.

Smoky wafts of incense fill the air, and the idols watch over  
 her with serene compassion.

DIANDRA  
 Grandmother, I let you down. I'm  
 not strong enough.

Gunther kneels down next to her.

GUNTUR  
 (softly)  
 No. I did.

He holds out the poem book and hands it back to her.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)  
 It is time to make things right.  
 [Bahasa Indonesian]

He sits down next to her. Crossing his legs and bowing his  
 head to the alter.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)  
 You were right. I've been a coward.  
 I abandoned you when you needed me  
 most. [Bahasa Indonesian]

GUNTUR's voice trembles with sincerity as he bows his head in  
 respect before the alter.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)  
 But seeing your granddaughter here,  
 fighting against all odds, I  
 realize I can't keep running from  
 my past. [Bahasa Indonesian]

He removes a brick from the altar. Inside is a cavity. GUNTUR  
 shoves his hand in and pulls out the sword.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)  
 I want to be the hero you believed  
 I could be. [Bahasa Indonesian]

He presents DIANDRA the sword.

She takes it and wipes off the dust with her bloody shirt.

GUNTUR (CONT'D)  
 For IBU AYU.

123 EXT. VILLA. ENTRANCE - NIGHT - LATER

123

DIANDRA and GUNTUR meet SATYA at the entrance.

She shows SATYA the sword.

DIANDRA  
 Did you bring everyone?

SATYA nods his head and calls everyone out.

DIANDRA recognizes former servants from the villa and  
 townspeople, women, and girls, she met during her stay, come  
 out carrying fighting sticks. They join DIANDRA at the gate.

SATYA  
 Let go get PREETI.

SATYA produces a key ring with all the keys. He opens the  
 gate.

DIANDRA  
 Did you always have that?

SATYA  
 Yes. I am head groundskeeper.

DIANDRA  
 You know that would have come in  
 handy earlier.

SATYA  
I try but you want to climb over  
wall.

GUNTUR  
Time to fight.

They nod their heads in unison.

SATYA opens the gate.

SATYA  
Ayo! [Let's go!] [Bahasa  
Indonesian]

124 EXT. VILLA - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

124

The courtyard is still decorated for the wedding. DIANDRA and the crowd surge through the gate shouting! BATARA stands in front of the crowd with a sad PREETI being forced to accept the vows.

DIANDRA  
Stop the wedding!

DIANDRA confronts BATARA.

BATARA  
One beating wasn't enough?

DIANDRA  
Rule number one. Never go out  
alone.

Women and girls push into the courtyard.

BATARA  
Do you think you can intimidate me  
with your entourage of little  
girls?

DIANDRA ignores BATARA's taunt.

DIANDRA  
Ladies, get in formation.

The women and girls line up and raise their sticks in unison.

BATARA takes a step back. His MEN step forward to protect.

The group of allies launch an attack against BATARA's men.  
The MEN surround GUNTUR.

They think nothing of the old man until he comes alive in a whirl of action, crouching low and moving with the deftness of a Pencak Silat master. He beats them back.

KADEK grabs PREETI who breaks free. SATYA steps in to protect her. She smiles up at him, relieved to see him. KADEK fights with SATYA, who is quickly knocked out by the younger man.

The wedding guests get driven back. They surrender and huddle together, while the women and girls keep them in check.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
Rule number two. Respect the traditions.

She reveals the real Kris. BATARA is shocked.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)  
This is the true symbol of our family's honor. Care to test it out?

BATARA  
You want to fight me?

DIANDRA  
Defend your honor. And your family.

BATARA pulls out the fake Kris from his sash.

DIANDRA takes a running leap raising the Kris to strike.

An eerie scream of many echoes off the walls of the courtyard.

The Krises look identical as they clash together.

DIANDRA and BATARA engage in a fierce battle, close contact, hands and elbows move swiftly to block and strike with the dagger. They clash as the crowd watches.

BATARA and DIANDRA cross swords. The daggers lock by the handles, up close and face-to-face. Teeth gritted they hold each other off.

BATARA  
You really are a pain in my ass. I should have gotten rid of you just like I did that old woman.

DIANDRA  
You son of bitch!

They separate. Both fiercely slash at each other.

DIANDRA brings her sword down hard on BATARA's fake sword. It breaks in half.

DIANDRA holds up her sword in triumph. The crowd cheers.

BATARA sneakily pulls out a dagger from his wedding outfit.

BATARA

You won't take away my legacy.

He goes in for the kill.

PREETI

DIANDRA, watch out!

PREETI throws DIANDRA a fighting stick. She uses the bamboo stick to deflect and disarm BATARA. He grabs the stick and yanks it out of her grip. He turns her weapon against her. He swings for her head. DIANDRA drops to the ground and uses the moves GUNTUR taught her to sweep his feet from under him. BATARA goes down hard.

Out of breath and triumphant. DIANDRA stands over BATARA and spits his words back at him.

DIANDRA

For a warrior, the battlefield is her field.

PREETI, SATYA, and GUNTUR use their bamboo sticks to trap BATARA. Keeping him from getting up off the ground.

DIANDRA (CONT'D)

Rule Number Three. Never bring shame to the family.

PREETI

Admit it. You kill IBU AYU!

The elders come out of the wedding party.

ELDER 2

We have seen and heard enough.  
BATARA you are a disgrace to this  
community! [Bahasa Bali]

They arrest BATARA. DIANDRA watches, vindicated, as they take him away.

The wedding decoration's have taken a beating.

PREETI hugs SATYA. She gives him a shy peck on the cheek.

125 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - NIGHT - LATER 125

The formal wedding decoration have been replaced with more vibrant ones. PREETI and SATYA, wear exquisite wedding attire, kneel before the family temple with food, flowers and incense offerings. The Elder blesses them with water, reciting prayers. He rings a bell and blesses them with a live chicken. The couple exchange garlands and wedding vows amidst cheers and applause from the crowd.

The villa courtyard is alive with vibrant colors, pulsating music, and the rhythmic beat of Balinese folk tunes. Strings of twinkling lights illuminate the guests wearing traditional attire.

A troupe of women adorned in bright red and gold outfits, perform an enchanting Balinese Fire Dance.

126 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - EARLY MORNING 126

126A TITLE: ONE MONTH LATER 126A

DIANDRA opens the gate.

Young girls from all backgrounds and ages come inside to learn Martial Arts.

PREETI runs around handing out equipment.

DIANDRA and GUNTUR help the girls with their form and balance. The girls are smiling and happy.

127 EXT. VILLA. ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS 127

SATYA nails up a hand-painted sign outside the gate: IBU AYU SELF DEFENSE CLASSES FREE.

A taxi pulls up. Alexander and Diane get out.

The taxi driver quickly takes out the luggage. Diane looks up in awe at the magnificent villa.

DIANE

Is this the right place?

The taxi pulls away quickly. Diane tries to stop it.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Wait!...

(turns around to  
Alexander)

(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Alexander, is this the correct  
address?

Alexander stands silent at the entrance. He takes in his old home.

SATYA comes up and greets them.

SATYA  
Selamat datang. [Welcome.]

128 EXT. VILLA. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 128

SATYA leads Diane and Alexander inside. They are impressed by the lively school.

DIANDRA waves and smiles. She runs to greet them.

DIANDRA  
I'm so glad you made it. How does  
it feel?

ALEXANDER  
Like coming home.

She grabs her parents and brings them in to introduce them to everyone.

129 EXT. CREMATION GROUNDS - DAY 129

Alexander, Diane, Diandra, and Guntur join villagers dressed in ceremonial white. They play music and dance.

Pallbearers hold the effigy of the family guardian as they proceed down the street. Behind them, women with offerings on their heads and mourning relatives follow.

At the cremation site, Alexander steps forward, the sacred kris dagger at his back. With steady hands, he opens the coffin and oversees the placement of offerings and the white-draped bones. The high priest lights the pyre, flames consuming the remains as the family watches in solemn silence.

Alexander and Diandra collect the ashes in a coconut shell urn when the fire dies.

130 EXT. BEACH - SUNSET 130

Alexander has the kris tucked into his sash at his back. He wades into the water with the urn in his hand.

Diandra joins her dad. They pour the ashes into the water while the others watch from the shore.

They turn back and join the mom on shore. They hand the urn to Guntur. He takes it.

They look out at the setting sun as a family.

**THE END**