

3. CREATIVE WORK

AURORA

Written By

Edwin Siongkowinarto

FADE IN:

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

DAVE (age 17) is sitting in the driver's seat, his head resting against the steering wheel. He's pretty much the archetypal nerd. A gaunt, unattractive kid who wears a colorful knitted vest over collared shirt. He lets out a sigh.

DAVE

(muttering to himself)

You can do this, Dave. Come on,
don't blow it. Don't blow it.
Just believe in yourself.

As Dave continues muttering, he steals a glance through his side of the window, at the lavish, two-story high wood-and-glass beach house next to the driveway he parked his car in.

Dave turns to the windshield, when he notices the rear of a sleek, open-top sports car parked in front of him. Panic begins filling his face.

After a beat, Dave slams his head against the steering wheel, groaning.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER - MONTAGE OF DAVE GROOMING HIMSELF

START MONTAGE:

- DAVE'S FINGER dips into a hair gel. He rubs it furiously with both hands. Dabs them all onto his hair, slowly styling it into a pompadour.

- CUT BACK to DAVE, head still on the steering wheel, groaning.

- Dave unbuttons his shirt a bit. Loosens his collar.

- CUT BACK to DAVE, head still on the steering wheel, groaning.

- Dave applies perfume all over his body.

- CUT BACK to DAVE, head still on the steering wheel, groaning.

- Dave, with the pompadour and loose collar, stares at the rear view mirror. Squints at his own reflection as he is busy practicing a rather cheesy pick-up line.

DAVE
 (mimicking a sexy British
 accent)
 So, Aurora, is it hot in here or
 is it just you, sexy?

Dave shakes his head "no". Scruffs up his hair. Buttons up his shirt. Tucks his collar back in.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 No, no, don't say that. Stupid.

- CUT BACK to DAVE, head still on the steering wheel, groaning.

END OF MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - MUCH, MUCH LATER

Dave lifts his head from the steering wheel. Nods.

He turns off the ignition, yanks the key out, and puts it in his pocket.

He grabs his horn-rimmed glasses from the dashboard. Wears it. Takes a deep breath.

He climbs over to the backseat, digging through his trash. Pulls back and picks up a bouquet of roses and an average-sized teddy bear.

He smells the bouquet for a few second, the aroma making him smile. Checks the teddy bear, especially the folded paper slipped between its paws. Satisfied, steps out of the car.

Through the driver's window POV, we see Dave makes his way up the steps leading towards the beach house. But, halfway through, he stops. His head turns this way and that, restless. He turns around, scurrying back towards his car. Opens the door. Slams it shut.

He throws the bouquet and bear over to the passenger seat. Takes the key out from his pocket. Jams it into the ignition. The engine bursts into life.

DAVE

I can't do this. This is a bad idea.

Dave's car back out of the driveway, and speeds away, disappearing from frame.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

For a moment, it is silence. The only thing in sight is the beach house.

Then, we hear the familiar roar of a car. Dave's beat-up car enters frame, backing up before pulling back into the space where he had parked previously.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dave is speaking to himself.

DAVE

What are you thinking, man? It's a once-in-a-lifetime chance. The girl of your dreams, for god's sake. Man up. Man up.

Finally gaining some composure, Dave picks up the bouquet and the bear, then steps out of the car.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave is about to head for the tiny steps when he turns and notices the same sports car he had seen before, in full form.

Dave's eyes dart back and forth between the sports car and his dull-looking, ancient car.

He looks intimidated for a beat, then, after a deep breath, proceeds towards the steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. STEPS - BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave is walking up the steps. He stops midway, looks up as a FEMALE SILHOUETTE from the brightly-lit, yet curtained window catches his attention. She is moving in and out of Dave's sight gracefully, with dresses in hand, looking like she's trying to pick which one to wear.

Nervous and a little turned on by what he is seeing, Dave tugs on the collar of his shirt. Before he can back down once more, he takes a deep breath, and soldiers on.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dave ascends the final step before finally reaching the front door. He rings the doorbell, and then takes a step back. Hides the bouquet and bear behind his back.

Dave takes a peek at the floor, and notices some ritual offerings (flowers on bamboo leaves) placed on the mat.

Then, his focus shifts back to the door when he hears footsteps approaching.

Dave tries his best to contain his excitement. As the footsteps grow louder, he pulls the bouquet and the bear out.

The footsteps stop. The door swings open.

At that exact moment, Dave's smile is gone. Disappointment etched across his face as a guy's voice greets him.

GUY'S VOICE
(mock sincerity)
Oh, how flattering of you, Dave.

The voice belongs to a bald, athletic kid, who wears only a plain white undershirt exposing a small, yet intricately inked tattoo of a dragon in his right arm and long black pants, leaning against the door frame. Standing barefooted, relaxed, he's got such a presence that spells cool kid. He's VINNY (age 18, Dave's friend).

DAVE
(less flattered)
Vinny.

Vinny glances over at the bouquet Dave's holding.

VINNY
Those roses are for me, I presume?

DAVE
No, it's for...

VINNY
I know, I know, it's for Aurora, right.

Vinny grabs the roses.

DAVE
H ... h ... hey.

Dave tries grabbing the bouquet back, but Vinny manages to hold Dave back in ease. Vinny sticks the bouquet up his nose, smelling it.

VINNY

God, how I love the smell of roses.

DAVE

Well, it's not for you, man.

VINNY

You know, I appreciate your traditional perspective on how to impress a girl. I mean, roses are a way to a girl's heart, am I right?

(beat)

Sad thing that Aurora is allergic to roses.

DAVE

(irritated)

Allergic? And you... you waited until now to tell me that?

VINNY

You never asked.

DAVE

Well, you never think for a second that it's worth mentioning.

VINNY

So you assume that every girl in the world would fall head over heels in love with a guy over a bouquet of roses?

Vinny chuckles, coughing a little. He then pats Dave on the shoulder.

VINNY (CONT'D)

(impersonating Yoda)

Young Padawan, learn a lot you must.

DAVE

Quit joking around.

Dave sneaks a peek past Vinny, at the marble stairs.

DAVE

Where's Aurora anyway?

Vinny glances over at the stairs behind him, then back at Dave.

VINNY
She's still upstairs, preparing.

DAVE
Oh.

Vinny waves a hand.

VINNY
Come in.

Vinny makes way for Dave to enter the house.

INT. FRONT HALL - BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave steps inside and looks around the hall. It is modern meets rustic in feel. Oil paintings of Balinese scenery and cultures are hung on walls. On the trestle table adjacent to the living room are displays of ornamental figurines of Hindu gods and goddesses.

VINNY
Can I get you something to drink?

Dave turns to Vinny.

DAVE
That wouldn't be ...

Vinny ignores Dave, instead screams at the direction of the living room.

VINNY
Suki!

DAVE
Who's Suki?

VINNY
Oh, it's this girl I'm going out with.

DAVE
Aren't you going out with Amanda now?

VINNY
(Cringe)
Well, we kinda broke up.

DAVE
So this is new girl number...

Vinny breaks into a smile, appreciating Dave's joke.
Dave smiles back.

Then, silence, as the two boys hear footsteps approaching.
A few seconds later, a GIRL wearing only a button-down
shirt emerges from the living room. She appears to be SUKI.
Suki stops by Vinny's side, taking slow gulp of her Corona
bottle.

SUKI
FYI, my name's Abby.

VINNY
Abby. Suki. Both names have four
letter words. What's the
difference?

ABBY
They're not even spelled out
with the same letters.

Vinny and Abby stare at each other for a beat, smiling.
Vinny then glances over at Dave.

VINNY
Anyway.
(points at Dave)
This here is my friend Dave.

DAVE
(extends a hand to Abby)
Dave.

ABBY
(shakes Dave's hand)
Abby.

A long pause.

VINNY
So...

Vinny's eyes dart around, until he finds the bouquet
of roses in one of Dave's hands. Grabs it off Dave's,
and gives it to Abby.

VINNY (CONT'D)
I asked Dave to buy some roses.

ABBY
Roses? What's the occasion?

Vinny is thinking of an answer.

VINNY
(in a puzzled tone)
Happy anniversary.

Abby shoots Vinny a confused look.

ABBY
Anniversary? We just met this morning.

VINNY
Which makes it all the more special, right?

Abby looks speechless. Vinny holds Abby's face between his hands, so that it's facing his.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Look, Suki ...

ABBY
Abby.

VINNY
Yeah, whatever. The point is, I've dated a lot of girls in my lifetime, but you... just something about you, you're just different from the others, you know. I feel like I have this connection with you. Like we're soul mates, meant to be together. You... you make me learn how to love.

ABBY
(holds her chests; flattered)
Awwww ...

The couple starts kissing passionately. Dave shoots a look of discomfort, as if saying "get a room". He clears his throat. The couple breaks the kiss.

VINNY
Anyway, I am a little thirsty, you mind grabbing me some beer from the fridge?

Abby nods.

VINNY (CONT'D)
And grab one also for Dave here.
(to Dave)
Do you want a beer?

DAVE
No, I'm good.

VINNY
Okay. One beer for me, then. Put it on the table, and wait for me there, okay?

Abby nods again. She is about to head for the living room, but suddenly, she leaps into Vinny's arms with another kiss. After a beat, they break the kiss. She walks away.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Don't forget, Suki!

ABBY (O.S.)
For the hundredth time, it's Abby!

Vinny laughs, his eyes watching Abby disappear into the leaving room.

DAVE
Whatever happened to "learn a lot you must"?

Vinny turns his attention back to Dave.

VINNY
I got to make the girl happy.

DAVE
Or you just want to make sure she'll sleep with you come night's end?

VINNY
Isn't that the main point?

Dave shrugs. A long pause, as Vinny glances over at Dave, whose face has shifted to being nervous.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Don't worry about the roses thing, okay? At least, I can say she has a soft spot for teddy bears.

DAVE
Well, that's not much of a consolation.

VINNY
What's that supposed to mean?

Dave pauses to take a deep breath.

DAVE
Remind me how I got this date.

VINNY
What are you talking about?

DAVE
You know who I am dating, right?

VINNY
Yeah, you're dating Aurora.

DAVE

Who is like the most popular girl in school.

VINNY

You know that a popular girl is still a human being right, Dave?

DAVE

I know, but...

Dave sighs.

VINNY

Hey, Dave, you deserved what you get, okay. I mean, you helped me with school work.

DAVE

Really, that's it? I helped you with school work, and in return, you let me date with your little sister. And let's just be clear, we're talking about me dating *the* Aurora.

VINNY

Who is still my little sister, by the way.

DAVE

Still. It's... it's not like I saved her from a fire or something.

VINNY

Okay dude, stop beating yourself up. I owe you one.

DAVE

You're over exaggerating.

VINNY

No, I'm serious. You're the reason I made it out of 12th grade. Just when everyone gave up on me, you... you didn't. Even if I was a tad bit intimidated with the idea of a kid my junior teaching me some complicated mathematic stuff.

DAVE

You mean, algebra?

VINNY

Yeah, that. The point is, I finished 12th grade. And that's because you stood up for me when no one did. From then on, I promised to myself, if this kid ever needs my help, I swear to God I will help him.

A faint, uncertain smile flashes on Dave's face.

VINNY (CONT'D)

(consolingly)

Be happy. The fight's over. You've got the girl.

DAVE

No, I got a date with a girl. That doesn't mean that I got the girl.

VINNY

Remember what I told you.

DAVE

Be yourself.

VINNY

No, be better version of yourself. And I mean it. No nerdy business. No Star Wars, Marvel, whatever Comic Con-type conversation. Whenever a girl looks you in the eye, you look back. Give off a good vibe. Be cool, sharp, confident. Exude class. Feel like you belong amongst the elites.

Dave smirks.

DAVE

Come on, look at what I am wearing.

Vinny takes a good look at Dave's choice of fashion. Cringes.

VINNY

Okay, maybe not the greatest of starts in terms of look.

Dave groans.

VINNY (CONT'D)

But hey, don't worry, true class lies in the personality. If you give off a good vibe, doesn't

VINNY (CONT'D)
 matter if you dressed up like a
 clown, you're still a classy
 man.

As Vinny continues talking, his voice gradually fades off.

We PUSH CLOSE on DAVE'S FACE, who is suddenly staring slack-jawed in amazement, like someone in a catatonic state. The opening guitar riff to the FOO FIGHTERS' song "AURORA" starts building up in the background.

Vinny is still mouthing out words, but it's inaudible to Dave's ears. He then turns around, facing the stairs.

From Dave's POV, we see: a TEENAGE GIRL, in a casual, yet elegant dress, standing upstairs, with one arm resting against the railings, carrying a handbag on her shoulder.

She is AURORA (age 17, Vinny's little sister). The girl Dave saw in the window before. She's pretty much a male's gaze personified: exotic skin, long curly black hair and an alluring body shape. Like any Balinese girl, only in Dave's eyes, she's a million miles better.

Aurora gestures at Dave invitingly, blowing kisses towards him as she makes her way down the marble stairs. Her movement takes Dave's breath away so much that his world is completely hers for now. In mid-walk, her hair suddenly whips against the air-conditioned wind.

Everything Dave sees moves in slow-motion, dream sequence-like.

VINNY (O.S.)(CONT'D)
 Dave. Dave. Dave!

Suddenly, before the chorus kicks in, the song fades away.

Dave snaps awake from his mini-daze. He finds Aurora standing at the front door, next to Vinny.

DAVE
 Y... y... yes?

VINNY
 Aurora's here.

Dave offers his trembling hand to Aurora.

DAVE
 H... h... h... hhhiii.

Aurora shakes Dave's hand, looking at him awkwardly.

AURORA
 (Dryly)
 Hi.

Aurora turns to Vinny.

AURORA (CONT'D)
 Uhm, Vinny, can I talk to you for
 a second?

VINNY
 Sure.

AURORA
 No, I mean...

Aurora gives Vinny a slight nod, gesturing Vinny to
 have the talk inside between just the two of them.

VINNY
 Oh.

Vinny shepherds Dave out of the house.

DAVE
 What are you doing?

VINNY
 This will take just a second.

DAVE
 B... b... but.

Before Dave can finish, Vinny slams the door shut.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT HALL - BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Aurora paces back and forth frantically, stroking her
 chin, thinking of what she's going to say to Vinny. Vinny
 approaches her. She finally lets loose.

AURORA
 I don't think I can do this.

VINNY
 Can't do what?

AURORA
 Go on a date with him.

VINNY

But why?

AURORA

Don't you know who he is?

Aurora rushes towards the window by the door, draws the curtain aside and takes a peek. Notices Dave walking up and down the porch, waiting, nervous as hell.

VINNY

Yes, he's Dave, a friend from school.

AURORA

Who happens to be the school dweeb.

VINNY

Well, that's kinda judgmental.

AURORA

I don't care.

(beat)

Can't you just ask him to leave?

VINNY

Leave? But he came this far for you.

AURORA

But I just cannot be seen around him, okay, Vin. You know I have a reputation in school, right?

VINNY

(annoyed, like he had heard this a million times before)

Here we go again.

AURORA

People look up to me. I mean, the first person people notice, the first person people talk to down the school hall is me. And my friends, they... they have certain expectations about who I should hang out, who I should date. What if my friends find out that I'm going on a date with the school dweeb?

VINNY

Again, very judgmental of you to say that.

AURORA

(not listening to Vinny)

I mean, what if I bump into them?
What if they started taking
pictures? What if the picture of
me and that dweeb on a date
started blowing up on Instagram or
whatever? How... how do you expect
me to show myself in public once
that happens?

Vinny shakes his head in disbelief.

VINNY

God, do you even listen to
yourself?

AURORA

Excuse me?

VINNY

You don't even know a single
thing about Dave, and all of a
sudden, you just think he's a bad
guy.

AURORA

Why is it so important for me to
know Dave anyway, huh? Answer me
that.

Beat. Vinny is taken aback. Aurora is waiting for
a response. Vinny takes a deep breath.

VINNY

Cause I made a promise to him.

Aurora folds her arms, irritated.

AURORA

Oh... so I am like your silly
bet or something?

VINNY

No, c'mon, it's not like that.

AURORA

Then what, huh?

Vinny pauses. Deep sigh.

VINNY

I just want what's best for my
little sister, that's all.

AURORA

But I'm not a kid anymore, Vinny.
I have the right to pick whoever I
want to date.

VINNY

I know. I know.

AURORA

No, it's clear that you don't know.

Exhausted, Aurora leans against the wall for a while.
Shoots a look at Vinny.

AURORA

I'm just not ready, Vin.

VINNY

Then when are you gonna be
ready? It's been three months
for god's sake, Aurora.

AURORA

I know, I just... all the guys
I've dated either cheated on me
or wants nothing more from me
than to get into my pants, Vin. I
just don't know if I can go
through that again.

Aurora turns to Vinny.

AURORA (CONT'D)

What makes Dave any different to
the guys I used to date?

VINNY

That's for you to find out.
Isn't that the point for a first
date?

Silence.

VINNY (CONT'D)

You still want him to leave?

Aurora gives a slight nod.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Then you do it.

Aurora steps away from the wall, stunned.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Hey, you're the one who wants him
to leave so bad, right? He

VINNY (CONT'D)
deserves to hear it in person.

Aurora thinks for a second, sighs.

She walks up to the door. Her hand's now poised on the door knob, ready to turn it. But then, no more movement. She just stands there, frozen in thought, hand lingering on the door knob for some time. She leans forward, peeking through the peephole.

From Aurora's POV, we see Dave, walking up and down the porch, still nervous as hell.

Aurora backs away slightly from the door.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Change your mind?

Aurora shakes her head "no". Takes one step forward, then opens the door.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dave stops what he's doing. Walks up to the front door. Steadying his composure.

DAVE
(clears his throat)
So, ready?

AURORA
Yeah about that.

Aurora avoids eye contact, whilst trying to think of what to say. Dave catches on her intention, trying to hold back his disappointment.

DAVE
You don't want to go out with me.

AURORA
No hard feelings, right.

DAVE
Oh no, no at all.
(checks his wrist as if
there's a watch there)
In fact, I've got other places
to go.

Dave laughs awkwardly. Aurora tenses a bit. Dave glances over at the teddy bear on the table. Rushes over to pick it up.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I just want to drop this off.

Dave hands the bear to Aurora. Aurora takes it. In a glance, she seems flattered.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I know the teddy bear's thing pretty cliché, but ...

AURORA

Thanks.

Dave stops in mid-sentence, looking bewildered.

AURORA (CONT'D)

I really mean it, thanks.

Aurora checks the bear until she spots the paper between its paws. Takes it out of the bear's embrace.

AURORA (CONT'D)

What's this?

DAVE

Oh, it's just a little extra something for you. If you want to open it, it's fine. But if you don't want to open it, it's fine too.

Dave smiles awkwardly.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna leave now.

Dave nods to Vinny goodbye, and proceeds walking down the steps.

Aurora unfolds the paper. Looks at it. She smiles, further flattered.

EXT. STEPS - BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave walks down the tiny steps, dejected. His car sits a few steps away, still safely parked.

Suddenly, the RING of a CELLPHONE. Dave stops, checks his pocket and finds his phone. Sneaks a peek.

Onscreen, it reads: UNKNOWN NUMBER.

Still, Dave picks the phone up.

DAVE

Hello.

AURORA (O.S.)
Hi, it's me. Aurora.

The name causes Dave's body to tremble.

DAVE
Y... y... yeah?

AURORA (O.S.)
Anyway, I'm free tonight. You
still want to go out on a date?

Dave finds it hard to suppress a grin. He hears tapping, like heels striking on pavement, growing steadily louder and louder. He turns around, and sees-

-Aurora, standing at the bottom of the steps, on her phone.

AURORA
Wipe the grin off your face,
will you?

Dave's grin fades. Aurora walks up to Dave.

AURORA (CONT'D)
One date. Just this one date. If
anything goes wrong, I can leave
whenever I want.

Dave nods.

AURORA (CONT'D)
And promise me, you never talk
about our date in public,
especially in school. Pretend
like it never happened. Deal?

DAVE
Deal.

They shake hands. They continue down the steps until-

EXT. DRIVEWAY - BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-they set foot on the driveway.

AURORA
Okay. So, where's your ride?

Aurora takes a peek at Dave's car. A sarcastic smile flashes across her face.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Hopefully, it's not this junk

AURORA (CONT'D)
over here.

Aurora looks at Dave, who starts swaying about uneasily.
Her smile fades.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Oh.

DAVE
(apologetically)
Welcome to my ride.

Aurora glances over at Dave's car, then the sports car
in front of it. Her eyes dart back and forth between the
two cars, comparing them.

Dave walks past Aurora to open the passenger side of
his car's door.

DAVE (CONT'D)
After you.

Aurora gestures an insincere "thanks" to Dave, and
reluctantly gets in the car.

Dave closes the door. Takes a deep breath. He then
moves towards the driver's side of the car, and
gets in.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dave is on the driver's seat, with Aurora riding shotgun.

Aurora puts her seat belt on, while observing the
car's interior, which looks as dull as its exterior.
It's all frayed leather, with the rickety, 20th
century -looking cassette player and the vintage wood
steering wheel further enhancing the car's ancient
feel.

Aurora rolls her eyes out, trying to cast the image aside.

Aurora starts flapping her hand, feeling like the air
around her is hot.

AURORA
God, it's hot in here.

Aurora reaches for the air conditioner switch. She flicks
it on. Waits for a second. The air is still hot. She tries
it again.

AURORA (CONT'D)
The AC's not working.

DAVE

Yeah, if you want some AC, you will have to roll the window down.

AURORA

Roll the window down? What's wrong with the AC?

DAVE

The AC's broken.

Aurora shoots an amused look at Dave.

AURORA

You're kidding, right?

DAVE

I wish I am, but I am not.

Aurora throws her hands up in the air, in disbelief.

AURORA

Are you fucking kidding me?

DAVE

I am sorry, okay?

Aurora lets out a groan as she rolls her window halfway down.

AURORA

God, I wish we had taken a Grab.

DAVE

I truly am...

AURORA

Just drive.

Dave sighs, dejected. He puts the key on the ignition, turns it on and starts driving.

EXT. STREET (IN FRONT OF AURORA'S BEACH HOUSE) - NIGHT
- CONTINUOUS

Dave's car drives away from the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dave's car works his way through the quiet traffic. Rather too slow, as car after car starts overtaking him.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dave is behind the wheel, never taking his eyes off the road, but driving at such a low speed. By now,

another car has overtaken Dave's, honking in disapproval at Dave's driving before disappearing ahead.

AURORA

Can't you drive any faster?
We're on a highway, for god's sake.

Dave nods to Aurora apologetically, and tries pushing the speed up.

IN THE SPEEDOMETER, Aurora can see the needle nearing maximum speed. But the car still moves slowly.

Aurora rolls her eyes, annoyed. She returns to her phone.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

For the rest of the trip, the atmosphere is deadly silent. No conversation, not even the smallest of glances. Every time Dave tries to strike a conversation or glance at her, he withdraws. It is slowly unsettling Dave.

To break the ice, Dave turns on the radio. A CURRENT TOP 40 SONG blasts through the stereo.

Dave bobs his head halfheartedly. It's not his style of music, but, to look hip in Aurora's eyes, he pretends to enjoy it. He steals a glance at Aurora, who is too busy scrolling through her phone.

DAVE

You can change the station if you want.

Aurora ignores Dave. Dave changes the station. The same song.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Let's try another station.

Dave changes the station. Still, the same song. Dave breaks into a smile, bemused.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Great. What's wrong with the state of music these days?

Aurora finally stops playing with her phone. She turns, shoots Dave an annoyed look.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I get it, it is a good song, and pretty much everyone in the whole country requested it, but don't you think it's a bit overplayed? Play it once or twice a day, okay, but once or twice every two hours, that's just too much, don't you think?

As Dave is speaking, he happens to steal another glance. Aurora still maintains her annoyed look. A look that translates into her telling him to "shut up". It takes Dave quite awhile to get it, but finally, he does.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'll shut up.

Dave turns his attention back to the road. Aurora goes back to her phone, having the time of her life.

Back to square one.

Suddenly, the couple feels the car jerk. The car starts slowing down.

AURORA

What's going on?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dave's car comes to a stop at the side of the road.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dave checks the speedometer. Finds that the needle on the gas gauge is pointed at an E.

DAVE

Oh god.

AURORA

Oh god what?

DAVE

We're running out of gas.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT - LATER

Side-by-side with a rundown, Circle K-esque convenience store. The place is quiet. Surprisingly desolate. Dave's car is probably the solitary customer of the night.

Aurora is leaning against the hood of Dave's car, while it is pumping gas. She rolls her eyes, looking tired. Sweat trickles down her forehead. Wipes it off with the back of her palm. She takes a deep breath.

She glances over at the bag sitting on the hood next to her. Unzips it, and picks up a phone.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Dave is standing in front of a slushy machine, waiting for the syrupy slush to fill the two plastic cups up.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT - LATER

Aurora is playing with her phone.

ONSCREEN, we can see that she's scrolling through her Instagram. One picture catches her attention, which shows a group of girls about Aurora's age taking a selfie against a glitzy, discotheque-like backdrop. Presses "like", then goes to the direct message section to talk to NADIA.

AURORA (TEXT)

*Looks like fun. Wish I was there.
Sorry had to cancel at last minute.*

Aurora sends the text, and waits for a response.
PING! Aurora checks her phone. Nadia has responded.

NADIA (TEXT)

*Wish u were here too. Had a
great time here, but just not
the same without you.*

Aurora flashes a bittersweet smile. Another PING.

NADIA (TEXT)

Anyway, why bail all of a sudden.

Aurora types in a response.

AURORA (TEXT)

*ICYMI, big brother set me up on
a date.*

Send. Seconds later, PING.

NADIA (TEXT)

*Ooooh, who's the lucky guy? Is he
buff? Sporty? Good-looking? Send
me some pics.*

Aurora glances away from her phone at Dave, who is standing at the cashier stand. Back on her phone,

she types in a response.

AURORA (TEXT)

I'd rather not talk about it.

Send. Seconds later, PING. Aurora checks her phone, and finds a bunch of sad emojis, followed by Nadia's response.

NADIA (TEXT)

Date not going so well?

Aurora takes a deep breath, and start typing furiously.

AURORA (TEXT)

Where should I begin? My date is like a total geek. I mean like the one who looks at girls like they're from outer space. He like gets all awkward and nervous every time he's around me. Anything that comes out of his mouth is whether another awkward thing or plain annoying, like -

Aurora sends the text, along with an "ugh" emoji. She types in another response.

AURORA (TEXT)

Oh, and one more thing, he's got a crappy car which just so happens broke down in the middle of the highway. One I had to pushed all the way to the gas station to get it pumped. And now, here I am, stuck in this hell hole.

Send. She types in a following message.

AURORA (TEXT)

U get the idea.

Send. Seconds later, PING.

NADIA (TEXT)

Sounds like you got a pretty rough night, huh? But I mean, YOLO, right?

Aurora smiles. PING. Another response from Nadia.

NADIA (TEXT)

If anything goes wrong, let me know, okay?

Aurora sends Nadia a bunch of heart emojis, followed by another text.

AURORA (TEXT)

Thx.

Aurora looks up and sees Dave come out of the convenience store, holding two plastic cups.

AURORA (TEXT)

Gotta scoot. My date's here. Bye.

Aurora puts her phone away. Dave stops by the car and offers her a slushy. Aurora shoots Dave a confused look.

AURORA

I didn't ask for a slushy.

DAVE

Oh no, it's on the house.

Aurora takes the cup. Takes a good look at it.

AURORA

Orange?

DAVE

Yeah. I hope you like it.

No response. Aurora just stares at her cup, showing little expression. Dave panics.

DAVE

You don't like it, do you? I'll...
I'll get you another one.

AURORA

No.

Aurora flashes a heart-warming smile.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Orange is actually my favorite
slushy.

Aurora takes a sip from the straw.

AURORA

Thanks.

DAVE

Don't mention it.

Dave pulls the pump out of the fuel tank.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Let's go, then.

Dave steps into the car.

Aurora takes one more sip. For a moment, she's smiling dreamily. Guess he's not that bad, huh? She turns to have a look at Dave's car. She turns back for a beat, with a frown on her face. Aurora steps into the car.

Dave's car leaves the gas station.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dave's car weaves through the quiet traffic.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dave glances over at Aurora, who is staring idly at the passing cars through the window, as she continues drinking up her slushy.

Feeling that Dave is staring at him, Aurora turns to stare back.

Dave turns away, eyes back on the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. KUTA - NIGHT

MULTIPLE SHOTS of KUTA, highlighting a bustling, nearly modern city:

ANGLE ON several ANCIENT STATUES, spotted in numerous places along the street, the last notable Balinese relic.

ANGLE ON SOME FLASHY NEON SIGNS hovering above buildings, side-by-side, illuminating the city. This is where local brands and international (Starbucks, McDonald, you name it) merge. They are everywhere, within touching distance.

ANGLE ON THE SIDEWALK, where surfer kids, tourists, backpackers and locals blend amongst the milling crowd. Vendors persistently get in these people's way, trying to sell their merchandise to just about everyone who passes.

ANGLE ON THE STREET, a HUGE TRAFFIC JAM. A tangle of cars and taxis are forced bumper -to-bumper, while motorcycle riders take advantage with the smallest of gaps by zigzagging through.

Finally, we come to a stop at an iconic surfboard-shaped sign, which reads: "HARD ROCK HOTEL - BALI".

A dozen cars queue before Hard Rock Hotel's entrance, waiting for security inspection. We see a long line of cars that stretches along the whole street, finally stopping at Dave's car, which sits right in the middle of the queue.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dave is waiting for the cars in front of him to move. Aurora checks her phone time and time again, growing impatient. She honks the car's horn.

DAVE

Hey!

AURORA

Look at the time. We're running late, okay.

DAVE

Well, there's nothing we can do. There's traffic up ahead.

AURORA

Well, we wouldn't be stuck if your car didn't broke down.

Dave looks at Aurora, bemused.

DAVE

Excuse me?

AURORA

Come on, like take a look at your car.

(beat)

Oh, let me rephrase that, take a look at this bland thing you call a car.

DAVE

Well, I'm sorry. It's not like I wished for my car to break down in the middle of the highway.

AURORA

Well, you kinda did.

(beat)

When was the last time you upgrade the engine? Did a paint job? Wash your car?

Without looking at Aurora, Dave just stays silent.

AURORA

Don't tell me you never even wash your car?

DAVE

Well, I wash it once in a while.

AURORA

Define once in a while.

DAVE

Like once every six months.

AURORA

So that means you never wash it then?

DAVE

(trying to make things clear)
Not often, I didn't say never.

AURORA

Look, washing a car once every six months is the same as never washing a car, okay?

DAVE

What does taking a bath have to do with washing a car?

Aurora, speechless, rolls her eyes, groaning.

The cars in front of Dave finally move. Dave's car crawls only a few inches ahead, before stopping abruptly once more. Aurora looks at her phone, growing more and more impatient. She then steals a glance at Dave's strikingly colorful vest.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, one more thing.

DAVE

What?

AURORA

Loose the vest, will you? We're having dinner in a place filled with people from the upper society. I don't want to be seen dating a clown.

Dave nods.

DAVE

Y... yeah, sure.

Dave is about to remove his vest when he gets startled by a CHORUS of ANGRY CAR HORNS behind him.

AURORA
Not now, you goof.

Dave slips the vest back in.

DAVE
Alright, sorry.

Dave gets his hands back on the wheels.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - HARD ROCK HOTEL BALI - KUTA - NIGHT

An atypical Italian restaurant. Old-fashioned meets elegant in its design and feel. A sign on top of the restaurant's roof, gleaming in red, reads: "JAMIE'S ITALIAN".

EXT. SIDEWALK (NEAR JAMIE'S ITALIAN) - NIGHT

Dave and Aurora walk amongst the crowd, next to each other but keeping their distance. It is as if they themselves are strangers to each other.

EXT. RECEPTIONIST DESK - JAMIE'S ITALIAN- NIGHT

Aurora walks up to the receptionist desk. Dave is right behind. The RECEPTIONIST greets them.

RECEPTIONIST
Good evening.

AURORA
A table for two, please.

RECEPTIONIST
You've made any reservation?

AURORA
Aurora.

The receptionist checks the reservation book.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry, mam, but we don't have a reservation under the name of Aurora.

AURORA

Are you sure? Can you check again.
It's Aurora. A-U-R-O-R-A.

The receptionist checks the book once more. Looks at Aurora and shakes her head "no".

AURORA

Try Aurora Almira. A-L-M-I-R-A.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I
can't help you.

DAVE

What's going on?

Aurora turns to Dave.

AURORA

Looks like we didn't make our
reservation, Dave.

RECEPTIONIST

Dave?

The receptionist checks the book one last time.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

We do have a Dave here.
(read through the book)
Dave Winarto.

DAVE

That's me.

The receptionist hails the WAITRESS. The waitress comes out, menu books in her hands.

WAITRESS

Welcome to Jamie's. If you
please follow me.

The waitress enters, leading the way. Dave and Aurora trade bewildered look for a second, before following suit.

INT. JAMIE'S ITALIAN - NIGHT

Brightly-lit, as if the place has been illuminated by a disco ball. Swing music plays in the background, creating a rather chill yet classy atmosphere.

Dave walks past a full house crowd, nervous at the sight of suits and ties and elegant dinner gowns at the many tables, humming with conversation and laughter.

Dave is slightly startled at the sound and sight of a CORK being POPPED OPEN from a bottle of wine on a table next to him. He catches a glance of the waitress' hand holding the wine, pours the wine into a cocktail glass.

As he continues walking, Dave makes way for a couple of WAITERS and WAITRESSES scurrying at his direction, tray in their hands.

Dave sees them approaching tables, serving customers SUMPTUOUS-LOOKING, STEAMING HOT ITALIAN FOOD. Customers smile in satisfaction, taking a moment to admire the dish with a snap of their phone's camera.

The waitress directs Dave and Aurora to a table near the window. They sit. The waitress hands them the menu books.

WAITRESS

Would you like to order now?

Aurora opens the menu book.

AURORA

I'll have a look first.

The waitress leaves.

Dave opens the menu book. Glances over at Aurora, but any time she glances back, he avoids eye contact.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Nice shirt, by the way.

Dave looks up at Aurora, caught off guard.

AURORA (CONT'D)

I'm complimenting you.

DAVE

Thanks.

They exchange a few polite smiles. After a beat, they directly turn their attention back to the menu books in front of them.

Dave seems to be struggling with the menu. Like any other European restaurants, it contains no images of the food, only words. Bar the food's name, all the descriptions are written in English, but somehow, the words seem foreign to him.

Aurora looks up again, over the menu, and finds Dave struggling with the menu.

AURORA
Need some help with the menu?

Dave stops reading the menu, and looks at Aurora.

DAVE
Oh, no, no, no. In fact, I already have something in mind.

AURORA
Oh, good.

Both Dave and Aurora go back to reading their menu. Aurora hails the waitress. The waitress stops by the couple's table, a smartphone in her hand.

WAITRESS
What would you like?

AURORA
(reads the menu)
Oh yes, can I have the rigatoni pomodoro, please?

The waitress types in Aurora's order.

WAITRESS
Okay, one rigatoni pomodoro.
(to Dave)
And you, sir?

DAVE
(distracted)
What?

WAITRESS
Have you decided yet?

DAVE
Oh...

Dave takes a brief look at the menu, without really paying attention. Closes the menu book.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I'll have what she's having.

WAITRESS
Excellent choice.

The waitress types in the order.

AURORA

And also, I would like to try
some from the red wine selection.

(to Dave)

Dave, you like wine, right?

DAVE

Who?

AURORA

You. You drink wine?

Dave thinks for a second, then nods.

DAVE

Yeah, sure.

Aurora nods, then turns to the waitress.

AURORA

Which one would you recommend?

WAITRESS

I'm afraid we can't do that.

Aurora furrows her brows, confused.

AURORA

What are you talking about?

WAITRESS

Law restrictions. We can't serve
alcoholic beverage to any
customer under the age of 21.

AURORA

But I used to come here and
drink wine with my family.

WAITRESS

Unless you have someone over the
age of 21 present on the table,
then I'm afraid we cannot sell
alcoholic beverage to underage
customers.

Aurora glances over at the waitress, Dave, then back
to the menu book.

AURORA

Well, that sucks.

Aurora reads through the menu book for a second.

AURORA (CONT'D)

I'll have the Apple Mojito then.

WAITRESS

Yes, fine selection indeed, miss.

(to Dave)

You sir?

DAVE

Me?

The waitress nods.

Dave takes the menu book and starts frantically flipping pages. Stop at the pages with the drink menu, which looks more gibberish in his perspective. Sneaks a peek at Aurora and the waitress who are waiting, nervous. Closes the book.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I'll have the Apple Mojito as well.

WAITRESS

Okay, so rigatoni pomodoro and two glasses of Apple Mojito, coming right up.

The waitress takes the menu books, and then leaves.

AURORA

Sucks we can't get a chance to buy some wine here.

DAVE

Yeah.

AURORA

But I didn't know you're a wine drinker.

DAVE

Well, you know, wine is a part of my family tradition.

AURORA

Family tradition, huh? So your family's into wine business or something?

DAVE

Oh, no no no. I just like to drink wine, that's all.

Aurora looks intrigued.

AURORA

An avid wine drinker, huh?

Dave smiles, trying to be boastful.

DAVE

Well, you can say that.

AURORA

So I assume you have a favorite wine, then?

Dave is taken aback.

DAVE

W... what?

AURORA

Favorite wine.

(beat)

You did say you're an avid wine drinker, right?

DAVE

Yeah. Well, I like the one we just ordered.

AURORA

Really? Just the one type of wine? Not even a little Pinot Noir? Sangiovese? Savignon?

Dave does not understand a single word Aurora is saying. He tries to keep his cool, but not enough to fool Aurora.

AURORA (CONT'D)

You don't understand what I'm talking about, do you?

DAVE

What? Oh no no no, I'm just trying to think of one.

AURORA

Come on, you expect me to believe a guy who cannot even afford to fix his own car is an avid wine drinker.

DAVE

Well, I drink. Occasionally.

Aurora scoffs.

AURORA

Occasionally? I doubted you have even tasted any alcohol before.

DAVE
I drank once.

AURORA
Really? Like what?

Dave pauses, nervous like he knows what he's going to say next is embarrassing.

DAVE
Root beer.

Aurora slaps her forehead, head shaking. Baffled.

AURORA
I don't believe it. I'm dating a baby.

Aurora pulls her phone out from her bag. Dave tries to explain, but Aurora is way too immersed into her phone to care. Dave sighs, dejected once more.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - MOMENTS LATER

The couple's table is filled with TWO PLATES of PASTA (RIGATONI POMODORO) and TWO COCKTAIL GLASSES of the sparkling, greenish APPLE MOJITO.

Aurora is gleefully munching her pasta on the table. No surprise, she's used to all the fine dining stuff.

Not Dave. He takes the occasional bite or two, but he spends most of the time just staring uneasily at it, or if not, poking it with his fork. Aurora takes notice.

AURORA
You don't like the meal?

DAVE
Yes.

AURORA
Yes, you don't like the meal, or?

DAVE
No, no, no, I like it a lot. It's just... I want to take a second to admire it, you know.

AURORA
Oh.

Aurora takes another bite of her pasta, then a sip of her mojito.

Dave looks at the pasta for a beat, nauseated. Takes another reluctant bite. As he is chewing, he makes an ugly face, like he wants to puke.

AURORA (CONT'D)

You okay?

DAVE

Y... y... yeah.

Dave takes another bite and tries hard to enjoy the taste. He's slowly but surely losing his composure at the moment. Shirt's stained in sweat, getting more and more nervous. He starts flapping his hand wildly, like the air around him is hot.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Is it just me or is it just hot in here?

AURORA

(worried)

Look, you don't have to finish the meal if you don't want to.

Dave clumsily rises from his seat.

DAVE

I just... I just need a moment to use the bathroom. Will you excuse me for a second?

Dave rushes off, hands clutching his belly.

Aurora turns and watches with concern as Dave disappears down the hall.

INT. RESTROOM - RESTAURANT (JAMIE'S ITALIAN) - NIGHT

The RESTROOM DOOR swings open. Dave storms into frame, heading straight for one of the stalls.

INT. STALL - RESTROOM - RESTAURANT (JAMIE'S ITALIAN) - NIGHT

Dave slams the door shut.

Dave sits on the toilet, breathing heavily. Finds a roll of toilet paper hanging on one side of the wall. He grabs a handful.

He starts wiping the sweat off his neck and face furiously. Proceeds to then throw the paper into the trash bin.

DAVE

Fuck!

Dave bends over, hands upon his head. A groan escapes his mouth.

Dave straightens up, reaches down his pocket and pulls out his phone. Starts scrolling through his contact list. Makes a call.

INT. LIVING ROOM - BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

A party still at its dawn. A smattering of teenagers scattered around the room, helping themselves to a cup of beer and a bowl of chips.

Vinny is on the couch with Abby, kissing each other passionately.

Suddenly, Vinny's phone rings. He bolts from the couch, searches his pocket and finds the phone. Checks it.

VINNY

Oh, it's Dave.

Abby rises from her seat and drags him at her direction for another kiss. Vinny withdraws.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Not now, babe, I gotta take this call.

Vinny is about to move, but Abby keeps pulling him back down.

ABBY

(points to her lips)
But this can't wait.

VINNY

Just a second, okay.

Abby pouts her lips. Feeling sorry, Vinny plants a quick kiss. Abby smiles. Vinny picks up the phone.

VINNY (CONT'D)

Yeah, what's up?

SPLIT SCREEN - INT. LIVING ROOM - BEACH HOUSE / INT. STALL-RESTROOM- RESTAURANT (JAMIE'S ITALIAN) - NIGHT

Dave takes a deep breath before he answers.

DAVE
I'm sorry, man. I don't think I
can do this.

VINNY
Can't do what?

DAVE
The date.

Vinny takes a brief look around the room, concerned.

VINNY
Hold on a second. Is something
wrong?

DAVE
Oh god, where do I start.

VINNY
Dave, you need to calm down for
a second.

DAVE
I'm sorry, Vinny. I've tried, but
...

VINNY
No, no, Dave, Dave, listen to me
...

Vinny starts down the hall for the toilet. Greets a
couple of people on the way. Opens the door as he reaches
the toilet.

SPLIT SCREEN - INT. BATHROOM - BEACH HOUSE / INT. STALL-
RESTROOM - RESTAURANT (JAMIE'S ITALIAN) - NIGHT

Vinny enters the toilet, just as Dave becomes more
panicked.

DAVE
I shouldn't have mentioned her in
the first place. I already knew
it was a bad idea.

VINNY
Dave.

DAVE
I know she's the girl of my
dreams. I've been waiting for this
moment my whole life. I've been
picturing the scenario in my head
for so long, every detail, even
the smallest. I thank you for
that, really from the bottom of my

DAVE (CONT'D)
heart. But you know why dreams are
dreams, right?

VINNY
Dave!

DAVE
I'm... I'm getting slaughtered
out there, man.

VINNY
You're having a nervous breakdown.

DAVE
Yeah, the fuck I am!

A long beat. Dave takes a moment to regain composure.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You're my friend, right?

VINNY
Why do you even have to ask?

DAVE
Why... why can't you just say no?
You know that she's way out of my
league.

VINNY
Cause that's what friends do.

DAVE
Come on, look at me, man. I
don't belong in your sister's
world. Certainly not in an
Italian restaurant.

VINNY
Dave, Dave, come on.

DAVE
I mean, she doesn't even like
me. Everything I do in her eyes
is wrong.

Hands on his head, Dave starts tearing up.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I mean, what am I doing sitting
in the toilet of a fucking
Italian restaurant? I'm...

VINNY
Dave!

Dave goes silent for a moment.

VINNY (CONT'D)
My turn, okay?

Dave nods.

VINNY
I want you to take a deep breath.
Breathe in and breathe out.

Dave takes a deep breath, and then lets it out.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Again.

Dave does the same thing over and over again, until he is finally calm.

VINNY (CONT'D)
You're good now?

DAVE
A bit.

VINNY
Cool. Now, I want you to clean
up your face, go back to your
table and start giving talking
to her another try.

DAVE
No, no, no. She's not interested in
me, Vin. I'm not gonna waste her
time anymore. How about I drop
her off at the house?

VINNY
(panicked)
No, Dave. Stay out of the house.

DAVE
Can't you just let me put her out
of her misery?

Vinny raises his voice.

VINNY
Dave, I'm serious. Stay. Out. Of.
The. House.

Dave senses something suspicious in Vinny's voice.

DAVE
What's going on?

Vinny takes a deep breath.

VINNY

I'm having people in the house.
Like lots and lots of people.

DAVE

What kind of people?

VINNY

A couple of friends. 12th graders.

DAVE

What for?

VINNY

It's just a little gathering.

DAVE

Gathering? You mean, party?

VINNY

Gathering, party, whatever. Look,
I just need you to take Aurora out
of the house while I'm entertaining
these people.

DAVE

So you want me to distract your little
sister by taking her on a date while
you are having a party?

Vinny checks his phone for time.

VINNY

At least until 11 P.M tops.

DAVE

I hate to break it to you, Vin,
but you picked the wrong guy for
the job.

VINNY

Look, Dave, you got to pull
yourself together.

DAVE

I've tried...

VINNY

Well, try again.

After a beat.

VINNY (CONT'D)

I'm sick of hearing your whining.
You wanted a date with my little
sister, I gave you the date. Now

VINNY (CONT'D)
 in the middle of the date, you
 suddenly want to chicken out?

DAVE
 Vin...

VINNY
 (interrupts)
 No, Dave, you listen. My parents
 are out of the house. Aurora's out
 of the house. And for once, I can
 have the house for myself. I'm having
 this party, and you're not gonna fuck
 this up, okay?

Vinny takes a few deep breaths, composing himself for
 a second.

VINNY (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry I lashed out at you.

DAVE
 No, it's fine.

VINNY
 Things didn't go well, so what?
 Like I said, all you got to do is
 dust yourself off and try again.

DAVE
 Not with Aurora, man. If I mess up
 the first time, I'm sure there
 will be no second time.

VINNY
 Not if I have a say in it.

After a beat.

VINNY (CONT'D)
 I'll tell you what, if you manage
 to get through this night,
 regardless of what happens, maybe
 I can talk her into going out with
 you again.

DAVE
 You mean like a second date?

VINNY
 Yeah.

Dave gives a pessimistic smirk.

DAVE
 Trust me, she would consider just
 making through this horror show
 called a first date an

DAVE (CONT'D)
achievement on its own.

VINNY
(breezy)
Dave, come on, you know me.

After a beat.

VINNY (CONT'D)
I can help you, but you gotta do your part first. Okay, maybe after the first date, she might not be interested in a second date, but at least, you got to make a good impression on her. Make her think twice. Make her think, even in the slightest, that maybe tonight was just a blip. Make her think that, deep inside that high school nerd body of yours, lies a decent man that's worth another shot at her heart. You got me?

Dave contemplates for a second. He sighs.

DAVE
I'll give it another shot.

VINNY
That's the spirit.

A knock on the toilet door startles Vinny.

VINNY (CONT'D)
Oh, I gotta go. Good luck with the date.

Vinny disconnects the phone. Dave sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S ITALIAN - NIGHT

Aurora is finishing up her pasta. Dave returns to his seat. She glances at him, then back at the empty plate, nonchalantly.

AURORA
Hey.

DAVE
Hey.

Awkward pause.

AURORA
You alright?

DAVE

Oh, I just need to pee, that's all.

Aurora nods.

AURORA

Oh.

Dave takes a look at the pasta, uneasily.

AURORA (CONT'D)

You don't have to finish it if
you don't want to.

DAVE

(scoffs)

What are you talking about?

Dave grabs a huge chunk of pasta with his fork.

DAVE (CONT'D)

This is like the greatest thing
I've ever tasted.

Dave eyes the pasta then Aurora, hesitant at first. Then, pridefully, he swallows the pasta whole. He chews, reacting animatedly to the taste, like it's the best thing he's ever tasted.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(blows a kiss)

Compliments to the chef.

Dave takes one more bite. And another. And another. Each bite draws more animated reaction.

A giggle escapes Aurora's throat. Dave looks confused.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What?

Aurora bursts out laughing for awhile. She stops to take a breather.

AURORA

Dave, drop the act, okay. You
don't want any more of that
pasta.

Dave grabs another chunk of the pasta.

DAVE

Yes I do.

AURORA

No, you don't. I can tell.

Their eyes meet for a beat, Aurora's stare intimidating Dave's. Dave sighs, defeated. He drops the fork to the plate. Aurora hails the waitress.

WAITRESS

Yes?

AURORA

Bill please.

The waitress leaves.

DAVE

Bill?

AURORA

Yes. We're done with our dinner, right?

DAVE

Well...

Dave checks his phone for time.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I mean, the night's still young. You want to maybe explore the island a little bit?

AURORA

That's not part of the deal, Dave.

DAVE

Well, do you want to do this again some time?

AURORA

Dave.

Dave sighs.

DAVE

I screwed up, didn't I?

Aurora gives a slight nod.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Look, this was Vinny's idea, okay.

AURORA

I can see that.

DAVE

I am just not used to this kind of place.

AURORA

I can see that.

DAVE

I'm just trying so hard to impress you. I just thought that the best way to impress you is to like the things that you like.

AURORA

What makes you think I would not like things that you like?

DAVE

Cause you're like the most popular girl in school.

AURORA

Popular girl is still a human being after all, Dave.

After a beat.

AURORA (CONT'D)

I'm just wondering, what do you like?

Dave is taken aback.

DAVE

What?

AURORA

Let's just say you get the chance to do this all over again.

(crosses her arms)

What would you do differently?

Dave pauses to think.

DAVE

First, I would not take you to an expensive Italian restaurant.

AURORA

Obviously.

DAVE

I was thinking maybe try some traditional dishes. I mean, we're in Bali right? Might as well try something close to home.

AURORA
 (curious)
 Okay. Besides dinner?

DAVE
 After dinner, I was thinking we can explore the island a bit. Instead of the mall, we can visit the traditional market. Yeah, they're cheap, almost no branded stuff. But, I can say, they have better quality products. I mean, like the president said, support the local brands, right?

Aurora is further intrigued.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 If we have time, maybe we can sit by the beach, find a good spot under the moonlight.

AURORA
 And that's it?

DAVE
 Pretty much, I guess.

Aurora leans forward, challenging.

AURORA
 No "getting laid" in the itinerary?

A long pause. Dave looks speechless at first. Thinks for a second. Aurora is tapping her fingers on the table, waiting. He takes a deep breath.

DAVE
 Well, relationship isn't all about sex, is it?

Aurora's fingers freeze. The tapping stops. Her response to Dave's words is a stunned look on her face.

The waitress comes back with the bill. Dave checks his wallet. Stops when Aurora waves a hand. She pulls out her credit card and places it on the bill.

WAITRESS
 Please, follow me.

The couple rise from their seats. They follow the waitress towards the cashier desk.

AURORA
 Anyway, I was thinking about buying something special for my mom.

DAVE

Okay.

Aurora shows her phone to Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Oooh, a bracelet.

AURORA

They have those in your traditional market, right?

DAVE

Oh yeah, they have many of those.

The couple arrives at the desk.

AURORA

Can you take me there?

The waitress slides Aurora's credit card onto the card reader. She then turns the reader over for Aurora to type in her code.

DAVE

Me?

Aurora types her credit card pin.

AURORA

Yeah you.

Aurora slides the reader back over to the waitress. Dave stares at Aurora in disbelief.

DAVE

Wait a second, you want *me* to take you to the traditional market?

AURORA

Don't make me change my mind.

Aurora takes the receipt from the waitress and leaves. Dave tries to reign in his excitement.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - KUTA - NIGHT

Dave's car exits the Hard Rock Hotel.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dave is driving, with Aurora riding shotgun.

AURORA
How did you know Vinny?

DAVE
We're friends.

Aurora looks at Dave suspiciously.

AURORA
Really. Since when?

DAVE
I don't know. Maybe since the day he was the new kid at school.

AURORA
Since day one? Funny you said that, I've never seen you around the house. Not until recently.

DAVE
Well, recently, Vinny's been needing some extra help.

AURORA
Extra help?

DAVE
Yeah.

AURORA
With what?

Pause.

DAVE
School work.

Another pause. Aurora laughs in disbelief.

AURORA
Hold on a second. Did I just hear what I thought I heard?

DAVE
Yeah.

AURORA
That you, an 11th grader, a high school junior, helped my big brother, a 12th grader, with school work.

DAVE
Tutoring would be the right term, but -

Before Dave can finish, Aurora laughs. Dave watches her laugh, smiling in delight. Satisfied, she takes a breather.

AURORA
Come to think about it, I'm not
that surprised.

Dave shoots Aurora a look.

AURORA (CONT'D)
I mean, you're like every teacher's
wet dream.

DAVE
I am?

AURORA
Your poster's like plastered all
over the school's bulletin. The
highest achiever. An example the
other kids should follow. A in
this subject, A in that subject.

DAVE
(at the spur of the moment)
But an F in love life.

The conversation ceases at once. Aurora turns to Dave, and glares at him. It is as if they acknowledge the awkward moment that occurred a few seconds ago.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I shouldn't have said that.

AURORA
Couldn't agree more.

Still taken aback by Dave's words, Aurora turns her attention elsewhere, stopping at the glove compartment.

AURORA
(points to the glove
compartment)
Mind if I have a look?

DAVE
Sure.

Aurora opens the compartment, revealing OLD, DUSTY CASSETTES, stacked in rows. She picks one up after another.

AURORA
Dude, you still have cassettes?

DAVE
It's my Dad's.

A nervous look comes on Dave's face, as if anticipating a baptism of fire from Aurora.

AURORA

Wow. Your dad's pretty rad.

Dave steals a glance at Aurora, then back on the road, surprised by her compliment.

DAVE

Well, thanks.

Aurora continues rifling through the stacks. One cassette catches her attention.

AURORA

Dude, you have Foo Fighters here?

DAVE

My dad's a huge fan.

AURORA

Mine too.

Dave steals another glance at Aurora, surprised.

DAVE

Really, your dad, a Foo Fighters fan?

AURORA

Not quite what you're expecting, huh?

DAVE

Well, yeah. I mean, your family is like...

AURORA

The richest people in the world.

Aurora smiles.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Dave, we might be rich, but that does not mean we're old. What do you expect from us? A bunch of aristocrats in some big mansion, with a glass of red wine in their hands, listening to Beethoven day and night?

Dave shrugs.

DAVE

Pretty close.

Aurora laughs.

AURORA

Dad's like a die-hard Foo Fighters fan. Since day one. He was there with the crowd when they came to the country in 96.

DAVE

Wait, your Dad saw the Foo? Like when they came to Jakarta in 96?

AURORA

Yeah.

(beat)

It was two years after Nirvana ended. People still associated Dave Grohl with Nirvana. It was a big deal. Like the big question: Can Dave Grohl be more than just the Nirvana man? And coming out of that concert, the rest was history. Well, not for me, since I wasn't born yet at that time.

They laugh.

AURORA (CONT'D)

The point is, it changed my dad's life. Like everything about him was defined by Foo Fighters.

(beat)

I mean, I remembered being a baby just listening to a bunch of Foo Fighters albums played on a loop.

DAVE

No wonder. Your name.

Aurora shoots Dave a confused look.

AURORA

What?

DAVE

Your name. There's a Foo Fighters song with your name as the title. I think it was "Aurora", Track 6 from the album "There is Nothing Left to Lose."

Aurora takes a moment to remember.

AURORA

Oh yeah, silly me. Was it the ...
 (starts singing)
Hell yeah, I remember Aurora.

Dave looks at Aurora, entranced by Aurora's beautiful singing voice.

DAVE

Yeah.

Aurora takes another look at the cassette cover.

AURORA

But this one's still my personal favorite. 1997's "The Color and the Shape."

DAVE

Really?

AURORA

It's the best of both Foo's.
 It's like their hard rock stuff and mellow stuff mashed up in one album, you know. You feel angry, like you wanna smash stuff, you listen to this album. You feel happy, like you're in love, you listen to this album.

Dave shrugs in approval.

DAVE

Fair point.

Aurora smiles.

AURORA

(refers to the cassette)
 Can I pop this in?

DAVE

Absolutely.

Aurora opens the package. Takes the cassette out. She then inserts it into the cassette player.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dave's car zooms along the quiet traffic. By now, the cassette has reached its second track. We're right in the middle of the song "MONKEY WRENCH" by FOO FIGHTERS playing in the background.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

The music is much louder inside Dave's car. The couple is bobbing their heads, singing the chorus in unison.

DAVE & AURORA

*Don't wanna be your monkey
wrench. One more indecent
accident. I'd rather leave than
suffer this. Don't wanna be your
monkey wrench.*

Aurora starts whipping her hair around like mad during the instrumental part. She holds the cassette package before her mouth, holding it like it's a mic and sings.

AURORA

Temper.

Aurora points the cassette package to Dave. Dave sings.

DAVE

Temper.

They sing together.

DAVE & AURORA

Temper.

They take a deep breath, then sings this next part.

DAVE & AURORA (CONT'D)

*One last thing before I quit, I
never wanted anymore that I could
fit into my head, I still
remember every single words you
said, and all the shit, that
somehow came along with it, still
there's one thing that comforts
me, since I was always caged, and
now I'm free.*

They laugh.

EXT. HIGHWAY- NIGHT

Dave's car, still moving down the highway. Before the song reaches the chorus, it FADES OUT. A BALINESE INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC FADES IN, replacing the previous song as we-

CUT TO:

EXT. TRADITIONAL MARKET (LEGIAN) - NIGHT

A bustling late night market. Makeshift stalls selling clothes, antiques, you name it, flank the cobblestone path, where people, pedicabs and motorcycles come and go.

Dave and Aurora are amongst the crowd. They happen to cross by a couple of buskers, playing the music we heard before. One is playing a guitar, and the other is sitting on a mat, playing a gamelan.

Dave stops, then gestures for Aurora to stop as well. He approaches the buskers and give them some money. One of the buskers respond with a nod of gratitude. Dave nods back, and the couple resumes walking.

AURORA

You know you don't have to agree to anything Vinny says if you don't want to, right?

DAVE

What do you mean?

AURORA

Vinny can be manipulative at times.

DAVE

Manipulative?

AURORA

I mean, think for a second, why does the school Casanova suddenly befriends like the smartest, most socially awkward kid in school?

Aurora turns to Dave.

AURORA (CONT'D)

No offense on the socially awkward part.

DAVE

None taken.

(beat)

Maybe he really wants to be friends with me.

Aurora smirks.

AURORA

I bet you, if you had a brain the size of a peanut, he'll readily jump overboard.

DAVE

Look at the bright side, maybe he wants to clean up his act. Start considering his future. And all good things begin with good education, right?

AURORA

(sarcastically)

Yeah right.

Aurora stops by a stall selling bags. She picks up one bag, turns around facing a mirror and starts looking to see if it matches her style.

AURORA (CONT'D)

And one more thing, don't you feel anything strange about this date?

DAVE

Strange? Like "I'm strange" kind of thing?

Dissatisfied, she puts the bag back to the shelf. Tries out another bag.

AURORA

No. I mean, strange like the fact that Vinny's the one setting up this date.

Aurora puts the second bag back on the shelf. Turns to Dave.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Vinny is usually very paranoid about my dates. In fact, if he finds out if you're taking me to this kind of place, he'll flip.

DAVE

Maybe this is a sign of trust.

They leave the bag stall, and resume walking.

AURORA

Didn't trust you enough to let you have creative control over our dating plan.

DAVE

Maybe the dinner thing was my idea.

AURORA

Dude, just drop the act. You expect me to believe the expensive

AURORA (CONT'D)
 Italian dinner date was your idea
 all along?

A long silence. Aurora waits for an answer. Dave,
 coyish, shrugs.

AURORA (CONT'D)
 I knew it.

DAVE
 Okay so, the Italian dinner date
 was Vinny's idea.

AURORA
 Obviously.

DAVE
 But Vinny's like the coolest kid
 in school. And you... you sort of
 belong in the same breed.

AURORA
 Yes, we're siblings, but I'm not
 Vinny. And Vinny's not Aurora.

DAVE
 What do I know? I just see this date
 thing as simple math. Cool kid plus
 cool kid equals cool date.

AURORA
 And your point is?

DAVE
 You, the cool kid. Me, the not-so-
 cool kid.

AURORA
 So?

DAVE
 So, it's like when you add plus and
 minus, you get a minus. In other words,
 cool kid plus not so cool kid equals
 not so cool date.

Aurora chuckles.

AURORA
 Okay, that's just ridiculous.

DAVE
 You know it's not. The whole dating
 thing isn't as complicated as people

DAVE (CONT'D)
say. It works pretty much like a first
grade math problem. Plus meets plus
and you get plus.

AURORA
Which means?

DAVE
For our relationship to work, I have
to be the cool kid.

AURORA
And what is your definition of a
cool kid?

DAVE
Sharp, classy, confident, a ladies'
man of sort.

AURORA
Where did you get that idea?

DAVE
I don't know. From the guys you
used to date.

Aurora groans in frustration.

AURORA
God, it's Vinny's ideology all
over again.

DAVE
He did offer me some good dating
advice.

AURORA
Like what?

DAVE
Be yourself.

Aurora laughs.

AURORA
Oh no no no he wouldn't say
something like that.

DAVE
Alright, it's be a better
version of yourself.

AURORA
That sounds like something my
brother would say.

Aurora sighs.

AURORA (CONT'D)

I've got to be honest, you suck at being a better version of yourself.

DAVE

I concur.

AURORA

You're much more fun in your be yourself mode. Why can't you just do that from the start?

DAVE

You're joking, right?

AURORA

I'm not.

DAVE

You know who I am, don't you?

AURORA

You're Dave.

DAVE

No, I mean like my reputation?

AURORA

Yeah, you're the smartest kid in school.

DAVE

The kid people go to, to do their homework for them.

AURORA

Which means?

DAVE

Which means I'm a loser. Bottom feeder.

AURORA

No, you're not.

DAVE

Yes I am.

AURORA

No you're not.

Dave smirks.

DAVE

I'm sure if today was yesterday,
you would have responded
differently.

Aurora goes silent.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Case study: let's say you're
walking down the hall. As you
walk by, you happen to see me,
adoring you from the sidelines.
What would you say?

Aurora is about to utter a response when Dave interrupts.

DAVE (CONT'D)

And don't lie to me.

They stop their stride. Dave looks Aurora straight in
the eye. Aurora sighs.

AURORA

I would say that you're a loser.

DAVE

What if your friends find out
that you're going on a date with
a loser?

A long, awkward silence.

AURORA

They would think I'm a weirdo.

Aurora takes a deep breath. Turns to Dave.

AURORA (CONT'D)

But what about your friends?

DAVE

I don't really have any friends.

AURORA

Then who are those guys sitting
at the table with you at lunch?

DAVE

(smirks)
So you noticed?

Aurora smiles.

AURORA

Come on, Dave, I've been a high schooler like what, four years. Monday to Friday, 7.30 am to 3 pm during those four years. Everything from then on till now is the same. Rich kids sitting in their own tables, separated from the goths, geeks, whatever. High school is really that predictable.

Dave smiles.

DAVE

They're just partners for a school assignment.

AURORA

Okay, so what would your school assignment partners say when they find out you're dating like the most popular girl in school?

DAVE

They would think I'm God.

AURORA

Bullshit.

Dave turns to Aurora, surprised.

DAVE

Bullshit?

AURORA

Bullshit. I think guys find it hard to let their guy friends go than girls with their girl friends.

DAVE

Where'd you get that kind of theory?

AURORA

Experience.

(beat)

I'm jealous of your relationship with your friends.

DAVE

School assignment partners.

AURORA

Whatever. I mean, you guys actually sit on the table and talk. Like actually staring at

AURORA (CONT'D)
 each other's eyes, with your
 mouths open, talking. And not
 talking in the sense of text
 messages or emojis.

DAVE
 Is that what socializing with
 the popular kids feel like?

Aurora gestures with her hand, as if saying "more or less".
 Dave laughs.

AURORA
 What I'm trying to say is you guys
 have stronger bonds with each other
 than girls are. I mean, "bros before
 hoes", right?

They walk in silence for a while. Dave nods.

DAVE
 You're right.

Aurora nods.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 (admittedly)
 Those school assignment
 partners, they're actually my
 friends.

AURORA
 Nice.

DAVE
 And they would not think I'm a
 God just by dating you. They're
 not that simple-minded.

AURORA
 What would they say?

After two or three beats.

DAVE
 They would think I'm a sell-out.

Another beat.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 You can't have it both ways when
 you're a high school kid, huh?
 Friendship, romantic
 relationship, one's gotta give.

AURORA
 Well, high school's a prison, huh?

They resume walking until Dave spots a jewelery stall nearby. Dave gestures for Aurora to stop. Dave leads Aurora to the jewelery stall.

Aurora stops in front of a bracelet stand, and starts looking at them. She spends a few moments sorting through each bracelet, whilst trying to match them with the one's on the phone she is holding.

She finds a bracelet that finally matches. Shoots a look at Dave, who is standing next to her.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Lend me your hand.

Dave looks at Aurora, confused.

DAVE

My hand?

AURORA

Yes your hand.

DAVE

Why?

AURORA

Cause you got the same hand size as my mom.

Dave holds his hand tight, reacting in disbelief.

DAVE

You're saying I have a lady's hand?

AURORA

Just give me your hand.

Dave relents for a while, then, reluctantly, extends his hand. Aurora slips the bracelet onto Dave's wrist. Looks at Dave's for a moment, and then nods in satisfaction.

She takes the bracelet off, and brings it to the seller waiting just outside. Dave is about to follow, but then stays behind for awhile to snatch the same exact bracelet from the stand behind Aurora's back.

Dave stops next to Aurora, just as she is about to pay.

AURORA (CONT'D)

You're buying one too?

DAVE

It's for someone special.

AURORA

(intrigued)

Who might that be?

DAVE
You'll see.

Aurora pays for the bracelet. The seller takes Aurora's money, and then puts the bracelets on a plastic bag. Aurora looks at Dave as he is searching through his bare wallet.

AURORA
You want me to pay for the bracelets?

DAVE
Oh no, no, no.

Dave picks up some cash from his wallet.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(smiling)
I've got it all covered.

Dave pays for the bracelet. The seller takes the cash, and then puts the bracelets on a plastic bag. The couple says thanks, grabs their bags, then leaves. They resume walking.

DAVE
Aurora?

AURORA
Yeah.

Dave gives his plastic bag to Aurora.

AURORA (CONT'D)
For me?

Dave nods. Aurora looks at Dave, confused.

DAVE
Since you're getting a bracelet for your mom, I thought maybe, in return, I get one for you as well.

AURORA
Come on, you don't have to -

DAVE
No, I insist.

AURORA
Dave.

DAVE
Just take it, please. You don't have to wear it or anything.

Aurora takes the plastic bag.

AURORA
I'm sorry if I wasted your money.

DAVE
I didn't feel like I'm wasting anything.

AURORA
I mean the teddy bear, the bracelet.

DAVE
Aurora, it's fine. At least, it makes up for the bouquet of roses I bought, which now meant nothing since -

AURORA
I'm allergic to roses.

DAVE
So it's true?

Aurora nods.

AURORA
I was thirteen. I was in the living room when I saw a vase of roses on the table. I was just taking in the smell, but the next day I woke up, with a face swollen like Jabba the Hutt.

DAVE
Jabba the Hutt?

AURORA
You know from -

DAVE
(interrupts)
Star Wars, I know. But --

Dave laughs in disbelief.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Did I just hear you, like the It girl in school, referenced Star Wars?
(beat)
And the weirdest thing is you specifically mentioning the name of a character, this gangster from planet -

AURORA
(immediately)
Tatooine.

Aurora covers her mouth, embarrassed.

DAVE
Correct.

Dave stares at Aurora, intrigued.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Wait a second, you're a Star Wars fan?

AURORA
(in denial)
No, I'm not.

DAVE
Then how do you know Jabba's from Tatooine?

AURORA
Because it was part of a pop quiz at school.

Dave smirks.

DAVE
Really? Pop quiz for school? What subject?

AURORA
(uncertain)
English.

Dave looks at Aurora questioningly.

AURORA (CONT'D)
(in denial)
Star Wars is for geeks, okay. Imagine a girl like me, liking Star Wars. No offense.

DAVE
None taken.

Silence.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Personally, I'm a huge Star Wars fan. Jar Jar Binks is like the best movie character of all-time.

AURORA
(mutters to herself)
Jar Jar's shit.

DAVE
I'm sorry, what?

AURORA

I'm saying Jar Jar's shit. Easily the worst thing about Star Wars. Phantom Menace had that one cool light saber scene, and I'm telling you the whole film would have been as cool if Qui Gon Jinn had just let that droid stepped on that annoying lizard thing.

DAVE

(teasingly)

Qui Gon Jinn you say?

Aurora stays quiet, getting restless a bit.

DAVE (CONT'D)

It makes sense. Of course, everyone, even non-Star Wars fan, knows Qui Gon Jinn. I mean, the prequels are like the best thing about Star Wars.

Aurora smirks.

AURORA

You mean a trilogy of people just sitting down during senate meetings. If that's your cup of tea, watch the news.

Aurora rolls out her eyes, frustrated with her recent geeky outburst.

DAVE

Okay, you're right, the prequels aren't the greatest. Episode four is probably the best. Especially the scene when Greedo tried to shoot Han Solo.

AURORA

(frustrated)

Greedo never shot Han Solo. You call yourself a Star Wars fan?

Dave tries to interrupt, but Aurora goes on a mini rant.

AURORA (CONT'D)

A New Hope was a masterpiece. One of it is because Han shot Greedo. One shot, no reply. That's what makes Han a bad ass, the space scoundrel. Somehow, someone feels the need to change that, and now, there's another idea that maybe it was Greedo who shot first. Why ruin such a great movie? Why make the coolest character in movie history a lucky wimp? It's-

Aurora stops in mid-sentence, realizing something.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Oh god, I sounded like a total
geek, didn't I?

Dave shrugs "yes". Smiles.

DAVE
Now I get it why Vinny said no
Star Wars conversation.

Aurora glares at Dave.

AURORA
This conversation never happened.

Dave makes a gesture, as if saying "my lips are sealed".

AURORA (CONT'D)
I'm serious, Dave.

DAVE
Yeah, yeah, this conversation
never happened.

Aurora sighs.

DAVE (CONT'D)
You hungry?

Aurora opens her bag and checks her phone for time.

AURORA
The night's still young. Plus, it's
Saturday, which means extra curfew.

DAVE
So you wanna have dinner with me?
(beat)
I mean supper.

AURORA
Sure. You owe me a traditional
food.

DAVE
Don't worry, I know a place.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRADITIONAL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A small, open air traditional restaurant at the side of
the road. A sign attached to a pole stands erected in

the parking lot, which reads "AYAM BETUTU KHAS GILIMANUK". Some vehicles are parked in front.

INT. TRADITIONAL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

CLOSE UP ON the traditional buffets behind the glass display. Ayam Betutu. Spices. Skewered meat. Real homemade, trademark Balinese dish.

WIDE SHOT of the restaurant. It has a pretty straightforward set up. Long tables and benches placed in rows. The place is not too crowded, mostly populated by people in casual attires.

Dave and Aurora sit at one table. Their fashion choice, especially Aurora's, makes them an awkward fit amongst the humbler crowd.

Dave is reading through the menu for a beat. He orders some food from the waitress. The waitress tells Dave to wait for a few minutes for some of his order. Dave nods.

Aurora is busy trying to drive away the flies swirling around her. Catching sight of this, Dave hails the waitress as she is about to leave. He asks her for a candle.

Moments later, the waitress returns with the jar candle. The waitress leaves.

AURORA

What's the candle for?

DAVE

You know, places like this tend to attract flies. The candle is just to help drive them away.

AURORA

(nods)

Cool.

An awkward silence.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Anyway, I know we still have 12th grade to go, but what are you gonna do when all this high school thing is done?

DAVE

To be honest, I haven't thought about that yet.

AURORA

Really? You're not even thinking about college?

DAVE

For now, 12th grade is pretty much the future.

AURORA

I mean you're like...

DAVE

(interrupts)

The smartest kid in school. Yeah, I know.

AURORA

You have the privilege of a free pass to college. Any college you choose, they'll welcome you with open arms.

DAVE

College wasn't part of the plan. At least, it wasn't part of my dad's plan.

AURORA

Why?

The waitress serves them two glasses of ice tea, some spices and two plates of rice. They say thanks. The waitress leaves.

DAVE

See, my dad runs this small watch business.

AURORA

What kind of watch business?

DAVE

Repairs. Shipments. That kind of stuff.

(beat)

And he hoped that after I finish high school, I would help him out with the family business.

Aurora senses a lack of enthusiasm in Dave's voice.

AURORA

But you don't sound like you're too excited about it.

Dave nods.

AURORA (CONT'D)

How about your mom? What would your mom say?

DAVE

She passed away two years ago.

AURORA

Oh god, I'm sorry to hear that.

DAVE

It's fine.

After a long beat.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Which means it's pretty much my dad's call, right? I mean, what can I do? It's family business.

AURORA

But is it what you want to do? You know, the family business thing.

Dave shrugs, unsure.

AURORA (CONT'D)

What do you want to do? And I mean, what you really want to do, not what your Dad wants you to do.

Dave pauses to think.

DAVE

I always wanted to draw.

AURORA

Draw? You want to be an artist or something?

DAVE

Not in that capacity. Something a bit small scale, you know like comic books.

AURORA

Comic books are not small scale.

DAVE

Small scale if you compare them to the likes of Salvadore Dali's work.

AURORA

I mean Dali's another thing, but comic book materials are next level stuff. Like, you go to the cinema these days, and most of the things you see there are...

DAVE

Comic book movies.

Aurora nods. She drinks her tea.

AURORA

So, if you ask me, your dream sounds pretty exciting.

DAVE

Yeah.

Dave sighs.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(glumly)

It wasn't as exciting from my Dad's perspective.

AURORA

How so?

DAVE

He just doesn't think that being a comic book artist is something that I can make a living out of.

Aurora smirks in disbelief.

AURORA

Wait, you're not being serious, are you?

After a beat, Dave nods.

AURORA (CONT'D)

I mean, your dad, who, I can only judge from his taste in music, sounds like a pretty rad, easygoing guy, thinks that you can't make money out of art?

Dave nods again. Aurora shakes her head in disbelief.

DAVE

Times have changed. You have a family, you change your perspective.

AURORA

Like come on, Dave, this is 2018. You can make a living out of anything. Heck, you can even make money just posting videos of cat sneezing on You Tube.

DAVE

But I can't just say no, Aurora. I'm the only child. I was meant to take over the business. That's the plan.

AURORA

But it's you who has control over your own life. You yourself, not your Dad. He can tell you what to do, but it's up to you to decide what to do with it.

Dave nods. He drinks his tea.

DAVE

Why should I worry about it now, right? College is still two years away. Two years is still a mile away.

AURORA

But two years can go by real fast, you know. Things change so quickly that we could be different people by then. Who knows, in two years, the world could be surrounded by spaceships and floating cities.

DAVE

Trust me, we'll need more than two years just to find the basic parts to build a spaceship.

They laugh.

AURORA

If you want to know my opinion, you are a much more skilled artist than you are a watch repairman.

Dave looks confused.

DAVE

What do you mean?

Aurora unzips her bag, and takes out a folded paper.
Dave, seeing the paper, cringes.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(face palms)
Oh god.

Aurora unfolds the paper.

AURORA
I got the secret little message
you slipped in the teddy bear.

Aurora shows the paper to Dave. CLOSE UP ON the paper,
revealing the sketched image of Aurora, sitting at the
canteen table, with her head facing the other way,
laughing.

AURORA (CONT'D)
You drew this?

Dave nods hesitantly. Aurora takes another look
at the sketch.

DAVE
You must think I'm a creep, huh?

AURORA
No, actually, I think it's kind
of sweet.

DAVE
(surprised)
Sweet?

AURORA
Yeah.

Aurora's finger traces along the sketch, right at the
side of her face.

AURORA (CONT'D)
(playfully)
You actually captured the best side
of my face.

DAVE
And you don't think this feels a
bit creepy in any shape or form?

Aurora puts the paper on the table and gives Dave
a quizzical look.

AURORA
Define creepy.

DAVE

I mean, the fact that I'm sketching you behind your back? As in without your consent.

AURORA

I don't see anything wrong with that.

DAVE

Really? You're not bothered? Even a little bit?

AURORA

Where are you going with this?

DAVE

I mean, you don't think what I'm doing is like invasion of privacy. You know, like those creepers who likes to take pictures of people during inappropriate times.

AURORA

Like the paparazzi?

Dave nods.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Well are you?

DAVE

Am I what?

AURORA

Are you that creeper type of guy?

DAVE

What? No.

AURORA

Then let's just drop the whole creepy nonsense and accept that this is the sweetest thing ever. Deal?

Dave nods. Aurora turns her attention back to the paper.

AURORA (CONT'D)

(dreamily)

I wish my boyfriends would have given me something like this.

Dave laughs nervously.

DAVE
Okay, now you're just over
exaggerating.

Aurora looks at Dave.

AURORA
Exaggerating?

DAVE
Yeah, like saying that a worthless
sketch is worth more than anything
your ex boyfriends ever bought
you.

AURORA
It's not worthless, okay. Plus,
what does this have to do with
my ex?

DAVE
You kind of brought it up in the
first place.

After a beat.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What was the last thing your ex
gave to you?

AURORA
What does that question have to
do with anything?

DAVE
Just answer.

Aurora pauses to think, then sighs.

AURORA
One of my exes once gave me a
Versace handbag for my birthday.

DAVE
See.

Dave raises his right hand.

DAVE (CONT'D)
On the one hand, you have a
Versace handbag.

Dave then raises his left hand.

DAVE (CONT'D)
On the other, you have a

DAVE (CONT'D)
worthless sketch.

Dave holds both hands high as if they were scales. He drops his left hand while raising his right a bit higher.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Get the comparison?

Aurora shows the paper to Dave. They look at it together.

AURORA
Dave, you know what I see in this sketch?

DAVE
(matter-of-fact)
A sketch.

Aurora laughs.

AURORA
No, what I see here is a person who pours his heart and soul into giving a girl something special. I can see the passion, like someone who really wants to give a girl something special, not because he is obliged to. For me, that alone is worth more than anything money can buy.

Dave stares at Aurora, entranced.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Plus, it kind of reminded me of Titanic.

DAVE
Titanic?

AURORA
The movie. You know that scene, when Jack sketched Rose.

DAVE
Oh.

AURORA
Of course, she was famously naked during that scene, but thank god, you caught me at the most appropriate time. Otherwise, I would have been really pissed.

Aurora lets out a small laugh. Dave joins in. The laughing then ceases, followed by momentary silence.

DAVE

You know, I would love to sketch you in person.

Aurora looks up from the sketch, to Dave.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Of course, not when you're naked. And of course, with your consent.

AURORA

(immediately)

I would love that.

Dave is surprised by the quick response.

DAVE

Really?

Aurora smiles.

AURORA

Hey, you owe the other side of my face a sketch.

They laugh. The waitress arrives with the big plate of Ayam Betutu. Dave rubs his hands gleefully.

DAVE

Let's dive in.

As Dave is about to go for the chicken's leg...

AURORA

Wait.

DAVE

What?

AURORA

Shouldn't we ask for a spoon and fork or something?

DAVE

What do we need spoon and fork for?

AURORA

To eat.

Dave laughs.

DAVE

What are you talking about? We eat with our hands.

AURORA

Isn't that a bit unsanitary?

DAVE

Unsanitary? It's the same thing like eating in McDonalds.

Dave rips the leg out of the chicken. Mixes it with the spices and rice. He starts eating.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(teasingly)

You're missing out.

Aurora sighs, then picks the chicken up from the plate. She takes a huge sniff at it. Grimaces because of the spicy smell. She takes a deep breath, then takes the first bite. Chewing. She perks up, her eyes widening.

AURORA

Oh god.

DAVE

Do you like it?

Aurora pauses, then takes another bite. And another.

AURORA

(excitedly)

Like it? It's amazing.

Aurora takes more bites. Now, she mixes the chicken with the spices. She eats faster.

DAVE

Slow down there.

Aurora continues eating, until at one point, she stops. The rest of the chicken slips from her fingers to the plate. She lowers her head, breathing heavily.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You okay?

Aurora wipes the sweat pooling in her eyes with the back of her palms. Aurora's mouth hangs open, numb.

AURORA

(mumbling)

I'm fine.

DAVE

You what?

AURORA
 (mumbling)
 I just...

Aurora drinks the rest of her ice tea in one gulp.
 Takes a look at the now empty cup.

AURORA (CONT'D)
 (mumbling)
 I'm gonna need more ice tea.

An awkward silence.

AURORA (CONT'D)
 (mumbling)
 Ice tea!

Dave nods. He offers Aurora the rest of his ice tea.
 Aurora drinks. Dave cannot help but laugh.

AURORA (CONT'D)
 (mumbling)
 It's not funny.

Aurora wipes her runny nose. Dave laughs.

AURORA (CONT'D)
 (mumbling)
 I said it's not funny.

Dave continues to laugh. Aurora cannot help but laugh
 as well. Moments later, the laughing ceases.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A beach with such a romantic view.

It's close to midnight. A sliver of moonlight glistens on
 the low, cresting waves. The wind is blowing rather
 nicely. Bright paper lanterns can be seen hung on ropes
 above rows of beach chairs with umbrellas. There are
 several people sitting on the chairs, mostly love-drunk
 couples.

Dave and Aurora are walking along the shore, the
 latter barefoot with her heels on one hand. The only
 non love-drunk couples in the vicinity.

Still trying to recover from the spicy food, Aurora is
 holding a big bottle of cold water on her other hand,
 halfway through drinking. Finished, she is about to
 throw it to the ground when Dave intervenes. Aurora
 shoots a look at Dave.

DAVE
 Global warming.

Aurora nods, then hands over the bottle. Dave takes it.
Aurora smiles, amused.

AURORA
Just when I thought you couldn't
be anymore surprising.

DAVE
What do you mean?

AURORA
You know, with the whole global
warming thing.

Dave nods.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Talking from a girl's
perspective, girls usually dig
guys who care about the
environment.

Dave chuckles.

DAVE
I don't think girls dig guys
just because the guy cares about
the environment.

AURORA
What are you talking about? The
environment thing is a big deal.
It paints an image of a generally
caring person. Girls just adore
guys who make them go...

Aurora goes into a mock swoon.

AURORA (CONT'D)
"Oh, such a caring man. Wouldn't
hurt a fly even if he had the
chance. Imagine my heart."

The couple laughs hysterically.

AURORA (CONT'D)
And you don't know how much
girls dream for that kind of
guy.

DAVE
Okay, you must be joking, right?

AURORA
No, I'm serious.

DAVE
Come on, I can tell you're joking.

AURORA
Dave.

DAVE
Let's be real, what part of me
screams dream guy? What part of
this...

Dave gestures to his skinny body.

DAVE (CONT'D)
...screams dream guy?

AURORA
Good looks doesn't always mean
good guys.

DAVE
(amused)
Really? Who said that? Nicholas
Sparks?

The word "Nicholas Sparks" draws a fake gasp from Aurora.

AURORA
So you read Nicholas Sparks?

DAVE
No, I don't.

AURORA
Of course you do. I mean, there
are millions of great authors in
the world. Somehow, the first name
that pops out of your head is
Nicholas Sparks.

DAVE
Fine, I read Nicholas Sparks.

After a beat. Aurora smirks.

DAVE (CONT'D)
But once, okay. It was for the
school's book club. Someone made
us read Nights in Rodanthe.

Aurora looks amazed.

AURORA
You even remembered the title?

(beat)

And I have a funny feeling that you remembered specifically the story of that book.

Dave shoots Aurora a confused look.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Come on, Dave. You know that book's about two people who fall in love while walking on the beach. And pretty much what we're doing is...

DAVE

Maybe it's a coincidence.

AURORA

Or maybe you're just influenced by it.

The couple stares at each other for some time. Dave sighs in defeat.

DAVE

You got me.

AURORA

Smart, surprisingly romantic, cares for the environment and well-versed on the Nicholas Sparks canon.

(sighs)

Wow.

DAVE

But that means nothing when outside, you are just a skinny guy who wears glasses, has poor social skills and a below-average car.

AURORA

Okay, dude, for once, you got to stop beating yourself down.

Dave sighs. A faint smile flashes across his face.

DAVE

I'm sorry, habits.

(beat)

That's what happens when you're like the nerd in school.

AURORA

Okay, you know what?

They stop walking.

AURORA (CONT'D)
I'm gonna have to stop you there.

DAVE
Why?

AURORA
Can't we just, from now on, drop
the whole high school stereotyped
thing?

Dave remains quiet.

AURORA (CONT'D)
You know, the "I'm a nerd, geek,
popular girl, jock" thing.

DAVE
I mean, those stereotypes kind
of define who we are, right?

AURORA (CONT'D)
Why limit ourselves based on
what people expect us to do or
not to do? It's our life, not
theirs. We can do whatever the
hell we want with it. If they
don't like it, then they can
suck it up.

Aurora resumes walking. Dave follows suit.

AURORA (CONT'D)
I just find the whole stereotyped
thing offensive.

Dave smirks in disbelief. Aurora turns to Dave.

AURORA (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
Excuse me?

DAVE
Offensive? Of all the people in
the world, you think that the high
school stereotyped thing is
offensive?

AURORA
What's that suppose to mean?

DAVE

How can you find being the popular girl in school offensive? Everyone like worships you.

AURORA

Trust me, Dave, that's not always a good thing.

DAVE

Really? It's not a good thing that everything always goes your way at school?

AURORA

(tries to interrupt)

Wait a min -

DAVE

That people actually want to hang out with you? Like talk to you, like about anything. Like: what did you do on the weekend, did you attend any party, where did you get that clothes, you know what I mean.

(beat)

Me? People talk to me just because they want to get their homework done.

AURORA

(tries to interrupt)

Dave.

DAVE

I tried. I thought keeping my grades high would make me look good in front of the cool kids. But no, what did they do? They just put me back in my place, pushed me around, and spat me out like I'm dirt.

(beat)

All the while you can just flip your hair and they'll come to you in droves.

AURORA

So you're saying that I have an easier life than yours? Is that what you're trying to say?

DAVE

Obviously.

Aurora shakes her head.

AURORA
You're such an asshole.

Aurora turns to Dave, furious.

AURORA (CONT'D)
You think you know me, just like everyone thinks they know me, but guess what, Dave, no one does. Not even you. You don't have right to start judging me, comparing your life to mine when you don't even know what it feels like to be me.

Aurora takes a deep breath.

AURORA (CONT'D)
You know what, maybe I'm wrong. You're just like the other guys.

Aurora starts walking away from Dave, picking up her pace. Dave tries catching up.

DAVE
No, Aurora, wait.

AURORA
Go away, Dave.

DAVE
Aurora, please.

AURORA
I said go away.

Dave grabs hold of Aurora's hand, hence stopping her stride.

DAVE
Aurora.

Aurora turns to Dave.

AURORA
What?

DAVE
I'm sorry.

Aurora starts trembling, tears streaming down her cheek.

AURORA

I'm a fuck up, Dave, okay.

DAVE

No, you're not.

AURORA

Yes, I am. You don't know the messed-up things I did to be what I am now, Dave. The people I hurt. The people I made fun of. The people I take advantage of. All those stupid shit, for what? So that people will like me.

Aurora wipes the tears. She flashes a wry smile.

AURORA (CONT'D)

I mean, that's the point of high school, isn't it? It's never about the grades, never about the education. It's just about getting attention. Getting more and more people to like you. I mean, the more, the merrier right?

(beat)

Sometimes, that also means pushing away the person that liked you since the very beginning.

After a beat, Aurora turns and watches the ocean.

AURORA (CONT'D)

You know Bonnie?

DAVE

You mean our 10th grade classmate? The one who killed herself?

AURORA

Drowned herself. She drowned herself on the ocean.

DAVE

Oh god, I'm sorry to hear that.

AURORA

It's fine.

Aurora sits on the sand. Dave sits beside her. They both stare at the ocean.

AURORA (CONT'D)

She loves the beach. I love the beach. That's pretty much why we were best friends. When we moved here, it was supposed to be heaven. Bali has a lot of beaches, right? We were gonna spend the rest of our lives basking under the sun, just joking around while we build sandcastles.

After a beat.

AURORA (CONT'D)

But you know the thing with being one of the It girls in school. It's all about the malls, expensive bags, and drooling over boys after boys after boys. I am fine with that, she wasn't. And just like that, we weren't best friends anymore.

Aurora pauses to take a deep breath.

AURORA (CONT'D)

But you know what's worst?

Dave shakes his head "no".

AURORA (CONT'D)

I fell into the same trap as most high school bitches. I just flat out humiliated her, spat her out like she was dirt, all of that to bring a smile to my new friends' face. Not knowing I was pushing her farther and farther towards the edge of the cliff.

(sighs)

So much for BFF.

DAVE

It's not your fault.

AURORA

I was there, Dave. Me and my friends, watching and laughing while a person is slowly crumbling on the inside. I could have just said enough is enough. But selfish me, turns out I valued popularity more than true friendship.

Aurora looks more shaken than ever before, with more tears streaming down her cheeks. Dave immediately takes out a handkerchief, and hands it to Aurora. Aurora, noticing, turns to Dave.

AURORA (CONT'D)
 (takes the handkerchief)
 Thanks.

Aurora wipes the tears with the chief.

AURORA (CONT'D)
 God, I'm boring you with my sad story, am I?

DAVE
 No, not at all.

After a beat.

DAVE (CONT'D)
 Maybe I should take you home.

AURORA
 But why?

DAVE
 Look at you, I just made you cry.

AURORA
 No, I made myself cry.

DAVE
 Come on, Aurora, I just offended you. I started ranting about my life, and because of that, now this happens. I'm sure if I hadn't compared your life to mine, this wouldn't happen.

AURORA
 No, really, it's fine. I understand how you feel. We can just all agree that high school sucks.

DAVE
 Couldn't agree more.

AURORA
 I mean, you have certain feelings that you find hard to express. It's nice of you to be able to open up and be honest about your feelings. It's also nice of you to listen to me open up and be honest about my feelings.

DAVE

Hey, it takes a great man to be
a good listener, right?

Aurora gives the handkerchief back. She smiles.

AURORA

Are you sure this is your first
time like talking to a girl?

Dave takes the handkerchief. Nods.

AURORA (CONT'D)

For a first timer, you seem like
you know what you're doing.

DAVE

(quizzical)
Beginner's luck?

AURORA

No, I don't buy that. I think
you've done this before. Not
exactly dating, but like talking
to a girl in a more intimate
manner. Sure, maybe the experience
wasn't the greatest. Like a
heartbreak, for instance.

Aurora glances over at Dave. Dave looks away, sheepish.

AURORA (CONT'D)

So it's a heartbreak, then.

Dave rolls his eyes.

AURORA

Start talking.

DAVE

But it's embarrassing.

AURORA

Come on, you just heard me
spewed Star Wars stuff out of my
mouth. I'm sure it couldn't get
any more embarrassing.

Dave laughs, and then pauses to take a deep breath.

DAVE

So, it was 7th grade.

AURORA

(surprised)
7th grade?

Dave nods.

DAVE

I had a crush on this girl. Like you, she's like the school's It girl. Junior high was pretty much the hive of all jerks, but she was easily the best thing about school. One who would talk to me and see how I was doing. One who would sit with me at lunch when no one would.

AURORA

Then, one day...

DAVE

I started to have feelings for her. Somehow, crazily, I thought she had feelings for me too. I thought I'd try to make it official.

AURORA

Let me guess. This is where the bad part happened, right?

Dave nods. Pauses to take a deep breath.

DAVE

We were on the bench, just the two of us. Then, the moment came when I ... I tried to kiss her.

Aurora reacts with a shocked gasp.

AURORA

You what?

Dave nods, embarrassed.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Then what happened?

DAVE

She pushed me off the bench and left.

AURORA

Like duh. Of course she had the right to be mad at you. She was only, like what, 12-13. That's like kissing a child.

DAVE

What do I know? I was an idiot back then. Maybe still am.

Aurora laughs.

AURORA
Did you get the chance to kiss her?

DAVE
A bit. Judging from her
reaction, she must have thought
I was a bad kisser.

AURORA
Really?

Aurora turns to Dave.

AURORA (CONT'D)
I'll be the judge of that.

DAVE
What?

AURORA
Kiss me.

Dave looks confused.

DAVE
Are you sure?

AURORA
It's gonna happen eventually,
Dave. A good kiss is part of
making a good impression. A bad
kiss, and that's the deal breaker.

DAVE
But...

AURORA
Don't make me change my mind.

Dave sighs. He grimaces as he is about to kiss Aurora.
Aurora backs off.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Hold it.

DAVE
What?

AURORA
What are you doing?

DAVE
I'm trying to kiss you.

AURORA
No, you're constipating.

DAVE

No, I'm not.

AURORA

Yes, you are. You look like you need to go to the toilet and get something out rather than try to kiss a girl.

Dave groans.

DAVE

Just forget it.

Aurora holds Dave's hands, massaging them a bit.

AURORA

Let's do it again, okay. Just relax. Clear your mind.

Dave nods. After a beat, they finally kiss. They break the kiss.

AURORA (CONT'D)

See, you're a fast learner.

They smile. Their smile fades as they stare deeper into each other's eyes. Their bodies drawn ever closer. They kiss again for a long time, passionately.

The world around them now drowns into silence. Only the wind and the crashing waves serenade the couple's beautiful moment. Suddenly, the faint ringing of the phone fades in, which the couple ignores.

It gets gradually louder, loud enough for them to break their kiss. They look at each other awkwardly for a beat.

Aurora picks up the phone.

AURORA (CONT'D)

(to the phone_)

Hello.

(pause)

What?

(pause)

Are you sure about that?

(pause)

Okay.

Aurora hangs up the phone.

DAVE

What happened?

AURORA

It's Nadia. She said she saw a party going on at my house.

Dave looks nervous. PING! It's from Aurora's phone.
Aurora checks her phone.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Oh god.

Aurora shows Dave her phone.

ON THE PHONE, we see the image of Aurora's beach house, midway through a frat-like party. Plastic cups and cans litter the front lawn. Lights appear to be flickering from the windows, with the same color variation of a Christmas tree's lights.

Dave is unnerved by the image. So is Aurora. Aurora rises.

AURORA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

DAVE

Where?

AURORA

Home.

DAVE

But...

AURORA

Look, my parents trusted me and Vinny with the house. And I'm telling you they're gonna freak once they find out what happened to the house.

Dave rises and holds Aurora's hand, stopping her stride.

DAVE

Maybe it's just a hoax.

AURORA

Hoax? You're saying my friend is a liar?

DAVE

I mean, you know these days with social media. Who knows, it could be photoshopped or something.

AURORA

Which means we have to get to the house like now to make sure.

Aurora tries to leave, but Dave squeezes her hand even tighter.

DAVE

Please. We can go anywhere you want, just not the house till 11.

AURORA

(confused)

Till 11?

Aurora stares at Dave, suspicious.

AURORA (CONT'D)

You knew about this?

Unable to resist Aurora's sharp stare, Dave reluctantly nods. Aurora reacts in disbelief.

AURORA (CONT'D)

That's what all you guys do. Lie and lie and lie.

DAVE

I can explain.

Aurora pulls herself free from Dave's grip.

AURORA

I'm going home, okay. Whether you're coming with me or not, that's your call.

Aurora walks away, heels in her hand. Dave sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dave's car zooms along the highway.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dave behind the wheels, with Aurora riding shotgun.

Aurora, on her phone, tries calling home. Stares at it when she realizes no one's picking up. Glances over at Dave.

AURORA

Your phone.

DAVE

I'm driving.

AURORA

Your phone!

Dave takes his phone out of his pocket while driving, and hands it to Aurora.

Aurora tries calling again through Dave's phone. Still not receiving any response, she groans.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Pretty much the same view of the house as the one we've seen through Aurora's phone. The loud thumping of EDM music can be heard from within.

Cars are packed into the driveway, to the point that the other cars are forced to park outside.

A CAR'S WHEEL ENTERS FRAME, screeching to a halt on the asphalt.

IN A DIFFERENT, WIDER ANGLE, we realize it belongs to Dave's car, stopping at the side of the street near the house.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Aurora gets out of the car. Dave is about to get out, when -

AURORA

No, you stay.

DAVE

But --

Before Dave can finish, Aurora slams the door shut.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - STEPS - NIGHT

Aurora walks up the tiny steps, catching view of a couple of teenagers making out. Disgusted, she soldiers on until she reaches the door.

INT. FRONT HALL- BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

A commotion is brewing up inside. Aurora sees some party goers huddle around in circle, screaming.

PARTYGOERS

Chug! Chug! Chug!

Aurora forces her way through the crowd till she's in front. In an instant, her expression changes into horror.

Right in the middle of the crowd stands an athletic, hulking presence of a man. He is holding a beer can in one hand, drinking it to the very last drop with ferocity. On his other hand is an empty beer can.

Done, he crushes the beer can into pulp with one hand. Throws it touchdown-style to the floor, leaving them amongst the other empty, crushed beer cans strewn about. Starts hooting, like a raged maniac.

He stops the moment he turns and notices Aurora. A malicious grin spreads across his face. He is DYLAN, Aurora's ex.

DYLAN

Hey babe.

Aurora wades her way through the crowd, trying to get away from Dylan. Dylan bulldozes through, catching Aurora's hand.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

AURORA

Just get away, okay.

DYLAN

I'm not done with you yet.

AURORA

I am.

Aurora tries to walk away, but Dylan yanks Aurora closer to him. His hand squeezes Aurora's hand real tight.

DYLAN

No, I'm not.

Dylan's other hand grabs hold of Aurora's butt, aggressively.

AURORA

(furious)

Let go of me.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dave sits in the car, waiting restlessly. Takes a moment to think. Gets out of the car.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - STEPS - NIGHT

Dave walks up the tiny steps. Reaches the door.

INT. FRONT HALL- BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave bursts into the house, just in time as he spots Dylan aggressively trying to kiss Aurora.

AURORA

Get away.

Dave lunges at Dylan, sending him to the floor. Dylan takes a few seconds to recover, then looks up.

DYLAN

If it isn't Mr. Brainiac.

Dave readies his fists, in a fighting position. Dylan smirks, then gestures for Dave to hit him first.

Dave lands the first punch. Dylan stirs a bit, but he's still up on his feet.

Dylan smiles, then responds with a quick blow straight to Dave's face, which knocks him out cold.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. AURORA'S BEDROOM - BEACH HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

Dave wakes up in Aurora's doll-stuffed bed. Aurora sits on the side of the bed.

AURORA

(to Vinny)

Ice pack.

Vinny, who is sitting on the other side of the bed, hands Aurora the ice pack.

AURORA (CONT'D)

(to Dave)

Here you go.

Dave takes the ice pack, then applies it onto his twisted nose.

DAVE

Thanks.

Dave takes a few moment to scan the surroundings.

The bedroom is a cross marriage between girls' bedroom and boys' bedroom. Amidst the pinkish beanbag chair, the dolls, and the chick lit books tightly packed on one shelf, there are some Star Wars posters spread across the wall.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Where am I?

AURORA

You're in my bedroom.

DAVE
What time is it?

Vinny checks his phone for time.

VINNY
It's 2 am.

Dave bolts upright.

DAVE
Oh shit. I got to get home.

Dave swings his feet out of the bed. As he is about to stand up, he holds his head in pain. He falls back on bed.

AURORA
Just lie down for a second.

DAVE
But it's past midnight. My dad's gonna be mad if he finds out I'm not home yet.

AURORA
How about I'll call him?

DAVE
I had better leave.

Dave tries to get up, but Aurora holds his hand, stopping him.

AURORA
No, you stay. Please.

Silence, as the two stare at each other awkwardly.

VINNY
Are you two like a thing now?

DAVE
(immediately)
No.

But Aurora does not respond, hesitant.

VINNY
I'll just leave you two lovebirds.

Vinny leaves the room. Dave catches Vinny near the door, gesturing to him "good job". Dave smiles.

AURORA
You know, what you did back there was brave.

DAVE

No, it's not.

AURORA

Yes, it is.

DAVE

I was supposed to be the hero. I was supposed to be the one who saves the girl. But all it took was what one punch. One punch straight to the face and I was out.

AURORA

Hey, not many guys have the guts to risk his life for a girl. Regardless of what happened, I consider that brave.

After a beat.

AURORA (CONT'D)

I cannot believe I'm gonna say this, but I had a good time tonight.

DAVE

(excitedly)

Really?

Dave reigns in his excitement. Sighs.

DAVE (CONT'D)

But I'm afraid it's gonna be a one night thing, huh? You know, those one nights when you had a good time, best night of your life but you wake up the next day and act like it never happened.

Dave stares at Aurora.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Will we just be a one night thing?

Aurora keeps quiet, hesitant. Dave looks disappointed.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I get it.

AURORA

Dave.

DAVE

We're not meant for each other. You're the cool kid, I'm just

DAVE (CONT'D)
the school geek. We're like
two creatures from different
planets.

Silence. Dave turns his back to Aurora. After a beat.

AURORA
(subconsciously, in a low
voice)
I wouldn't mind another night.

Dave turns, facing Aurora.

DAVE
What?

AURORA
Nothing.

DAVE
No, you said you wouldn't mind
another night.
(lights up)
You wanna go on a second date
with me?

AURORA
It's not a date, okay.

DAVE
Yes it is.

AURORA
(in denial)
No it's not.

Aurora stares at Dave. Sighs.

AURORA (CONT'D)
Fine, it is.

Dave smiles.

AURORA (CONT'D)
But if it's another Italian
restaurant thing, there's not
gonna be a third date.

They laugh.

Aurora stands up, and goes over to her desk. She
rummages through her drawer and picks up a notepad.
Tosses it over to Dave.

Dave looks at the pad, then Aurora, confused.

AURORA (CONT'D)

You owe me a sketch.

Dave nods. He takes the pencil strapped onto the spiral bound. Flips to find an empty page.

Aurora then goes over to the beanbag chair at the corner of the room. Sits there, and strikes a model pose.

The two laugh, followed by an exchanging of coy smiles and glances between the two.

Dave scratches the pencil to the paper for the first time.

FADE OUT

THE END