

APPENDICES
CREATIVE WORK

WHEN THE WALLS SPEAK

by

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FADE IN:

1. INT. MEGA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Sounds of PEOPLE CHATTING and CHILDREN LAUGHING echoed in the hallway. Sunlight streamed through the glass windows, casting a warm glow that brightened the entire house. The walls are filled with family pictures. Oranges and coin chocolates in a jar are placed on the table in front of the sofa.

People, all women and men, young and old, in red clothing, walk around the room, making exchanges of angpao. Children are running around playing tag. At the front porch, smokes are visible from the burned *Hiong Soa*, both in the hands of people who are in the middle of chanting prayer and the ones stuck on top of a vase with a pile of sand.

A FAMILY OF THREE (AMELIA 28, LYDIA 54, HENDRA 56) enters the hallway and exchanges greetings with the others. Amelia is greeted by MEGA (35), the owner of the house, and her cousin. Amelia and Mega exchange hugs.

MEGA

Hi Amelia, so glad you can make it! *Xin nian kuai le!*

AMELIA

Hey, Meg. *Xin nian kuai le!* It has been a while.

Mega scans Amelia's look from top to bottom and flashes a smile.

MEGA

Classic Amelia, always looking sharp.

Amelia rolls her eyes.

AMELIA

It is because of that evil queen over there.

Amelia points at her mother. Lydia is seen talking and smiling to their relatives in the hallway, with Hendra accompanying her by her side.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

She would not leave the house until I am fully dressed, like I am about to attend a Tingjing.

MEGA

C'mon, it is not that bad.

AMELIA

Would you like to try it on?

Mega laughs and shakes her head. People around the house are enjoying themselves as well, exchanging laughs and conversations. A couple of children run past Amelia and Mega, full of LAUGHTER.

MEGA

Okay, C'mon, let's eat! I have cooked a lot of different dishes today, including your favorite.

Amelia widens her eyes and smiles excitedly.

AMELIA

Shrimp fried rice?

MEGA

You'll see.

Mega grabs Amelia's hand and looks over Hendra and Lydia.

MEGA

Ai Lydia, Suk Hendra, you guys haven't eaten lunch, right? Let's eat!

Hendra and Lydia nod. Mega drags Amelia to the dining room, while Hendra and Lydia follow them from behind.

CUT TO:

2. INT. MEGA'S HOUSE — DINING ROOM — DAY

The round table is filled with different types of dishes. There are shrimp fried rice, soy sauce pork, spring rolls, *mie sua*, different types of dumplings, and oranges.

Amelia has a full plate of shrimp fried rice and soy sauce pork in front of her. Hendra and Lydia enjoy a bowl of *mie sua* with spring rolls.

There are four other people sitting across from Amelia's family. There are TWO WOMEN, Mega and CINDY (32), and TWO MEN (DAVID 36, MATTHEW 34). They are chatting as Amelia observes while finishing her dish.

MEGA

This spring roll reminds me of the ones on your Tingjing, Cin. Ugh, those rolls are to die for!

CINDY

I know, right? It was so good!

MEGA

(to Cindy)

So, how's being engaged treating you?

Cindy lifts her left hand and wiggles her fingers to show off her diamond ring.

CINDY

Amazing! Matthew and I have become closer than ever. I also love the part where I can flash this diamond ring every time I need to do something that involves my hand.

MATTHEW

But I am not a big fan of the ceremony. It is tiring standing up for hours.

MEGA

(to Matthew)

Hey, that ceremony is your tradition. You have to respect your tradition.

(turns to Lydia)

Am I right, Ai Lydia?

LYDIA

Exactly. Tingjing is a significant part of your heritage. You should feel grateful for the opportunity to experience such a meaningful ceremony.

(beat)

(CONT'D)

There are people who dream of holding it but aren't fortunate enough to do so.

Matthew raises both hands in mock surrender.

MATTHEW

Alright, alright. I get it.

Mega turns to Amelia.

MEGA

Hey, Mel.

Amelia looks up from her plate. Her chewing slows.

AMELIA

What?

MEGA

When are you going to get married? I bet Ai Lydia's more than ready to see you in a real Tingjing cheongsam.

AMELIA

(hesitates, but cuts off before she can finish)

Well, I-

LYDIA

(interrupts)

She is still waiting for the right man. You guys know that marriage is for life, right? She does not want to choose the wrong groom.

Amelia's expression changes from calm to frustrated. Her grip on the chopstick becomes tighter, and her shoulder becomes tense.

AMELIA

What-

LYDIA

(interrupts)

If any of your friends are single, feel free to introduce

(CONT'D)

them to her. I do not think she
minds dating an older guy.

Amelia puts her utensils on her plate and shifts her body
to face Lydia. But again, she is cut off before she can
finish.

AMELIA

No-

LYDIA

(interrupts)

Oh, look, Gong Gong just
arrived. Amelia, you should
greet him.

AMELIA

Wait, Mom-

LYDIA

Be polite. He is your grandpa.
Go shake his hand.

Amelia rolls her eyes, then stands up to meet his Gong
Gong. Amelia walks away from the table. The sound of Lydia
CHATTING with Mega and the others fills the background.

CUT TO:

3. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is quiet. The light is dim, with yellow lighting
dominating the room. The furniture inside is mostly in
different shades of brown. There are family pictures on
the shelves, a small table with neatly arranged
decorations, and traditional Chinese ornaments hanging in
several areas throughout the room.

Lydia and Hendra are sitting on the sofa. Sounds of Lydia
and Hendra CHATTING echoed softly.

From afar, Amelia SLAMS the front door and storms to her
room. Hendra and Lydia look at Amelia. Lydia asks Amelia
what is wrong before she can get to her room.

LYDIA

Why are you slamming things? The
door could break, you know.

Amelia stops in her tracks. She slowly turns, her eyes narrowed.

AMELIA

How could you embarrass me like that, Mom?

Lydia raises an eyebrow, confused.

LYDIA

What do you mean by "embarrass you"?

AMELIA

You basically sold me out to my cousins!

(beat)

And to think that you sold me out although I already have a boyfriend is just...UGH!

LYDIA

Why are you still holding on with that Javanese guy? You know me and your father will never approve of that.

AMELIA

Why, Mom? What's the reason behind your deep hatred toward indigenous men?

Lydia goes silent. She glances at Hendra, then down at her hands. Amelia SCOFFS.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I have been dating him for two years... and for two years, I have endured your rejection. Yet, not once have you bothered to explain why you hate him so much. All you do is forbid, forbid, forbid.

Lydia inhales deeply, then exhales. She stands up and faces Amelia.

LYDIA

I have told you before that your culture is different. You will have a hard time adapting.

AMELIA

We are both Indonesian, Mom. We were born in the same country and raised in the same city. How is it different?

Lydia folds her arms.

LYDIA

What about his traditions? Javanese and Chinese traditions are different... they have different norms, different values, and different ways of life.

AMELIA

it is not a big deal, Mom. I can adapt... and he can adapt to my culture as well.

Lydia throws up her hands. Her glance becomes sharper, and frustration is shown on her face.

LYDIA

I do not care if he's willing to adapt to OUR culture. He does not belong here. He will only make a fuss for our family.

AMELIA

How could you say that, Mom?

LYDIA

it is true, you know. Javanese people are not... kind. You know how they are... deceitful... opportunistic... and they only look out for themselves.

Amelia reels back like she's been slapped. She SCOFFS again, louder this time.

AMELIA

Are you for real right now? I can't believe you're saying this, Mom.

(beat)

(CONT'D)

Look, I know Aditya... I know his family. And they are nothing like that.

(beat)

What you know is just how the news describes them, but not all of them are like that. There are some who have morals... who are kind and genuine... like Aditya, for example.

LYDIA

That's just a mask to cover up his true self... he is still part of the community that burned down and killed thousands of our people.

Hendra stands beside Lydia and tries to break them up.

HENDRA

I think that's enough, Lyd.

Lydia puts a hand up.

LYDIA

No, she needs to know. She asks for it.

Amelia takes a step forward, her brows furrowed.

AMELIA

What are you talking about?

LYDIA

You didn't know, did you?

(pauses, then
quietly)

My sister... your aunt, uncle, and cousins—they were killed... by Javanese people... in 1998.

(beat)

They did nothing wrong... yet they became targets. They lost their lives just because they were Chinese.

(beat)

I do not want that to happen to you.

Amelia stands frozen, lips slightly parted. Hendra puts his hand on Lydia's shoulder.

HENDRA

(to LYDIA)

Lyd, I think you have crossed the line. She does not have to know. This does not have anything to do with her problem.

Lydia brushes his hand off and looks at Hendra sharply.

LYDIA

(to HENDRA)

She is twenty-eight. She deserves to know... especially in times like this.

A heavy silence hangs in the air. Amelia blinks rapidly, holding her breath.

AMELIA

(to HENDRA)

Dad, she's right. I deserve to know.

(to LYDIA)

Look Mom... it was all in the past... things have changed. Sure, racism will never fully disappear... but I can assure you that Aditya and his family are not that kind of people.

Lydia shakes her head. Her expression becomes cold.

LYDIA

I do not believe you... and I do not care. I will never settle for a non-Chinese-Indonesian man to join this family.

(beat)

If you do not want to shame me and your father... you might consider listening to me.

Lydia walks out of the living room to her bedroom without saying another word. Hendra let out a DEEP SIGH and followed Lydia. As Hendra walks past Amelia, he stops for a moment to say goodnight and kisses her forehead.

HENDRA

Good night, Mel.

Hendra walks away.

Amelia stands still, still looking at the same spot, although no one is there anymore. Her eyes are red and wet, but no tears fell out. Her face shows a frustrated look as she lets out a SIGH.

Amelia looks at the wall near her. A childhood picture of her and her parents is displayed inside a picture frame. Amelia, Hendra, and Lydia are wearing traditional Chinese clothes during their visit in China. Smiles are plastered on their faces.

Amelia's expression softens, but her sadness lingers in her eyes. Her eyes look as if she is remembering the moment in her head. After a while staring at the picture, a single tear drops.

CUT TO:

4. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The round dining table in the center of the room is filled with neatly arranged dishes. Seated around it are Amelia, Lydia, and Hendra, enjoying their meal. Occasionally, the sound of TING TING TING echoes as chopsticks tap against bowls and plates.

There is a plate of stir-fried water spinach, a plate of ham, a plate of braised pork with sweet sauce, and a small bowl of *sambal*. Amelia's plate is filled with only rice, ham, and braised pork. Amelia is busy chewing her food as Lydia places some water spinach on her plate with her chopsticks.

Amelia looks up at Lydia with braised pork hanging on her mouth. Amelia furrows her eyebrows. Lydia does not glance at her and focuses on her own food.

LYDIA

You need to eat some vegetables,
Mel.

AMELIA

I did.

LYDIA

Eat more.

As Amelia is about to go back to eating her food, the bell RINGS. Amelia puts down her chopsticks and quickly stands up to get the door. Lydia and Hendra look at each other, confused.

FOOTSTEPS are getting closer. Amelia comes back to the dining room with ADITYA (29) by her side. Lydia and Hendra look at Aditya without saying a word. Their expressions are tense.

ADITYA

Evening, Suk... Ai... Amelia asked me to come to dinner yesterday. I hope I am not interrupting.

Amelia lets out a sarcastic smile.

AMELIA

(to Lydia and
Hendra)

He is very welcome here. Right, Mom and Dad?

Hendra lets out a small cough and stretches his body as if he is trying to be more comfortable in his chair. Lydia blinks a few times in disbelief but tries to hide it by avoiding eye contact.

HENDRA

Yes, of course.

Hendra points to an empty chair next to Amelia's.

HENDRA (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

ADITYA

Thank you.

Aditya nervously walks to the seat while Amelia walks to the kitchen. He smiles and gives a small nod to Hendra and Lydia as he slowly sits. Lydia hesitantly smiles back while Hendra focuses on his food.

Amelia comes back with a bowl filled with rice, an empty glass, and a set of chopsticks. Amelia puts it in front of Aditya and goes to her seat.

AMELIA

Fill up the glass by yourself,
okay? You know where it is.

Aditya nods.

Amelia goes back to enjoying her food. Lydia, who has been fidgeting in her seat, looks at Aditya, who awkwardly sits on his chair. Lydia lets out a polite smile and starts a conversation.

LYDIA

You're not eating?

Aditya, surprised by the sudden question, answers it nervously.

ADITYA

Oh, yes, Ai. I am just...
choosing what to eat first.

Lydia looks at Amelia.

LYDIA

Mel.

Amelia looks back at Lydia. Lydia points at the dishes, then at Aditya with her eyes (signaling Amelia to scoop some food for him).

AMELIA

Eat up, Dit. Let me scoop you
some.

Amelia stands up and scoops a spoonful of pork, then puts it on Aditya's plate. Aditya lifts up his plate and quietly says THANK YOU. Amelia also gives Aditya a spoonful of ham and water spinach.

During the first few minutes, the dinner is silent. The only sound comes from their UTENSILS and SUBTLE CHEWING. After a while, Hendra opens the conversation.

HENDRA

So, you're still working as an
office manager?

ADITYA

No, Suk. I quit a few months
ago. My father got sick... and

(CONT'D)

told me to continue his
business.

HENDRA

Your father owns a small
restaurant, right? If I am not
mistaken.

Aditya nods.

ADITYA

We sell Indonesian food there.
Perhaps... Suksuk and Ai can try
it someday. My treat.

AMELIA

Their *rawon* is to die for, Dad.
Literally the best *rawon* in town.

HENDRA

Sure then. Give us the date and
time.

Aditya nods and gives Hendra a thumbs-up.

LYDIA

So, what's your plan for the
future?

Aditya slowly stops eating and nervously looks at Lydia.
Lydia does not look back.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

About your business... your
relationship... your life. Do
you want to be a small
restaurant owner for the rest of
your life? Is that your dream?

Amelia glared at Lydia. Aditya CLEARS HIS THROAT.

ADITYA

I enjoy... being a restaurant
owner. It may be small now...
but I have big plans for its
future.

(beat)

As for my relationship with
Amelia, I... plan to go to the
next step. Soon, I hope. In the

meantime... I will try to give her my full support in her jobs and interests.

LYDIA

What about my wish?

ADITYA

If I can provide it, I will try.

LYDIA

Well... since she was young... my husband and I always wanted our only daughter to date someone... who shares the same culture and traditions.

(beat)

Since she is the only one who can continue our family tradition.

Aditya's face freezes in shock, his words caught in silence. Amelia glares at Lydia. Hendra stops eating and SIGHS.

AMELIA

Mom! What is wrong with you?

LYDIA

Why? I am just trying to continue our family tradition... you know... since it has been going on for generations.

(beat)

After all, how am I guilty for wanting the best for my daughter?

Amelia turns her body to Lydia as she speaks. Lydia continues to eat and tries to maintain her calm.

AMELIA

You do not know what's best for me. You only make that judgment based on what you want and what you believe.

LYDIA

If you do not believe me... try introducing him to our big family. You'll see what I mean.

Amelia SIGHS.

AMELIA

Mom, if you're worried about people staring and gossiping about us out there—those nosy moms who love meddling in other people's business—we're used to it... it is been like that from the start.

LYDIA

So, you're just going to accept all of that?

AMELIA

Honestly... I do not care. Why should I live my life based on what other people think?

Lydia stops eating. She slowly puts down her chopsticks and turns to Amelia, looking directly at her eyes. Her voice is rising, but she tries to hold her emotions.

LYDIA

You say that now, but have you thought about what happens when you have kids? What kind of life will they have... being an *ampyang*?

(beat)

What kind of environment will you raise them in? It'll inevitably lean toward one of your cultures, right?

(beat)

Whether it is a predominantly Javanese... or Chinese community... your child will face racist taunts from those around them.

Hendra puts down his chopsticks and looks at Lydia. His face shows tiredness with slight annoyance.

HENDRA

Lyd, that's enough. Let's not get too caught up with our emotions.

Lydia rises slowly from her seat.

LYDIA

My husband and I will never be ready to see our only child struggle in life just because she chose to be with someone like you.

(beat)

I'll take my leave.

Lydia steps away from the dining table, walking toward her room. Her FOOTSTEPS fade into the distance. Hendra EXHALES deeply, his eyes lingering on the untouched food at the center of the table before shifting to Amelia.

HENDRA

(to AMELIA)

Mel, your mother and I aren't perfect. Sometimes, we hurt you without meaning to. But remember, we are your parents. You are our only child, and we only want what's best for you.

(beat)

I hope you'll think this through moving forward.

Hendra turns to Aditya.

HENDRA

(to ADITYA)

I'll be going now. Thank you for coming.

Hendra slowly rises and exits the room, following the same path as Lydia. Amelia and Aditya sit quietly in the dining room. Amelia lets out a sigh as she closes her eyes, trying to rest.

AMELIA

I am sorry... I didn't know it'd turn out to be like this.

ADITYA

It's okay. They just want what's best for you. After all, they are your parents.

AMELIA

But it has been two years... until when are they going to act like this?

ADITYA

Let them be. We'll try again... at the right time.

Amelia opens her eyes and looks at Aditya. Her hand takes Aditya's hand, gently holding. She looks into his eyes with deep emotion.

AMELIA

I love you, Dit. I do not want to be apart from you.

Aditya smiles, brushing his hand through Amelia's hair.

ADITYA

I love you too. So much.
(beat)

We'll find another way, okay?

They lock eyes, their gazes carrying unspoken meaning. Silence lingers between them, a quiet understanding. They smile, neither wanting to end this unexpected, tender moment.

On the dining table, only empty plates and scattered utensils remain. In the background, Amelia and Aditya's voices can be heard, CHATTING softly.

CUT TO:

5. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE – FRONT PORCH/LIVING ROOM – DAY

The birds CHIRP. Several cars PASS BY on the street in front of the house. The sunlight passes through the front window, adding extra lighting inside the house.

Lydia is sitting on the couch, watching the morning news on TV. The SOUND OF TV fills the entire house.

The FOOTSTEPS of Amelia walking are getting closer. Amelia is checking her purse while walking towards the front

door. As Amelia walks past the living room, she notices Lydia is on the couch.

Amelia glances at Lydia and says goodbye without stopping her steps.

AMELIA

I am off to work. Bye, Mom.

Lydia does not flinch or move an inch. She is sitting still like a statue. Amelia stops at a table near the front door, searching for her car keys.

After a while, Amelia returns back to the living room as she fails to find her keys. Amelia approaches Lydia from behind.

AMELIA

Mom, did you see my car keys?

Lydia sits still and answers Amelia without turning her head.

LYDIA

That key belongs to your father and me. We are pulling back your car until you remember your manners.

Amelia SCOFFS and shakes her head. Her expression shows disbelief in what Lydia just said.

AMELIA

You cannot be serious right now.

Lydia turns her head and gives Amelia a sharp look.

LYDIA

Do I look like I am joking? You truly lost control of yourself yesterday! It is time for you to learn the consequences of your action.

(beat)

Until then... say goodbye to your car, extra pocket money, dinner... and speaking to your parents.

AMELIA

That's nonsense. You're taking away all my privileges!

LYDIA

Letting you stay in this house after disobeying your parents is privilege enough!

Lydia turns back to the TV.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

If you are brave enough to make that choice... then you are brave enough to stand on your own.

AMELIA

This is so not fair! Dad!

Amelia CALLS OUT, louder each time.

LYDIA

Your dad is not home. After all, he has agreed with the new rules.

AMELIA

I do not understand you, Mom! Ho-how am I supposed to get to work every day?

LYDIA

Figure it out. You're a big girl.

As Amelia's about to answer, she glances at the clock on the wall, which shows that it is 8:40 AM. Amelia groans out of frustration and orders an online transportation in a hurry.

The sound of a clock TICKING and TV fills the room. Amelia waits awkwardly in the same spot, TAPPING her foot once in a while. A couple of minutes later, a motorcycle BELL is heard outside. Amelia hurriedly runs out and slams the door.

Lydia glances at Amelia as she runs, lets out a SIGH, and turns back to her TV.

CUT TO:

6. INT. AMELIA'S OFFICE - KITCHEN - DAY

Amelia enters, holding a bag of *ayam geprek* in one hand and her phone in the other. She picks a seat at the big table, alone, with empty chairs on both sides.

There is a huge table with 12 chairs surrounding it. The water dispenser lets out a BLUP BLUP once every few minutes. There are several wet glasses and plates lined up next to the sink.

The room is filled with several people, but it is not crowded. Several people come and go. Some stay and chat with a friend. Some just go in to take a utensil or fill up their water bottle. Several eat on the table. Everyone is minding their own business.

Amelia opens her *ayam geprek*. She picks up her phone and dials Aditya. As the phone RINGS, she takes a few bites of her food with a frustrated expression.

The RINGING stops. A man's voice can be heard from the other line.

ADITYA (V.O)

Hey, Mel. I just started my lunch break.

AMELIA

Same here. What are you having for lunch?

ADITYA (V.O)

My mom packed me some lunch, but I forgot to bring them. So I think I'll just buy some gado-gado near the office. What about you?

Amelia stirs her food slowly. Her tone is excited, but her expression shows she's deep in thought.

AMELIA

I brought my favorite *ayam geprek*.

ADITYA (V.O)

do not eat too much spicy food, okay? You know you have a weak stomach.

Amelia SIGHS.

AMELIA

I know. I just really need something comforting right now.

ADITYA (V.O)

Did something happen?

AMELIA

Mom happened. As usual.

ADITYA (V.O)

Did you have a fight with your mom again earlier?

Amelia slowly eats.

AMELIA

She started it. I was rushing... and she thinks that it is a good idea to revoke all my essentials.

(her expression mimics her tone)

My car? Gone.

ADITYA (V.O)

Wait, then how did you get to work this morning?

AMELIA

I ordered a Gojek.

ADITYA (V.O)

And you didn't tell me?

AMELIA

Sorry, I forgot. I didn't feel like talking to anyone.

Amelia hears Aditya let out a SIGH from the other line. His voice softened.

ADITYA (V.O)

Mel, until when are you suspended from driving your car?

AMELIA

I do not know.

ADITYA (V.O)

And you're going to take the
Gojek until you get it back?

AMELIA

What choices do I have?

Aditya is silent. Amelia does not continue the conversation. She waits for a response while continuing to munch on her food.

ADITYA (V.O)

How about I drive you?

Amelia CHUCKLES.

AMELIA

You want to be my personal
chauffeur?

ADITYA (V.O)

Sure. Besides, I get to spend
more time with you this way.

AMELIA

Wait, you're serious?

ADITYA (V.O)

Of course I am serious. It'll be
much safer anyway.

Amelia is silent. Her expression shows that she is thinking hard about it.

AMELIA

Sure, why the hell not?

ADITYA (V.O)

Kay, I'll pick you up at 5. Your
carriage awaits.

AMELIA

I will. Thank you, Dit.

ADITYA (V.O)

See you later.

The room is half empty. The CHATTER has died down. Water RUNS in the sink. Footsteps ECHO LIGHTLY across the tile floor.

Amelia puts down her phone and continues to eat her food, showing a smile of relief in between bites.

CUT TO:

7. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE – FRONT DOOR/DINING ROOM – NIGHT

The front door opens. The sound of a slight CREAK fills the hallway. Amelia enters the house, followed by the sound of a CAR DRIVING OFF in the background.

Amelia takes off her shoes. From a distance, she can hear PEOPLE CHATTERING and the sound of CLING CLING CLING from kitchen utensils.

Amelia walks to the dining room, dropping her office bag onto the couch as she passes by. She peeks for a few seconds before entering the dining room. Hendra, who sits across from where Amelia is standing, notices her presence as he gives her a glance.

HENDRA

You're home late. Busy day?

AMELIA

Sort of. Followed by traffic.

Hendra signals Amelia to sit on the empty chair.

HENDRA

Had dinner?

Amelia shakes her head and walks to the dish rack.

AMELIA

Didn't have time.

Amelia takes a plate, a small bowl, and a set of chopsticks, then walks to the empty seat. Amelia grabs the rice spoon and scoops rice into her bowl.

LYDIA

How did you get home?

AMELIA

Aditya drove me.

Lydia puts down her chopsticks and looks at Amelia.

LYDIA
And what do you think you're
doing?

Amelia glances at Lydia for a second and looks back at the food.

AMELIA
Eating dinner. Why?

LYDIA
Who gives you permission to eat?

Amelia stops her actions and looks at Lydia. Hendra puts down his chopsticks and SIGHS.

HENDRA
Lyd, enough.

LYDIA
(to HENDRA)
do not go all soft on her just
because she hasn't eaten dinner.
(to AMELIA)
I told you this morning. No
eating my food until you learn
how to behave.

AMELIA
Behave like what, Mom? As far as
I can remember, I did not trash
the house.

LYDIA
As far as I can remember, you
are still dating a Javanese man.

Amelia lets out a SARCASTIC CHUCKLE and slowly shakes her head out of disbelief.

AMELIA
You'd starve your daughter just
because my date is not good
enough for you? And you call
yourself my mother?

HENDRA

Amelia... Have some respect for your mother. She is only doing this for your own good.

Amelia stands up and looks at both her parents in disbelief. A sarcastic smile is plastered on her face.

AMELIA

My own good, huh? So, starving me... and taking away my transportation... are the best things parents can do for their children? What's next? Making me sleep on the street?

(beat)

I didn't realize dating Aditya turned me into the family's public enemy number one. You both are just so... just... wow.

Amelia storms out of the dining room. Lydia and Hendra sit still in their chairs, trying to avoid each other's eye contact. Both of them look like they are thinking about Amelia's last remark.

Hendra looks at Lydia with hopeful eyes, silently pleading for mercy on behalf of their daughter. But Lydia remains silent and cold.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Lydia and Hendra sit in the living room, watching the morning news on TV. Amelia walks past the living room straight to the front door without glancing at her parents. In the distance, Amelia CALLS ADITYA'S NAME LOUDLY. Lydia and Hendra look at each other.

Lydia peeks through the front window in the evening. Outside, Amelia is hugging Aditya in his car. Lydia shows a disturbed expression.

In the kitchen, Amelia places a neatly packed lunchbox on the counter. A note is attached to the top of the lunchbox with Aditya's name on it. Lydia and Hendra exchange glances, their expressions unreadable.

Amelia lounges on the couch, her phone held up as she engages in a video call. Her LAUGHTER fills the room,

drawing the attention of her parents as they pass by. She RAISES HER VOICE slightly, ensuring they hear her joy. Lydia and Hendra pause, offering a brief nod before continuing on, their faces a mix of emotions.

Amelia prepares dinner from a neatly packed takeaway food, HUMMING a tune as she moves around the kitchen. Lydia and Hendra sit at the table, their expressions a mix of resignation and contemplation as they listen to her.

CUT TO:

8. EXT. SUSHI RESTAURANT – NIGHT

The sky is a deep blue with just a few stars visible. A Japanese restaurant is nestled between two dimly lit houses. Cars are constantly arriving and leaving the restaurant.

The restaurant is mostly made of wood, with a wooden roof and walls that give it a warm, natural feel. Large, clear windows let people see inside, where soft yellow lighting creates a cozy atmosphere. The place is decorated with green plants and Japanese-style ornaments, adding to its inviting vibe. Several tables are occupied by people chatting and joking, with empty plates and glasses on the tables. Other tables have food on them.

Through one of the restaurant's large windows, Amelia and Aditya sit across from each other in a booth. They are enjoying their meal, chatting and occasionally laughing, clearly immersed in their conversation.

CUT TO:

9. INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT – BOOTH – NIGHT

Amelia and Aditya are sitting in the booth, enjoying a delicious salmon avocado roll with a side of soy sauce and chili powder. At the table, there is a salmon cheese roll, a crunchy lobster roll, a bowl of chicken teriyaki salad, and two glasses of cold ocha.

Amelia is grabbing a crunchy lobster roll with her chopsticks while Aditya is drinking his ocha. As she is dabbing her sushi, Aditya lets out a COUGH.

ADITYA

So, my cousin is going to get married next week.

AMELIA

That's awesome! Which one?

ADITYA

Rania. You met her a few times
at my house.

Amelia nods and widens her eyes—signaling that she remembers—as she puts the sushi in her mouth and chews it.

ADITYA (CONT'D)

Are you free next Saturday?

AMELIA

Sure. Why?

ADITYA

Can you come with me to the
wedding?

Amelia slowly looks at Aditya and swallows her food.

AMELIA

Well, sure... but will it be
okay, though?

ADITYA

I do not think she minds. I
mean, you know her, and you know
my family.

AMELIA

In that case... I'd love to
come...

Amelia quickly avoids eye contact with Aditya. Aditya notices it.

ADITYA

You seem unsure. What's wrong?

Amelia's hand starts fidgeting.

AMELIA

it is an amazing offer. it is
just... I never went to one of
your relatives' weddings... and
I never met your whole big
family...

(beat)

(CONT'D)

I mean... sure, I've met your parents and some of your cousins, but... all of them at once, never.

Aditya holds Amelia's hand and gives her a reassuring smile.

ADITYA

It'll be fine. They'll love you.

AMELIA

The younger ones, probably. I am not ready to hear some snarky comments from your grandparents, or great aunts, or great-

ADITYA

(interrupts)

You're overthinking this. My family loves cultures. I am sure the only thing you have to worry about is answering too many questions about some Mandarin phrases.

Amelia CHUCKLES.

AMELIA

But I do not speak Mandarin.

ADITYA

Just make something up. They'll never know.

Amelia and Aditya LAUGH. They stare at each other with smiles on their faces.

ADITYA (CONT'D)

So, you'll go?

AMELIA

Only if you let me have the last salmon cheese roll.

Aditya CHUCKLES and slides the plate of salmon cheese roll closer to Amelia. Amelia grins happily and digs in right away.

Amelia and Aditya spend the night chatting and exchanging stories, followed by SLIGHT CHATTERS from people around them. Outside the window, cars are driving past the restaurant.

CUT TO:

10. EXT. AMELIA'S HOUSE — FRONT YARD — DAY

Aditya's car is parked in Amelia's front yard. He's standing next to the front left door, leaning on it a little while using his phone. It is a quiet afternoon, and the only sounds are BIRDS IN THE DISTANCE and the FAINT CHATTER of the neighborhood. A soft notification sound comes from his phone just as he finishes typing. He does not look up right away.

A few minutes later, the front door opens. Amelia steps outside with a warm smile aimed at Aditya. She's wearing a loose sleeveless dress that ends just above her knees and a small shoulder bag. Her heels make a TAP, TAP, TAP sound as she walks across the porch and down the steps.

Aditya finally looks up. His eyes stay on her. He does not say anything. His expression is hard to read—it is a mix of surprise, curiosity, and something that seems unsure.

Amelia stops in front of him, still smiling, waiting for him to react. But he does not move or speak. The silence feels a little awkward.

Amelia starts to feel a bit uncomfortable. She glances at his phone, then back at his face. She shifts from one foot to the other and lets out a SMALL, NERVOUS LAUGH.

AMELIA

Am I overdressed?

Aditya scratches the back of his head, avoiding eye contact with Amelia. His expression suggests he has something to say. Amelia looks at him nervously.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I—if you do not like it, I can change. I have like another dress... but it is blue, and—

ADITYA

Is it sleeveless?

Amelia nods.

ADITYA (CONT'D)

Then it won't be any different.

Amelia tilts her head and squints her eyes.

AMELIA

So... the problem is not the dress?

Aditya glances in between the dress and away (basically anywhere but Amelia's eyes).

ADITYA

The problem is the model of your dress. it is not appropriate for our wedding. My family will be there.

Amelia looks down at her hands, which start fidgeting.

AMELIA

Well... I usually go to weddings in this dress. I didn't think it was a problem before.

ADITYA

Well, it might be to my family.

Amelia looks at Aditya with an apologetic look.

AMELIA

I am sorry... I didn't know. I do not have any dresses left, they are in the dry cleaners.

(beat)

Perhaps you should go alone.

Aditya SIGHS and looks at Amelia, unamused and slightly annoyed.

ADITYA

No, it is fine. I have promised them your presence.

Aditya walks to the other side of the car and gets in. Amelia stands in silence, a bit stunned.

The left window opens.

ADITYA

Come on, get in.

Amelia hesitates for a while, then silently gets in the car. The car DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

11. EXT. WEDDING VENUE – DAY

The wedding takes place in an outdoor area with a large tent set up overhead to protect the guests from the heat of the sun. Rows of chairs are neatly arranged facing the stage. On the stage, there's a long bench for the bride and groom, decorated with traditional Javanese ornaments.

A long buffet table is filled with food for the guests, along with clean plates and cutlery neatly arranged. Several people in uniforms from the wedding organizer move around, making sure everything goes smoothly.

The guests are interacting with each other, exchanging smiles. Aditya greets his relatives one by one and introduces Amelia.

From time to time, Amelia shakes hands and exchanges a few short conversations. A few of them look at Amelia with strange expressions: judgmental, curious, confused, scanning her appearance from head to toe.

CUT TO:

12. EXT. WEDDING VENUE – GUEST SEATING AREA – DAY

Amelia and Aditya sit in the third row from the front. They watch a traditional ceremony that takes place during the wedding reception. Amelia stays quiet, observing everything and trying to understand what's going on.

Every now and then, Aditya glances at Amelia, who keeps her eyes on the front. Discomfort still shows on his face, but every now and then, he offers a grateful smile when he sees Amelia watching intently.

CUT TO:

13. EXT. WEDDING VENUE – BUFFET AREA – DAY

The food on the long, open table is neatly arranged. There's a wide variety of dishes, including fried rice, fried noodles, goat curry, chicken in soy sauce, assorted

egg dishes, *rawon*, and a range of drinks—from plain water to *es campur*—all free for guests to take.

Guests line up politely, busy filling their plates with food. Some grab drinks while chatting with others. Some stand and eat while talking. A few middle-aged guests are seated, quietly enjoying their meals. Children can be seen running around and playing together.

Amelia and Aditya stand side by side, serving food onto their plates. Suddenly, one of the guests, ANI (30), who is also Aditya's cousin, joins them at the table, standing next to Amelia and reaching for food.

Amelia glances at her and offers a polite smile. Ani returns the smile, then glances down at what Amelia is wearing with an amused expression.

ANI

First time at a Javanese
wedding?

Amelia is a little surprised but keeps her calm and stays friendly. She nods and chuckles.

AMELIA

Is it that obvious?

Aditya turns toward Amelia and Ani. Before Ani can answer, Aditya jumps in.

ADITYA

Mbak Ani, how are you? Long time
no see.

ANI

Yeah, Dit, it is been almost a
year. Is this your girlfriend?

Aditya nods.

ADITYA

(to AMELIA)

Mel, this is my cousin, Mbak
Ani.

(to Ani)

Mbak Ani, this is Amelia.

Amelia and Ani exchange smiles again.

ANI

Next time, let her know the dress code, Dit. Your girlfriend's been getting stares from people all day.

ADITYA

Yeah, yeah. I totally forgot.

Aditya gently takes Amelia's hand.

ADITYA (CONT'D)

We'll catch up later, Mbak.

Aditya and Amelia walk away from the buffet area, leaving Ani behind as she continues picking up food.

CUT TO:

14. EXT. WEDDING VENUE – GUEST SITTING AREA – DAY

Amelia and Aditya sit in a spot slightly away from the crowd. They eat in silence, each focused on their own plate. Amelia's eyes are glued to her plate with her lips slightly pouted. She stirs her food back and forth with a fork.

Aditya glances at her and sets his fork down.

ADITYA

do not overthink it, Mel.

AMELIA

I am not.

ADITYA

Your expression says so.

Amelia looks at Aditya. Before she can respond, Aditya's parents, AYU (57, graceful) and YUDHA (60, reserved), walk up to them.

AYU

Adit, Amel, here you are.

Amelia and Aditya place their plates on their seats and stand up. Ayu hugs Aditya, then gives Amelia a warm hug.

AYU (CONT'D)

(to AMELIA)

You haven't visited in a while.
I have missed you.

Amelia CHUCKLES.

AMELIA

I have just been really busy,
Tante. I'll stop by soon.

Yudha leans closer to Ayu and whispers in her ear. Ayu glances at Yudha for a second and looks back at Amelia with a bigger smile.

AYU

Dit, your father and I need to
talk to you for a moment.

(to AMELIA;
smiles)

Mind if we borrow Adit for a
bit?

Amelia nods. Yudha CLEARS his throat and pats Aditya on the shoulder.

YUDHA

Excuse us.

Yudha flashes a small smile and walks away, followed by Ayu.

ADITYA

Wait here, okay?

Aditya follows them. The three of them stand with their backs to Amelia, a short distance away from where she is. Amelia sits back down, glancing around now and then. Guests are eating, chatting, lining up for souvenirs, and taking photos.

Aditya glances back at Amelia with a gloomy and slightly annoyed look, though he tries to keep a neutral face. Amelia notices and looks back at him. They lock eyes.

Aditya SIGHS and turns away. Amelia remains seated, silent, watching the three of them with a confused and slightly anxious expression.

CUT TO:

15. INT. ADITYA'S CAR — DAY

The golden hour sun bleeds softly through the car windows, casting long shadows on the dashboard. The surrounding is quiet except for the occasional sound of PASSING TRAFFIC and the RHYTHMIC CLICKING of the turn signal.

Aditya grips the steering wheel with one hand, the other resting near the gearshift. He drives steadily, but there's tension in the way his fingers drum against the wheel.

In the passenger seat, Amelia sits quietly, her hands folded in her lap. Her eyes trace the rows of trees and tiled rooftops flashing by outside. Her posture is straight and polite, but her shoulders hold an invisible weight.

There's a thick silence between them. Not the comfortable kind. Aditya glances at Amelia, hesitates, and then clears his throat.

ADITYA

Next time, maybe wear something more... formal. Like a long dress or such. You know... something that does not expose your whole... arms and... legs.

Amelia turns her head slowly, her expression unreadable.

AMELIA

I still do not understand.
What's wrong with my dress?

ADITYA

Nothing's wrong. I love your dress... I think it is beautiful.

(beat)

it is just... not everyone appreciates it as much as I do, especially at weddings. Well... my kind's weddings.

(beat)

My parents brought it up... a few others too. They thought it... stood out a bit too much. I told them you probably didn't know the *dress code*.

Amelia lets out a small laugh—dry and disbelieving. She looks forward again.

AMELIA

Because you never told me.

(beat)

I have been to weddings before,
Dit... I have never had this
kind of problem.

Aditya's jaw clenches. He keeps his eyes on the road. His fingers occasionally tap the steering wheel.

ADITYA

I know. But this is different.
In Javanese weddings...
especially in my family...
people have expectations...
traditions.

AMELIA

So now your family's starting to
dislike me?

ADITYA

(quickly)

No. No, it is not like that.
They've liked you from the
beginning, and they still do.
Really.

(beat)

They just... worry that
sometimes you forget that
we're... you know... different.

Amelia studies him, her voice now softer but sharper.

AMELIA

What does that mean?

Aditya SIGHS.

ADITYA

Look, when you're around my
parents or extended family,
just... try to be more...
respectful of my culture and
traditions.

(beat)

do not be too... *Chinese*. Try to
adapt a little.

The air grows still again. Amelia looks out the window, her reflection merging with the moving landscape. A flicker of hurt crosses her face. Aditya glances at her but does not speak. They drive in silence.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

A cloudy morning. A Gojek motorbike pulls up in front of Amelia's house. She steps out, helmet in hand, expression unreadable. She nods politely to the driver, climbs on, and they drive off.

Traffic crawls. Amelia sits behind another Gojek driver, her arms wrapped loosely around the back handle instead of the driver. Her body leans slightly away.

Soft lamplight illuminates her desk. Her phone lights up with an incoming video call from Aditya. She glances at it, emotionless, then taps decline. She returns to her laptop, though her screen remains untouched.

Muted golden light spills in through a window. Amelia and Aditya sit across from each other in near silence. Plates of half-eaten food grow cold. Aditya leans forward slightly, as if to say something, but Amelia stares into her coffee, lips pressed tight.

The passenger seat is empty. Aditya drives alone. He glances at the seat beside him, then turns his eyes back to the road. His face is still.

A Gojek driver drops Amelia off. She adjusts her blouse, thanks him quietly, and walks off. Her face is calm but distant.

CUT TO:

16. INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT – NIGHT

At a dinner table in the middle of the restaurant, Amelia and Aditya sit across from each other. On the table is a large bowl of seafood porridge, lemon chicken, sauteed kailan, two glasses of iced tea, two small bowls with spoons, and two small plates with chopsticks.

Aditya is busy eating, while Amelia just stirs the congee in her small bowl. They both remain silent. Only the sounds of OTHER PEOPLE TALKING, WAITERS WALKING, and CLINKING UTENSILS fill the space.

Aditya glances at Amelia and notices she hasn't eaten.

ADITYA

Mel, stop playing with your food.

AMELIA

Sorry, I just do not feel hungry.

ADITYA

But you told me you haven't had dinner yet.

Amelia does not answer. She slowly pushes her small bowl away from her.

ADITYA (CONT'D)

Just eat something. Please.

Amelia nods. She scoops a few pieces of lemon chicken and kailan onto her small plate, then slowly starts eating with chopsticks.

ADITYA (CONT'D)

Have you been really busy lately?

Amelia nods. Her eyes are fixed on the food.

ADITYA (CONT'D)

Why do not you want me to pick you up like usual?

AMELIA

No reason. I just want to go by myself.

ADITYA

Just wondering... that must be kind of expensive, right? Didn't you say your parents weren't giving you extra for transport?

AMELIA

I have enough.

Amelia and Aditya return to eating in silence. The faint chatter of OTHER PEOPLE and the soft TING TING TING of cutlery surround them.

Aditya looks at Amelia, who is still avoiding eye contact.

ADITYA

Have you been going through something lately?

AMELIA

No. Why?

ADITYA

You just seem... different. You do not really talk anymore.

AMELIA

I am just tired from work, that's all.

Aditya stops eating. His eyes softened and filled with worries.

ADITYA

Why didn't you tell me?

AMELIA

it is fine. it is not important.

Aditya's arm is trying to reach for Amelia's but stops midway when she cuts him off.

ADITYA

do not say that, Mel. Maybe I could help-

Amelia stops eating and looks at Aditya, annoyed.

AMELIA

(interrupts)

Just stop, Dit. do not make it a big deal. I said I am fine.

ADITYA

Sorry. I just want to understand where we are right now.

Amelia does not respond. She quietly picks up her drink, takes a sip, and then looks back down at her food.

Aditya waits, hoping she'll say something. But she does not.

They finish the meal in silence.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Amelia lies in bed, facing the wall. Her phone buzzes faintly with a new notification. She types a reply, pauses, then deletes it and tosses the phone aside.

In the morning at his office desk, Aditya sits among papers and a forgotten lunch. He scrolls through their chat, types, deletes, then finally sends a message. He exhales, places the phone face-down, and leans back, eyes closed.

At night, Amelia stays behind her office desk, shoulders slumped, eyes red and tired. Her blazer hangs off the chair, coffee stains on the desk, a half-eaten granola bar by the mousepad. The office cleaner vacuums in the distance. She doesn't look up.

The dining table is neatly set for four, but only two seats are occupied. Lydia quietly picks up the untouched plate and walks to the kitchen.

Amelia lies on her bed. She scrolls through photos of her and Aditya: laughing in the car, eating street food.

Aditya sits on the floor of his room, scrolling through old photos: Amelia laughing, holding a cake, asleep beside him. His thumb lingers, then he turns off the phone.

Amelia sits cross-legged on the sofa, scribbling in a notebook. She hesitates, then tears out the page and adds it to a pile of crumpled paper.

In the hallway, Lydia watches silently, hand on the wall. She starts to speak, but doesn't. After a pause, she quietly walks away.

Amelia stands outside her parents' bedroom, hand half-raised, frozen mid-knock. She stares at the closed door, the silence pressing in. After a moment, she lowers her hand, exhales, and walks away.

CUT TO:

17. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE — LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Muted colors flicker from the TV screen. Lydia and Hendra are sitting side by side on the couch. The room is dim and quiet. There are faint sounds from the NEWS ON TV and OCCASIONAL COMMENTS from Hendra and Lydia about it.

The FRONT DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS are getting closer. Lydia and Hendra look over to the hallway and find Amelia walking in her office outfit and with slightly messy hair. Amelia walks straight to her room without glancing at her parents. Her bedroom door is SHUT.

Lydia and Hendra's attention goes back to the TV, but with different feelings. Both start to show an uneasy expression—like they are thinking about something but try to brush it off.

The clock is TICKING, showing that it is already 10pm. Hendra grabs the remote and shuts down the TV. Both sit in silence.

HENDRA

It is late. We should rest.

LYDIA

Sure.

Lydia is about to stand up, but Hendra stops her with his words.

HENDRA

Do you think we should just...
forgive and accept her decision?
She is getting quieter each
day... I am worried.

Lydia turns at Hendra.

LYDIA

We can't just forgive and
forget. If we do that... then
everything we've done up to now
means nothing. She brought this
on herself. She should own it.

Hendra looks at Lydia with a frustrated look.

HENDRA

But do not you think you're
being too hard on her?

LYDIA

Me? do not forget that you
signed up for this as well. This
is a 'we' decision, not just
mine.

(CONT'D)

(beat)

She needs to learn her lessons.
That is final.

Lydia gets up from the couch.

LYDIA

I'll see you in the bedroom.

Hendra sits silently on the couch, thinking about what Lydia said. He glances over to the family picture on the wall. In the picture, Lydia and Hendra are hugging Amelia, who smiles brightly in the center.

CUT TO:

18. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE - LYDIA AND HENDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lydia lies on her left side of the bed, her body facing the nightstand. On top of it sits a drawing of three stick figures holding hands. Above each figure, messy handwriting spells out "Mom," "Dad," and "Amel."

The picture is neatly framed. Lydia stares at the drawing with a devastated expression. After a moment, she turns off the nightlight and shifts her position, turning her back to the picture.

CUT TO:

19. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE - AMELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Soft lamplight casts a warm glow over the room. Photos of Amelia and Aditya are taped to the walls, mixed with childhood snapshots—a messy collage of memories. In one photo, a Polaroid shows young Amelia with her parents, hugging a small green pig plushie. Below it, a handwritten note reads, "*Amelia and her favorite Christmas present. December, 2003.*"

Amelia sits on the floor, her back against the bed, knees pulled to her chest. In her hand is a letter. Her eyes linger on it, glassy with emotion. At the bottom of the page: "*Love, Aditya.*" A QUIET SOB escapes, barely audible.

She wipes her cheek with her sleeve and gets up. The room is silent, save for the ticking clock and the faint murmur of traffic outside. Amelia climbs onto the bed and lies down, hugging the same green pig plushie from the photo.

CUT TO:

20. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE — FRONT PORCH — DAY

The doorbell RINGS. Lydia opens the front door. Sunlight spills into the house, along with Aditya, standing at the door looking nervous and uneasy, though trying to stay calm.

Lydia looks at Aditya with a mix of skepticism and confusion. They stare at each other in silence until Lydia finally speaks.

LYDIA

What brings you here?

ADITYA

Good afternoon, Ai. I wanted to talk about Amelia—

LYDIA

She's not here.

ADITYA

I am not here to see Amelia, Ai. I'd like to... speak with you and Suksuk... if he's available.

Before Lydia can answer, Hendra appears behind her. He places a hand on Lydia's shoulder and looks at Aditya with a confused expression.

HENDRA

(to LYDIA; quietly)

What's he doing here?

LYDIA

(to HENDRA; quietly)

He says he wants to talk to us.

HENDRA

(to ADITYA)

Talk about what?

ADITYA

Yes, Suk. I'd like to talk about Amelia. I mean no harm... really.

(beat)

(CONT'D)

I am just... concerned about how she's been lately. I hope it is alright if I borrow a bit of your time.

Hendra and Lydia exchange a glance, as if communicating telepathically. Hendra turns back to Aditya.

HENDRA

Alright, come in.

ADITYA

Thank you, Ai, Suk. Excuse me.

Lydia walks in first, followed by Hendra, and then Aditya. The front door closes behind them.

21. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Aditya sits upright on the couch, hands resting politely on his lap. He tries to keep a composed expression, though his eyes occasionally glance toward Lydia and Hendra, seated across from him. Lydia crosses her arms tightly over her chest, while Hendra leans back with a guarded but observant expression.

ADITYA

So, here's the thing... Ai, Suk. Lately, I haven't been able to reach Amelia... and from the last time we met... it seemed like she had a lot on her mind. I am really concerned about how she's doing.

LYDIA

If she's changed, then she has her reasons. You need to learn to accept that.

HENDRA

Maybe she just needs space. You should respect that too.

Aditya nods slightly, eyes dropping to the floor. His hands start fidgeting.

ADITYA

I understand, Suk, Ai. I am not trying to push or make things harder for anyone.

(beat)

I know Amelia is strong... but she's also the kind of person who keeps things bottled up. That's what worries me.

Lydia shifts into a more relaxed position, her hands resting on her lap. The sharpness in her tone softens. Hendra remains silent, watching her closely.

LYDIA

I understand, but you know your relationship... it was always going to be difficult.

(beat)

We can't just ignore those differences.

Aditya looks up, making eye contact with Lydia.

ADITYA

I have never taken those differences lightly... but I have never had bad intentions either.

(beat)

I... truly love Amelia. All I want is for her to be happy.

HENDRA

Sometimes love just makes things messier. The world isn't as kind as you think.

Aditya's gaze shifts to Hendra. His face also shifts from nervousness to desperation and frustration.

ADITYA

I know... Suk. With all due respect, I am not naive.

(beat)

I know there are risks and challenges... but I believe if we face them together... along with support... we can make it work.

(beat)

(CONT'D)

I am only asking for a chance to prove that I am sincere... and serious about our future.

Aditya EXHALES, his reddened eyes fixed on Lydia and Hendra. His hands clutch tightly at his pants. Lydia leans forward slightly.

LYDIA

I know you mean well... and I know how much you mean to our daughter... but if you truly love her, then please... accept her decision.

Aditya pauses. He looks at them both, his eyes dimming slightly. After a moment, he offers a faint, sincere smile and lowers his gaze again.

ADITYA

If that's truly what Amelia wants... I'll respect it. But if she is somehow... feeling forced to act like this... then, with all due respect... I think Ai and Suksuk also needs... to accept her decision.

(beat)

I am sorry if I accidentally offend Ai and Suksuk. I promise I didn't come here to fight. I just... wanted to speak openly.

(beat)

Thank you... Ai and Suksuk... for listening.

Hendra and Lydia exchange a glance. Their expressions soften just a little, though the doubt remains.

CUT TO:

22. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Lydia sits at the kitchen island, head resting in her hand, deep in thought. Her face is calm but tired. Hendra leans against the wall nearby, arms crossed, staring at the floor.

HENDRA

Maybe we should give him a chance, Lyd. I know you do not like the idea, but... Amelia's not the same lately.

(beat)

She's been coming home late, staying in her room, barely even talking to us anymore... I am worried about her.

Lydia clenches her jaw, clearly fighting back her emotions. She stares at the open doorway leading to the living room. From where she sits, she can still see Aditya, partially obscured by the wall, sitting in the same spot.

LYDIA

No. We can't just let him in like that. Amelia's been fine on her own.

HENDRA

it is not the same, Lyd. She's isolating herself more and more.

(beat)

I do not think we can just keep pretending everything's okay... she's not the same Amelia we used to know.

(beat)

We've both hurt her in the past. Maybe... giving Aditya a chance might be the way to fix things.

Lydia's lips tighten into a thin line as she looks toward the ground, her gaze distant, lost in thought. She does not answer right away.

The silence lingers, thick and uncomfortable. Hendra steps closer and sits across from her, holding her hand.

HENDRA (CONT'D)

Lyd... we can't decide for her. This isn't just about us anymore. it is about Amelia... about what's going to make her happy.

Lydia does not respond at first. Her body stiffened. She opens her mouth to speak but hesitates.

LYDIA

I do not know anymore.

(beat)

I just... wanted what's best for
our little girl.

Hendra looks at her for a moment, his eyes softening as he
wipes her hand.

HENDRA

I know, Lyd. But she is not
little anymore. We can't always
be scared for her.

(beat)

Sometimes... letting go of that
fear is the only way forward.

Lydia remains silent, her face unreadable. She looks down
at the table, lost in her thoughts. Hendra watches her,
still holding her hand. Both sit in silence.

CUT TO:

23. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY/FRONT DOOR - DAY

Aditya, Lydia, and Hendra walk toward the front door. As
Aditya steps outside, he turns around to face them.

ADITYA

Once again, thank you, Ai, Suk.
I am sorry for coming
unannounced like this.

HENDRA

it is okay. Thank you for
speaking with us.

(beat)

Just remember, it is not only us
who have to make a decision. You
also have to decide your own
future.

(beat)

Whether that means walking away
or coming back, it is up to you.
As for our decision... we'll see
how things go.

ADITYA

I understand. Thank you. I'll
take my leave now. Suk, Ai.

Aditya walks away from the house, heading toward his car. Lydia and Hendra stand in silence, watching him go. Hendra gently wraps an arm around Lydia's shoulder and strokes her arm. Lydia stays silent, eyes fixed on Aditya—her gaze distant, like something is slipping away.

CUT TO:

24. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE — AMELIA'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

The room is dim, lit only by a small desk lamp. Lydia enters slowly, her footsteps gentle against the floor.

She scans the room: neatly made bed, unopened water bottle on the nightstand, curtains half-drawn. Her eyes settle on the desk. Childhood photographs of Amelia—laughing in school uniform, grinning beside a birthday cake, arms wrapped around a younger Lydia—are spread out on the wall, and some are framed on the desk.

At the center lies an open notebook. Lydia picks it up carefully. It is Amelia's journal. Lydia grabs it, sits at the edge of the bed, and slowly flips it over. The pages are filled with tight, slanted handwriting. She begins to read.

Each entry starts with small complaints: long hours, pressure at work, and feeling out of place. But as Lydia flips through the pages, the tone shifts. The words become heavier, angrier, and sadder.

The entries blur into one another:

"Tired."

"No one notices."

"Everything feels pointless."

"Why do I always have to choose between being good and being happy?"

"Am I a disappointment?"

Lydia's fingers tremble slightly. Her eyes linger on a final page with no date.

"I am exhausted from being who they expect me to be."

Lydia closes the journal slowly, her face blank, but her eyes glassy. She looks around the room again: quiet, untouched, lonely.

CUT TO:

25. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE — LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

It is late at night. The sound of a car driving away is heard as the front door opens. Amelia enters the house and quietly closes the door behind her. She removes her shoes and walks down the hallway.

Amelia notices that the TV in the living room is still on. She stops and glances toward the living room. Lydia and Hendra are sitting side by side on the couch, watching TV in silence.

Amelia slowly walks toward the living room, approaching Lydia and Hendra. She stands near them without saying a word. Lydia and Hendra glance at her briefly, then turn their eyes back to the TV.

Amelia continues to stand silently, her face filled with confusion and frustration, as if she wants to say something but does not know how.

AMELIA

Mom, Dad, I am sorry.

Her voice is low, nearly cracking. Lydia and Hendra turn to look at her again.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I feel... lost. Like everything's falling apart, and I-I do not know how to stop it.

(beat)

Every day feels like I am sinking. I wake up exhausted. I work... until I forget who I am. I come home, and I feel... empty.

(beat)

I haven't returned Aditya's calls... I do not even know what to say to him... Or to either of you.

Her voice breaks. She tries to hold it together, but tears well up in her eyes.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I thought I was strong enough... I really did.

(beat)

(CONT'D)

But lately... even breathing
feels like something I have to
remember to do.

(beat)

I—I can't do this anymore. I
give up. You win.

Hendra slowly rises from the couch. He walks over to her
and gently wraps his arms around her. Amelia leans into his
embrace, her body folding as she begins to cry.

Lydia remains seated, unmoving, but her expression softens
from cold into quiet sadness.

HENDRA

it is okay, we got you.

AMELIA

I am scared, Dad. I do not even
know what I am scared of... but
it is always there.

LYDIA

(softly)

You're not weak for feeling this
way.

Amelia looks down at Lydia, her eyes red and full of pain.

AMELIA

Then why do I feel like a
disappointment?

Lydia's face begins to crumble.

LYDIA

Because we forgot to remind you
that you're allowed to feel
lost. That you're human... not
just a daughter who has to be
perfect.

Lydia slowly stands. She walks over and gently places a
hand on Amelia's back.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Have you eaten anything?

Amelia shakes her head.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

How about I make you something
warm? Corn cheese soup, your
favorite?

Amelia nods. Lydia smiles at her, then joins Hendra in embracing Amelia. The three of them stand quietly in a hug. The soft glow from the television lights up the dim room. The faint sound from the TV plays in the background of their moment.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Lydia holds out a familiar keychain with a faded plush charm: Amelia's old car keys. Amelia pauses. Her eyes flicker to Lydia's, unsure. Lydia doesn't push, just gives a small nod. Amelia smiles, reaches out, and takes the keys.

A row of glowing screens. Amelia types quickly, then stops and looks at the time on her monitor. She closes her laptop and gathers her bag. She walks out.

Lydia sets down a bowl of steaming soup in front of Amelia. Hendra hands over a plate of sauteed vegetables. The three of them enjoy dinner while chatting.

Lydia and Hendra sit side by side on the couch, half-watching a cooking show. Amelia walks in with a mug of warm tea. She stands for a second, then takes a seat on the far end of the couch, keeping a respectful distance. They watch TV together.

The room is dimly lit by the soft blue glow of a nightlight near the window. Amelia is curled up under her blanket, her breathing slow and even.

Lydia and Hendra stand in the hallway, peeking in quietly. Lydia holds onto the doorframe, her eyes lingering on Amelia's sleeping form. Hendra stands behind her, his hand resting gently on Lydia's shoulder.

CUT TO:

26. INT. AMELIA'S HOUSE - DINING TABLE - NIGHT

The ticking of the wall clock fills the room. The lighting is dim. Lydia sits at the dining table with a cup of tea

and an open book resting in front of her. Every now and then, she takes a sip of her tea, her gaze focused on the pages before her.

FOOTSTEPS approach the room. A shadow appears, inching closer, but Lydia remains focused on her book.

AMELIA

Mom?

Amelia stands at the entrance of the room, looking at Lydia. Her hair is slightly messy, and she's wearing worn-out pajamas.

Lydia turns to look at Amelia.

LYDIA

You're still up? it is late. do
not you have work tomorrow?

Amelia walks toward the dining table and sits next to Lydia.

AMELIA

I couldn't sleep.
(beat)
And it is Saturday tomorrow.
(beat)
What are you reading?

LYDIA

A biography.

Amelia lets out a quiet OH and nods. The two sit in silence for a moment.

AMELIA

Mom?

LYDIA

Yeah?

AMELIA

Have you ever tried to forget
something—something you know...
you're supposed to let go of—but
you just... can't? Because deep
down, you're not ready to let it
go?

Lydia looks up from her book and meets Amelia's eyes.

LYDIA

Like what, for example?

AMELIA

I do not know... maybe like...
my relationship with Aditya.

Lydia COUGHS slightly and takes a sip of her tea, then goes back to her book, avoiding eye contact.

LYDIA

What's going through your mind?

Amelia rests her hands on the table, her fingers fidgeting nervously as her eyes stay fixed on them.

AMELIA

I do not know... just... him.

(beat)

I know I haven't said much about
him since that night... but he's
still here... every day... every
night.

(beat)

I miss him more than I can
explain. And not just the
person, but the... peace I felt
when I was with him. I felt like
I could be myself.

LYDIA

You two were very close.

AMELIA

It wasn't perfect. We had
problems. But it was real. And I
just—I do not know how to let go
of something that felt... so
right. Even now, I still love
him. Is that... wrong?

Lydia SIGHS deeply.

LYDIA

No... it is not wrong to love.

Amelia looks at Lydia. Lydia looks back at Amelia.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

it is just hard to love when the
world tells you who you're
allowed to love.

Lydia closes her book and looks straight ahead. She leans
back with a faint smile forming on her face.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

When I was your age, I had
someone too. A boy... Javanese.
Smart. Kind.

(beat)

Shocking, right?

Amelia has an expression of disbelief written on her face.
She does not say anything but nods.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

He gave me a book once... poems
in two languages, side by side.

(beat)

I hid it under my bed. Your
grandma found it. She burned
it... said I disgrace myself...
said we didn't survive May '98
just so I could marry the people
who hunted us.

The both of them sit in silence for a few minutes. Amelia
is trying to process the new information, and Lydia waits
quietly.

AMELIA

I... didn't... know that.

LYDIA

Well, I never told anyone... not
even your father. Not because I
was ashamed... I never felt that
way... but people... our
people... their voices echoed in
my head. It felt like... loving
him was a betrayal of everyone
we lost.

(beat)

So I buried it. And I have lived
a good life, Mel. But
sometimes... I wonder who I
could've been if I hadn't been
so afraid.

A long silence passes. Lydia holds Amelia's hand and looks directly into her eyes.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

So no. Loving him isn't wrong. I just... didn't want you to face what I did. To live with your heart half-beating... always questioning... always proving yourself.

(beat)

We carry too much history, you and I. Too many ghosts we didn't invite but still owe something to.

Amelia blinks through her tears, her voice trembling.

AMELIA

I was never trying to erase anything... I love who we are. I love our food, our stories, our language... even the messy parts.

(beat)

But I also love him... and I do not know if I can live a life where I have to choose between them.

Lydia leans closer to Amelia and places a hand on her shoulder, gently stroking it.

LYDIA

You do not have to choose. You just have to be... brave enough to find a new way forward. A way where both can exist... if not peacefully, at least honestly.

Amelia looks down and SIGHS.

AMELIA

He texted me two weeks ago... I never replied. I was scared. Scared he'd moved on. Scared I hurt him too much. Scared of you... of disappointing you again.

LYDIA

You did disappoint me. But not
for loving him. For shutting me
out.

Amelia flinches slightly. Lydia softens.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

But I shut you out first. I
judged before I tried to
understand. I see that now.

Amelia's eyes become teary, but she tries to hold it. Her
voice starts to break.

AMELIA

So... if I wanted to talk to
him... to maybe try again...
would you... would you kick me
out?

Lydia cups Amelia's face gently, wiping a tear from her
cheek.

LYDIA

Amelia... You will always be my
daughter. My blood. My heart.
Not even a man—not even a
thousand years of tradition—can
take that away.

(beat)

I might not understand
everything right away. And yes,
the family... they'll talk. They
always do. But I promise you
this: I will try. I will stand
next to you, even when it is
hard.

AMELIA

Even if they all turn their
backs?

LYDIA

Then we'll keep walking. One
step at a time. As long as you
do not leave me behind again.

Lydia hugs Amelia. Amelia breaks down, crying in her arms.
Lydia slowly strokes Amelia's hair and tries to calm her.
The sound of Amelia's CRYING mixes with the TICKING of the

wall clock and the occasional CHIRP of crickets outside. The clock ticks on, but in their stillness, time feels suspended.

CUT TO:

27. INT/EXT. AMELIA'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

The afternoon sun streams through the windows, casting warm light across the house. The soft hum of the outside world—the distant CHATTER of neighbors, the RUSTLING of leaves in the breeze—fills the air. The doorbell RINGS.

Amelia, dressed casually in an oversized t-shirt and shorts, walks toward the front door. She opens the door, and her eyes immediately meet Aditya's.

Aditya is standing on the doorstep, holding a bag of takeout. His expression is both hopeful and a little unsure, like he's not sure whether to smile or apologize. In his hand is a bag of *ayam geprek*.

ADITYA

Hey. I, uh... I brought you lunch. it is the *ayam geprek* from that place near your old campus... I didn't know if you'd want it, but it is your favorite.

Amelia blinks, surprised to see him, her breath catching in her throat for a moment. She stands frozen, processing the unexpected sight of him.

AMELIA

(taken aback)

Aditya, I... what are you doing here?

ADITYA

I know this is weird. I know we haven't talked, and maybe... you do not want to see me, but I didn't want to leave things like this.

(beat)

I have been thinking a lot, and I—I wanted to make things right.

Amelia stays silent, her arms crossed over her chest, unsure of what to say or how to feel. Aditya starts to feel nervous.

ADITYA (CONT'D)

I visited your parents the other day... I asked them about you... and us... I asked if I could have another chance with you, if I could prove to them that I am serious about this, about us.

Amelia's heart skips a beat, the shock of his words slowly sinking in. She looks at him with a confused expression as she searches for the right words.

AMELIA

You... went to my parents?

Aditya nods. His whole body starts to show his nervousness as he answers the question.

ADITYA

Yes. I just... I was so worried about you. You didn't answer my texts, my calls, or my emails. I barely heard from you, and I know you are in a rough place.

(beat)

And I miss us. Everything has been so quiet without you. I miss eating sushi every week... our late-night drive... our late-night call. Your presence... your smiles... your laugh, just... everything.

Amelia blinks rapidly, eyes welling with tears. She bites her lips and takes a deep breath, trying to control her emotion before she answers him.

AMELIA

I was... distancing myself from you. I was scared... that I'd hurt you more by staying with you. But being apart from you was... hell. It was far harder than being with you.

Aditya becomes more relaxed.

ADITYA

I know... your parents sort of told me. And I do not blame you, honestly. I understand... you are in a very tough position right now. Just... a simple text would've been much better.

Amelia chuckles.

AMELIA

I know, I am sorry. I was shutting myself off from everyone. It didn't cross my mind.

ADITYA

it is fine. But promise to not disappear from me again, okay?

AMELIA

Okay. I promise.

A quiet pause. Aditya offers a bag of *ayam geprek* to Amelia. She takes it slowly, a small smile forming on her face.

The late afternoon sun paints a golden hue across Aditya's face. Aditya's jaw tightens. His eyes drop for a beat.

ADITYA

I have been lonely, Mel. Not just because I missed you... but because I didn't know if you were okay. I kept wondering if you were eating, if you were sleeping, if someone was holding you when you cried.

(beat)

I should've been there... in person... but all I could do was wonder and wonder. And for that... I am really sorry.

Amelia looks down, blinking away tears.

ADITYA (CONT'D)

If you let me, I want to try again. I won't pressure you. I won't expect anything. I'll just... show up. The way I

should've before. Just give me
the chance.

Amelia takes a breath, collecting herself. She meets his
eyes again.

AMELIA

Why now? Why go through all
this... suddenly?

ADITYA

Because I finally understood
this isn't just about loving
you. it is about standing with
you... and standing up to the
things that scare me... your
parents, our differences, our
future.

(beat)

So I went to them. I sat across
from your father... I looked
your mother in the eyes... I
told them I still love you, and
I want to be someone they can
trust with you.

A silence follows. A beat later, FOOTSTEPS are heard behind
Amelia. Amelia turns. Lydia and Hendra appear behind her.
Lydia places a hand gently on Amelia's shoulder.

LYDIA

It wasn't an easy conversation.

HENDRA

(to AMELIA)

He clocked us out. And made us
argue. Your mother almost kicked
me out.

Aditya lets out a nervous chuckle. Amelia lets out a small
laugh through her tears.

LYDIA

(to AMELIA)

But he was honest. And
respectful.

(to ADITYA)

And maybe a little desperate.

HENDRA

Which is a good sign. Means he knows what he's up against.

The four of them share a laugh together.

LYDIA

We're not giving our blessing. Not yet. But we're giving you a chance.

(beat)

One. Small. Chance.

Aditya's back straightens slightly. His expression turns more serious, humbled.

ADITYA

Thank you, Ai, Suksuk. I swear I won't waste it.

Amelia turns back to her parents, her voice quivering with emotion.

AMELIA

Thank you. For giving this a chance... for giving me a chance.

Amelia steps forward and hugs Lydia and Hendra. Lydia wraps her arms around her daughter. Hendra pats Amelia's back. Aditya smiles, looking at the three of them hugging.

HENDRA

Just remember, Aditya, one mistake, one wrong step, and you'll have to deal with me.

Aditya throws his hands up.

ADITYA

Understood. I'll earn it. Every bit of it.

LYDIA

Well, you can start by letting us eat that ayam geprek before it gets cold.

AMELIA

Oh my God, yes! It is the best ayam geprek in the world.

(CONT'D)
(to Lydia and
Hendra)

You guys have *HAVE* to try it.

(to ADITYA)

Come on, get in. I am starving.

Lydia and Hendra walk inside the hallway, hand in hand. Amelia gently takes Aditya's hand and leads him into the house.

CUT TO:

28. EXT. AMELIA'S HOUSE - FRONT HOUSE - DAY

The front door begins to swing shut slowly, its hinges groaning faintly in the quiet. Outside, the world carries on: a bird CHIRPS from a nearby tree branch, the RUSTLING leaves dance in the breeze, and faint voices from NEIGHBORS chanting and doing their everyday routine.

As the door clicks shut, the last frame holds still for a beat. Then, from inside, the soft sound of OVERLAPPING CONVERSATION rises. There's a brief burst of gentle laughter, followed by the clinking of footsteps echoing further into the house.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN ON:

END CREDITS.

FADE OUT.

THE END