

NOT BALI

Written by

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INT. WALL STREET TRADING QUAD - DAY

The penthouse level in a commercial high-rise buzzes with an army of suited traders scrutinizing screens.

A cluster of modern desks near the window with the best view of the timeless Manhattan skyline under a brilliant blue sky.

ASHLEY ROSS, 40, high-pressure salesman with amazing hair, stares at the expansive world beyond the window. With confidence, he replies to the squeaky voice on the phone.

ASHLEY

It will be done.

Ashley fixes his hair. His eyes gloss by JOHN, 30, a perfectly tanned Ivy-league machine.

JOHN

--and we expect the undercurrents to spread as China devalues and Indo-china's growth accelerates. We predict--

ASHLEY

I predict.

Displeased, Ashley steeples his fingers.

JOHN (O.S.)

--Mr. Ross, our managing director, predicts the convergence-divergence scenario. The transformation from a commodity to industrial based culture will necessitate more efficient agricultural growth--

Ashley sees a small desk photo of a beautiful woman with dark features in a Yoga Tree pose, a photo of two happy toddlers. He considers them and smiles.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

An event not yet recognized by the smart money. Mr. Ross sees trends, patterns, invisible to the naked eye, such as this one. You didn't get to where you are today without anything less than excellence in your field of--

John finds the answer.

JOHN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 --biomedical engineering. Did you?  
 Of course not. That is exactly what  
 Mr. Ross has done. A vote of  
 confidence, fund a new account with  
 a wire \$250k. Is that fair enough?

ASHLEY  
 John. Short a spider block, get Mr.  
 Gillis the fill.

John nods and works his keyboard as the seemingly ignored  
 voice on the phone squeaks some concerns. He cups the phone.

JOHN  
 It's in. Pending compliance  
 approval.

ASHLEY  
 Very well.

John's eyes bulge as he sees TRADER 1 smile and hand Ashley a  
 espresso to-go cup.

Bothered, Ashley alerts at the coffee chain's logo and shakes  
 his head sideways.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
 What's this?

TRADER 1  
 Torey's closed. This okay?

Ashley sniffs and frowns.

ASHLEY  
 Torey's closed? This is garbage.  
 The beans sat in transit for weeks.  
 No one gets it. Plantation to cup  
 in a day. Fred Smith--

TRADER 1  
 --The FedEx guy, right?

RICK, 35, glares at Trader 1 and watches Ashley frown and  
 take a sip.

ASHLEY  
 Not God awful. But close.

RICK  
 I'll find another place boss.

Satisfied, Ashley sees it's 3:52. He slips on his headset and fixes his perfect hair.

Rick beams as Trader 1 hands out espressos and sits.

TRADER 1

What?

RICK

New guy already fucking up.

JOHN (O.S.)

You are right to be concerned about the risk. Mr. Ross recognizes these FX trends, and that is why we are on the phone with you today. When an opportunity like this presents itself, you must act.

Ashley marvels at the blue sky. He closes his eyes and fondly remembers his childhood.

FLASHBACK

EXT. CROP FIELDS - DAY

Ashley soars through the blue sky as a CHILD, 10, dashes and laughs among a field of golden hay.

RETURN TO PRESENT

Ashley's face registers satisfaction as the Child's laughter echoes and fades.

Ashley glances at a glass paneled Compliance Office sits ridged as he realizes the office is empty. Concerned, Ashley swipes some hair back into place and his eyes settle on John.

ASHLEY

Is it filled?

JOHN

No. Pending.

ASHLEY

Fuck. He's supposed to be there.

John jumps to his feet and hand cups the phone.

JOHN

I'm on it.

John tosses the phone and dashes. Rick makes a clumsy catch and picks up exactly where John left off.

RICK  
So when shall I set a meeting with  
Mr. Ross?

INT. TRADING HALLWAY - DAY

John passes the Compliance Office. He searches alcoves and offices. He sees the bathroom door and shoves it.

JOHN  
Kevin. You in-

INT. TRADING BATHROOM - DAY

A meek and hurried voice behind a stall door.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
--Yeah? Yeah. I'm just really  
needed to-

JOHN  
--get back to your desk. We got a  
trade up. And, it's two minutes  
out. He'll lose his shit.

KEVIN, 35, spineless and disliked, emits a girlish huff of disgust as he zips his pants.

John taps his foot and beams as Kevin opens the stall door.

Skittish, Kevin squirms and shuffles past. He tucks in his shirt and adjusts his for-show bifocals.

KEVIN  
I'm sorry, I really needed to go. I  
thought it could-

JOHN  
--No it can't. Get back to your  
desk!

INT. TRADING QUAD - DAY

Agitated, Ashley watches John wander back. Eager, he studies John for an answer.

JOHN  
It's getting done.

Tense, Ashley fusses with his hair and paces. He curses under his breath and glares at Kevin.

ASHLEY

Fuck. That little muther--

John's eyes go wide as he sees MARTY, 50, jittery and polished, traverse the hallway.

JOHN

--Heads. Marty.

Marty alerts as Ashley kicks a waste bin into the window. He avoids eye contact and absconds.

ASHLEY

Fuck. How am I supposed to run trades when the compliance officer isn't at his desk!

John alerts to his screen.

JOHN

It's filled. We're good. Right?

ASHLEY

Yes, I suppose.

JOHN

What's Kristy tell you, Ash?  
Breathe. Like you need Yoga to tell you that.

Ashley scoffs and considers a reply.

JOHN (CONT'D)

How is she? By the way.

John recognizes a sore topic as Ashley glares and looks for a distraction.

Concerned, Trader 1 notices Ashley check his watch and fidget. He leans over to Rick.

TRADER 1

What's the deal? The guy stepped away. A minute won't change--

RICK

--It's not that. Today's the last trading day before Options expire.

TRADER 1

We don't trade options.

RICK

But Safra does. He's running his P/L. Right now. Rumor has it, exactly 5 minutes to close. Every expiration day, two calls to brokers, one drops an axe, the other, a golden ticket.

TRADER 1

Ash has a boatload of clients.

RICK

Ashley's been courting Safra for years. Fucking sends him Dom and LobsterGrams every holiday. Hoping for a shot.

TRADER 1

Seems pointless.

RICK

You're pointless. What the fuck do you know? Safra is a whale with a dozen brokers trading 25 Mil plus. LPOA account. You know what means?

TRADER 1

We get out of this quadrangle shit set up and get private offices?

Rick sees Ashley's face redden.

RICK

We were in private offices. Mr. Ross developed this quad desk for the team because--

ASHLEY

--to succeed you need to look the man you're working with, right in the eyes, so he knows you believe. He has to know your level of commitment, so he can see you do what you ask of him. You don't get that hiding in some private office.

Rick scowls and waves two fingers at Trader 1.

Ashley sees its 3:55 and prays for the phone to ring. It's only seconds but they feel much longer.

TRADER 1

If Safra calls, it'll be now?

RICK

Yep. But pencil-dick needs to stay at his desk, cuz we better get that first trade off, cuz Safra's won't wait around for our compliance officer to take a shit.

Frustrated, Ashley sighs and pushes his hair back. He reclines and frowns as he shakes his espresso cup.

Trader 1 peeks and makes eye contact with Ashley. Under his breath, he sings.

TRADER 1

Next time.

Ashley alerts as his phone rings CalledID Unknown. He gathers himself and answers.

ASHLEY

Hello. This is Ash.

A heavy foreign voice replies.

SAFRA (V.O.)

Hello Mr. Ross. My secretary has always enjoyed the tokens you send. Your persistence has impressed him.

INT. LUXURY PRIVATE JET - DAY

SAFRA, 50, oozes panache and esteem as he scans a panoply of screens.

INTERCUT between Ashley and Safra.

ASHLEY

Sir. I'm sure you—

SAFRA

You have 3 minutes. I've transmitted instructions. I must unwind a position. Sell 2,000 UBER calls and purchase 800 XLF puts.

ASHLEY

I. We. Don't specialize in options. We run FX hedges on—

SAFRA

Yes. I know. That's what this is. A hedge on a failed position.

(MORE)



SAFRA (CONT'D)

You'll get trade proceeds plus 5 million. If you get this done.

ASHLEY

It's 3:58.

SAFRA

Yes. No time to waste.

Safra ends the call.

Ashley considers next steps and his face registers crystal focus. Locked in thought, a clump of hair falls out of place and he fixes it. He sees the traders await guidance.

ASHLEY

Rick, standby to sell 2,000 UBER calls and buy 800 xtf puts, at market. John, get the account opened.

The quad fills with bustling activity.

TRADER 1

Uber's a dog. Man, who'd buy that? Glorified taxi service with a billion dollar valuation.

Rick interjects as he sees Ashley glare at Trader 1.

RICK

Uh. Strike 2. Douche. We. Mr. Ross. Love the communal ride share platform. Dislikes their management at the moment. Say less bro.

John alerts at Kevin's empty chair. He scans the area and his jaw hangs as worry sets in.

JOHN

Boss. Serious problem.

Ashley sees the empty chair. He leaps and the roller chair topples.

ASHLEY

Find him. Now!

John races down the hallway.

INT. TRADING HALLWAY - DAY

John suspects and dashes to the bathroom.

INT. TRADING BATHROOM - DAY

John slams the door open.

JOHN

Kevin!

John scans and listens. He hears nothing and races on.

INT. TRADING HALLWAY - DAY

John peeks his head into offices and the break room. He looks everywhere. Exhausted, he jogs to the quad.

INT. TRADING QUAD - DAY

Ashley sees John and hopes for good news.

ASHLEY

We're set?

JOHN

I can't find him!

Battling panic, Ashley sees the clock, it's 3:58:43.

ASHLEY

Where is that little shit?

JOHN

I looked everywhere.

Ashley realizes where Kevin may be.

ASHLEY

On this floor. The E-bathroom! Get the profile loaded.

Ashley tears at his headset and his hair falls. A gulp of air as he eyes the stairway door and prepares to run.

A patent leather dress shoe rises and arcs. It's about to strike carpet.

EXT. STARLIT JUNGLE PATH - NIGHT

An endless tropical rain forest. Light rain falls. Droplets bounce off foliage and trickle to the jungle floor.

Splat. A boot heel strikes thick mud. A pair of hurried boots flash past in stride and stomp a puddle. Brown water roils and tiny waves peel onto the banks.

SAM EFRON, 50, wiry and driven, glances behind for an unseen pursuer as he pumps his arms to run faster. His pale face is peppered with dirt and riddled with terror.

His raggedy-hair swings as he stumbles on the uneven surface. A tree branch snags his grimy tropical shirt. He follows the overgrown trail. He sees an opening ahead and sprints.

EXT. HILLS OF TERRACED CROPS - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A terraced mountainside of coffee plants and a rickety wooden shed.

Sam races towards a small structure. Sam skids to a stop. His dirty fingers tug and handle and the warped door sticks. He clenches his jaw and yanks.

INT. TRADING HALLWAY - DAY

The door flies open. Ashley marches towards the luxurious executive bathroom entrance.

INT. TRADING EXECUTIVE BATHROOM - DAY

Kevin shuffles his feet and emits a series of uncomfortable gasps. The sounds of diarrhea and a relieved breath.

Kevin alerts to the sound of a flung door as it strikes the wall.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Kevin!

Kevin peeks between the stall walls. He gulps as he recognizes an angry voice and a search for him.

KEVIN

Uh. Yeah? I'm in here.

Kevin shrieks as a shoulder smashes the stall door open. He sees a mop of hair and Ashley's wild scowl. He repels as a set of hands grab and tug him.

ASHLEY

Get up you little fuckin shit!

Kevin clutches a handful of tissue to cover his privates and struggles to pull up his pants.

KEVIN

No. Let go!

Ashley yanks Kevin to his feet and shoves him stumbling into a wall.

ASHLEY

Now. Go.

INT. TRADING HALLWAY - DAY

Maddened, Ashley swipes his hair. He sees its 3:59:10.

ASHLEY

You're going to your desk! You  
fucking hit approve! Now!

Ashley shoves Kevin's face into the stairwell door speakeasy. Impact, the door flies open.

INT. RICKETY WOODEN SHED - NIGHT

Sam discards the unhinged door. He yanks a dangling cord and a single light bulb illuminates. Trembling, he grabs a filthy telephone. A spider jumps as he jabs some buttons.

SAM

C'mon. C'mon.

CATHY (V.O.)

Hello?

SAM

Cathy, Cathy!

CATHY (V.O.)

Dad?

SAM

Get your brothers. Get out. Now!  
Don't wait. Don't grab anything.  
Run. I'll meet you at the path near  
the well.

CATHY (V.O.)

Dad. What's going on? Where's mom-

SAM

Cathy do you-

The phone goes dead. Sam studies it. In disbelief, he bangs the handset and clicks the receiver.

Sam hears some noise outside and alerts. He goes still and listens. He recognizes the calls of men searching.

Sam peers towards the distance. He hears distant foreign shouting voices headed towards him. He prepares to run and turns the light off.

INT. TRADING COMPLIANCE OFFICE - DAY

Slam. Kevin impacts a wall and the lights flicker. Ashley fist pounds the wall and shoves Kevin to his seat.

ASHLEY  
Now. Now! Approve it.

Whimpering, Kevin clicks the mouse and keyboard as Ashley wags a warning finger.

KEVIN  
I'm doing it. I'm--

ASHLEY  
--C'mon. C'mon! If you fuck me. I swear to god. Do it. Do it! You little piece of fucking--

Unsure and worried, John sees its 3:59.48.

JOHN  
--Boss. We good?

Bothered, John looks away as Ashley rips Kevin's shirt.

KEVIN  
Almost. Almost.

JOHN  
Rick is standing by.

Kevin's shaking error prone fingers slow things.

ASHLEY  
Do it. Fucking do it!

Kevin recognizes a mistake and backtracks to fix it.

John grips the door frame. He sees Rick's waiting stare.

JOHN  
Hey. Ready?

KEVIN

I need a-

ASHLEY

--you don't have a goddam fucking second! Do it!

Eyes beam between fallen hair, Ashley raises his hands and slams his palms down.

EXT. ESTATE HOUSE - NIGHT

A picturesque Colonial era estate.

Sam slams his palms against the door to slow. Sam tugs and lunges, and Sam plows into it. Confused, Sam inches back, clicks the plunger and shoves the door open.

INT. ESTATE FOYER - NIGHT

Sam eyes the vastness. He emits a doubt filled call.

SAM

Cathy, Rod!

He hears nothing and searches the house.

INT. ESTATE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam hears noises outside. He peers through the window and sees figures moving about the yard. He wonders what to do.

He hears creaks and some footsteps on the lanai.

SAM

No. No. This can't be happening.

He backs away and considers something. He storms into the pantry. He moves some boxes and sees a shotgun. He grabs it and summons all his courage.

INT. ESTATE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam marches across the kitchen and eyes the window. He checks the shotgun in steps. He senses something horribly wrong. He sees the chamber is empty and knows the gun is unloaded.

His confidence and hope fade and his eyes drop. He stops in surrender and snuffles.

SAM  
How? How, how, how. Why?

In disbelief, he studies the gun's chamber. His eyes tear as his face registers hopeless despair. Inevitability.

He hears foreign voices grow close and some footsteps inside.

Sam looks up and notices dark-skinned bare feet before him.

Two men in wrap pants enter and loosely train rusty pistols on Sam. A pistol gestures and Sam drops the shotgun.

The silent crowd sees Sam study the floor.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Please. Please. My kids.

Sam hears a bare-footed step. He closes his eyes and braces.

The sound of a rough metal edge being unsheathed.

Worried and confused, Sam snuffles.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Please let them go. Pl-

The blade slices the air. A neat pink opening appears on Sam's throat and blood pours.

Sam's face registers confusion and he falls to his knees. He balances for a second as his face softens.

The blood river forms a V and races down his shirt.

Sam's collapses and strikes the floor with a thud.

The pitted tip of the rusty blade hovers near Sam's corpse. Dark-skinned bare feet shuffle, turn and silently exit.

The two armed men study Sam's corpse. Indifferent, they shrug and wander out. The last man tugs the door and turns out light. The door squeaks shut.

INT. TRADING COMPLIANCE OFFICE - DAY

Two white-knuckled hands press the desk. A wave of fallen hair shields Ashley's trembling face. Heavy silence as a screen flashes "Pending."

Fearful, Kevin shelters and his pudgy hands cling the arm rests. He whimpers and avoids eye contact.

Ashley takes a few jagged deep breaths as he contemplates something rational.

In the doorway, John senses a problem and braces. He sees it's 4:00:19.

JOHN

Boss?

John sees Ashley sway and deliberate. He wanders away.

Ashley peeks at the weak man responsible and glances at wall adorned with awards.

ASHLEY

You. You!

Ashley emits a primal scream of rage and smashes everything. Kevin trembles and cowers in fear he's next.

KEVIN

No. Please! No!

Ashley raises the computer monitor above Kevin's head.

ASHLEY

You ruined everything!

Ashley roars and smashes the monitor.

Kevin shrieks and wishes it all away.

EXT. ESTATE WELL - NIGHT

A dim flashlight waves about. Three huddled children whimper.

Braving fear, CATHY, 11, a shepherd, fiddles with the light. ROD, 8, and KYLE, 6, bury their faces in Cathy's shirt.

CATHY

Shush. We need to be quiet. Dad will be here soon.

ROD

What's going on?

CATHY

I don't know. He said come here.

A moment of quiet between sobs. The soft sound of bare feet creeping on brush.



CATHY (CONT'D)

Quiet.

Cathy senses something and peers into the darkness. A shadowy figure emerges. The boys cling tighter.

Cathy raises the flashlight. She sees a familiar figure and her face registers bewilderment.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Pak Utom?

UTOM, 35, rugged and scorned, his bare feet shuffle near. He makes a hollow offering.

UTOM

Children. We have searched everywhere for you. There's been an accident. Your father. You must come.

Utom extends a hand to Cathy. The scared boys peek.

CATHY

Is he okay? Where's is he? Where's mom?

Cathy sees a cast of shadowy figures surrounds them. Her concern shifts to her and her brothers.

UTOM

Come. With me. Now.

Cathy recognizes she has no option. Skeptical, she offers her hand. The children shuffle forward.

Some men pry Rod and Kyle from Cathy's side.

Concerned, Cathy remains poised as Utom tugs her hand.

CATHY

Where? What?

Rod and Kyle sob as they disappear into the darkness.

Concealing panic, Cathy speaks in measured words and wags the flashlight in search of the boys.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Pak Utom. Where are you taking them?

UTOM

It better they don't see.

Cathy puzzles. The flashlight passes across Utom's scabbard. She sees it and wonders. She watches his bare feet shuffle a few needless paced steps and recognizes a distraction.

Utom sees the boys are gone. He releases Cathy's hand and steps away.

The sound of rough metal unsheathed. The air sliced.

The flashlight falls to the ground.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER: NOT BALI

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER: BULE

SUPER: Pronounced: ['bu'ley])

SUPER: In Indonesia (Bahasa) to describe a foreigner, people of light hair color, eye color and pale skin.

SUPER: Some consider Bule derogatory and offensive.

SUPER: Used by radicals to justify extremist behavior.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Three DARK MEN with broken shovels watch RATHMAN, 16, fair skin and lanky, as he stands in a shallow grave and makes some final touches.

Nearby, two men pack mud in a small grave.

Two corpses lay covered in blood and mud. One is Sam's. The other, was his wife.

A DIGGER leans on the shovel as he compares the size of the bodies to the hole. He nods to Rathman.

DIGGER

Bagus.

Rathman climbs out. He is much taller than the others. Rathman cleans his mud-caked bare feet in the river.

The Dark Men kick the corpses into the grave.

Sam's corpse slides. The woman's corpse rolls on top. The arms and legs twist in the pile.

The Digger sees the woman's rigor-mortis open hand raised high. He mimics the corpse's wave and flashes a clever smile. The group chuckles.

Unceremoniously, they shovel some mud into the hole.

Rathman returns. His pale skin and brown hair is a stark contrast to the Dark Men.

The Digger stops work and nods to Rathman.

DIGGER (CONT'D)

Bule.

The Digger nods to the hole and the Dark Men stop work.

The Dark Men exchange indecipherable foreign phrases with "Bule" peppered throughout. They ping-pong glances between Rathman and the corpse.

Rathman seems to understand. He silently listens.

The Dark Men decide and wander away. The Digger instructs Rathman with some foreign words.

Rathman understands and fills in the hole alone.

INT. TRADING MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

In despair, Ashley buries his hands in his hair.

Marty beams and pretends to contemplate a decision made.

MARTY

I just don't. I've seen this coming. What got into you? Why? After all these years. Why?

Ashley shudders. He glances at Marty and stands. Stresses, he pushes his hair back and paces as his face twists.

Marty postures and anticipates a plea.

ASHLEY

Marty. I didn't touch him.

MARTY

You don't get it.

ASHLEY

Let me talk to him.

MARTY

No.

ASHLEY

We can settle this.

MARTY

By we, you mean the firm. We. Are settling this.

ASHLEY

Then what's the problem?

MARTY

The problem? There's no way. For you to work here.

ASHLEY

I'll take my team and leave.

MARTY

You're team? You fired the new guy. Cause. Because he doesn't like Uber! You only hired him because you liked his hair. You're assuming the others would go with you.

ASHLEY

They'll follow the leader. Loyalty.

MARTY

They'll stay for the money. That's allegiance. People don't get into this line of work to make friends. Loyalty is for dogs.

ASHLEY

There's more to men than a paycheck.

MARTY

You assume another firm would touch you. I strongly doubt it. You do too. You wouldn't risk exposing your team, your clients, to a bad move.

Ashley freezes as Marty's point is made.

ASHLEY

Come on now, Marty. After all we've been through?

Irritating hair locks fall, Ashley curtly pushes them back.

MARTY

Listen Ash. As a friend. You and I.  
We're no longer here for the money.  
We've made more than we can ever  
spend.

ASHLEY

What then?

MARTY

Do something else. Different. Get  
away. Just go somewhere and live.

ASHLEY

Perhaps a good idea. A few weeks in  
Tahiti will be nice. Then, I'll  
come back.

MARTY

Uh. No. There's no coming back.

ASHLEY

Because of this?

Marty waves a solitary hand and stares out the window. He  
doesn't notice as his hand trembles.

MARTY

This? This is not a this. It's a  
hostile work environment claim.  
Sexual harassment. Assault, he's  
threatening charges. Heck, you  
shouldn't even be here! A  
restraining order. Supposedly.  
Improper trading. Allegedly.

Ashley contemplates and studies the floor.

ASHLEY

I. I.

MARTY

You are done. Done. Think of a  
spin. It's a chance for a new  
beginning. Embrace it.

Ashley sees Marty's shaking hand. He gulps as he realizes the  
early onset of Parkinson's disease.

Marty recognizes Ashley's silence. He notices Ashley stare at  
his shaking hand. He clasps and hides it.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Or. Do it for your health. Because time catches up with everyone. You can't enjoy it if you're dead. Can you?

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

An uptown brownstone.

INT. TOWNHOUSE PRIVATE STUDY - NIGHT

Ashley watches FOX News cover disturbing national events.

ASHLEY

It's all going to hell.

He looks over his million dollar stock portfolio with a sense of accomplishment. He scans the room and sees fine art and autographed memorabilia and reminds himself he has it all.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Is it really worth it?

He sees a old framed photograph, an elderly man, a middle-aged man, a young boy, in front of a tractor, a barn, and expansive field. He reminisces. He's the young boy.

Some kid noise grows near. The sounds of bare feet racing and a girl's gasps.

Kids explode inside amidst a ritual game of chase. BRAD, 12, callous badger, and MARY ELLA, 10, insightful and uppity, see Ashley and go fearfully wide-eyed.

BRAD

Time!

MARY

Dad!

A white-colored golden retriever, LUCKY, wags and circles.

BRAD

Sorry, Dad. I didn't know you were home.

MARY

Hi Daddy. Brad has a spider and was going to throw it on me. He was chasing me. So I ran.

Brad opens his hands and exposes emptiness. He flashes a sly smile and shrugs.

BRAD  
She fell for it.

Ashley crosses his arms and considers scolding Brad. He notices Brad mirrors his posture. Ashley recognizes a younger version of himself and decides not to punish him.

A NANNY peeks in.

NANNY  
Sorry, Mr. Ross. Children. Please.

ASHLEY  
No. No. They're okay. Thank you.

Ashley laughs and enjoys the moment.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Mary, you shouldn't be afraid of tiny little spiders. If it was so small Brad could keep it in his hands and not be bit. What harm would it do you?

MARY  
I shouldn't be. But I am.

ASHLEY  
When you run, you make yourself the hunted. Stand your ground.

Mary considers as Lucky circles her.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Down. Lucky, sit.

Ashley guards his face as Lucky jumps up and licks him.

BRAD  
Does Mom know your home?

Unsure, Ashley wonders.

ASHLEY  
Where is she?

BRAD  
In bed. Or the kitchen. I don't know. She said to ask if I borrow your Patek?

ASHLEY

Why?

BRAD

A kid wore his dad's to school.  
Everyone thought it was cool.

ASHLEY

Brad. Kids just don't wear \$50,000  
watches to school. It took a lot of  
hard work to save up for that, all  
this we have.

Brad scoffs.

BRAD

I'll just get my own.

Ashley laughs. Lucky jumps up and paws him.

ASHLEY

Down! Sit. Damn it Lucky. Did you  
do your chores and walk him?

BRAD

Uh. No. The walker took him out.

The untrained dog rallies.

ASHLEY

There's no such thing as a free  
lunch. Nothing in life come--

MARY

--School lunch is free.

BRAD

What do you say, dad? Pigs get fat,  
hogs get fatter?

MARY

Slaughtered. That and buy low sell  
high.

BRAD

Not like that other guy who buys  
high sells higher.

MARY

No, he buys high and sells low.

Bothered, Ashley considers the kid's carefree dialogue.

Mary realizes something and alerts.



MARY (CONT'D)

Now I'm gonna get you.

Ashley marvels at his creation as Mary lunges and Brad runs.

He rummages his desk and finds a travel brochure featuring lush green hills and beaches. There's a scribbled note with a giant heart. He smiles and sets off.

ASHLEY

Maybe. Yes. It's time.

INT. TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Ashley struts in and sees a woman's figure linger in the dimly lit room. He waves the brochure.

ASHLEY

Hun. I was thinking it's about time we do that Yoga Retreat. Bali. It may be a good to get away--

He steps close and shirks at KRISTY, 35, Asian waning beauty, and her unsettling glare darkens her features.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

KRISTY

My results came back.

Ashley moistens his lips as he steps close and embraces her. He stares in to the distance and wonders.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

In a trance, Ashley hears gibberish as he watches the DOCTOR flap his lips. He sees Kristy hinges upon every word.

Kristy squeezes Ashley's hand and he returns to the moment. Accepting and past tears, she nods as the Doctor points to some charts and shakes his head sideways.

Distraught, Ashley shudders. His eyes transfixed on the doctor's white coat. In disbelief, he shakes his head sideways. His hair flops and he lets it hang.

ASHLEY

Terminal?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Kristy drags her feet. Dried tears stain her dark skin. Her eyes register acceptance.

Ashley considers the horrific news and studies the floor. Torn, his face twists and he's on the verge of tears.

Kristy sees him struggle and stand still. Compassionately, she sighs and embraces the sniffling man.

KRISTY

Just let go.

Ashley sobs and hugs her tightly as his tears stream down his cheek and fall upon her dark hair.

She stares at the wall and comforts him.

He collapses to his knees within her embrace.

EXT. TROPICAL DIRT ROAD - DAY

A sweaty songkok donned dark REALTOR lays a muddy post-digger in an overgrown grassy mound. He struggles and props up a shiny white-painted post and slides it into the hole.

He hangs a placard which bears a familiar Century 21 Logo. The words are foreign. The property is for sale.

A gravel driveway winds up a slope to a familiar plantation estate house, flanked by terraced fields on rolling hills.

The irrigation turns on. Some distant farm noise. The echoes of farmers calling to one another. Some farmers wander the terraced slopes.

The Realtor jumps in a 4x4 and speeds off. The tires stir up dust.

The spinning wheels pass a rotted wooden post concealed by bush and growth.

INT. TOWNHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Ashley sips coffee and enjoys the panoramic city view as he listens to a sleek phone play therapeutic hold music.

INT. TRADING QUAD - DAY

The room alive with phone calls. John ends a call and clicks to accept another.

JOHN  
Trading, John.

INTERCUT between Ashley and John

ASHLEY  
Hey.

John immediately recognizes Ashley's voice. He flashes a warm smile. He remembers and his face hardens.

JOHN  
Hey yourself. How goes it?

ASHLEY  
As best as can be expected.

RICK (V.O.)  
--the capital markets are slow to react but those who move first stand to make billions.

ASHLEY  
Billions? Really.

JOHN  
Yeah. Marty changed the pitch.

ASHLEY  
He never got buyer psychology. How's it work?

JOHN  
As expected. The clients get the finite perspective visualized. The returns come in. They jump ship.

ASHLEY  
Gotta keep it intangible.

Stealthy footsteps creep near. Ashley turns and sees Brad mimic his posture. Brad waves a paper and gestures for a signature.

JOHN (V.O.)  
I told him our clients are rational actors and to temper expectations.

Ashley scans the paper and sees a sharp-written "27% - "F." He frowns and recognizes Brad's indifference. He signs and shakes his head sideways as Brad absconds.

John sucks his teeth as he recognizes Ashley's silence.

JOHN

How are the kids?

ASHLEY

They are okay. I mean. Not well.  
They miss her.

JOHN

And you?

ASHLEY

I miss her. I just don't know  
anymore. I can't believe she's  
gone. But we got to move on.  
Right?

JOHN

It's what we tell the investors.

ASHLEY

98, 01, 08 and--

JOHN

--We're due.

ASHLEY

Past due. Anyway. What's the smart  
money doing. Where's it going?

JOHN

Not in this shit, for sure. Buy  
something that can't go to zero.

ASHLEY

Real assets?

JOHN

Valuations are frothy.

ASHLEY

Emerging markets? Caveat emptor.

JOHN

Carpe Diem. I know this guy. A  
classmate. USC Grad. Drew Lambert.  
He's running REITs in Indonesia.  
Said it's a screaming buy.  
Overblown risk, staggering upside.

ASHLEY  
You believe him?

JOHN  
It's a hyper growth story you've  
been selling. Low labor costs,  
ideal climate, an educated  
workforce. He's never been wrong.  
Made so much. He packed up and  
moved out there a few years back.

ASHLEY  
Moved? Or visited?

JOHN  
Moved. Ash, he's a trailblazer. A  
believer. Ideological. Like you.  
I'll send you his info. Tell him to  
expect your call? Just hear him  
out.

Ashley considers and shuffles to a stop.

ASHLEY  
Sure, I'll speak with him.

INT. TOWNHOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ashley frowns as the Brad and Mary play on tablets. Brad  
watches erratic teens performing dangerous stunts as Mary  
watches a scantily dressed tween apply makeup.

ASHLEY  
Brad. What would you say if we  
moved?

Brad rolls his eyes as he spills a drink.

BRAD  
Crap.

Ashley lunges and uprights the cup.

ASHLEY  
Get a towel, please.

BRAD  
The maid will clean it.

MARY  
I'll get one.

BRAD  
Move. Like out of the city?

ASHLEY  
A little further. I suppose.

MARY  
Away from New York? Here Daddy.

Mary passes a towel.

BRAD  
Meh. Whatever.

ASHLEY  
You wouldn't miss your friends?

BRAD  
Uh, no. They're ok and all.

MARY  
That's cause he don't have any.

Brad's face softens as her sad words true.

BRAD  
You're no better. Just follow me  
around the playground like an  
annoying little shadow.

MARY  
Do not.

Ashley sees Brad sulk as he taps Fast-Forward on a fund raising video for needy children.

BRAD  
Do too. Dad. Did you help the other  
kids at your work?

ASHLEY  
Other kids?

BRAD  
You know. The poor ones.

ASHLEY  
The capital markets are designed to  
help everyone. Investments trickle  
down and would ideally—

BRAD  
Capital? Letters?

ASHLEY  
Uh. No. Like money.

MARY  
Daddy, what did you make?

ASHLEY  
I didn't make anything. I--

Ashley wonders and studies the ceiling.

Lucky notices Ashley scratch and wiggles free from Mary's hug.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Mar. Would you be okay with moving?

MARY  
Can Lucky come with us?

ASHLEY  
I'll have to check. If he can?

MARY  
I'll go anywhere.

Ashley considers something and stares past Lucky.

Excited, Lucky wags and rears back as it's desperate for Ashley's attention. Lucky decides and barks.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A run down hotel guarded by a DOG.

The sound of a dog's inquisitive bark. A tethered filthy dog gives warning and pulls its chain taut. Unsure, the dog growls and its ears perk as some footsteps approach.

The dog hears a clicking noise and its face softens. It hears a series of clicks and it sits and wags its tail.

The sound of footsteps approaching. An outstretched hand scratches the dog's ear and its tail wags and whips up dust.

POKOL, 35, grizzled and alert, in jungle fatigues, squats and clicks his tongue. He whistles and the jungle comes alive.

Disinterested, the dog leans into Pokol's hand and watches the soldiers dash past.

EXT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

SOLDIER 1's rugged hand knocks on the Frenchman's door.

FRENCHMAN (O.S.)

Oui. A minute.

A smiling half-dressed FRENCHMAN opens the door.

FRENCHMAN (CONT'D)

Oui?

Puzzled, he looks at Soldier 1 and considers. He realizes something is horrible wrong. His face registers doom.

Soldier 1's boot strikes the Frenchman's chest.

INT. FRENCHMAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Two soldiers spring upon the Frenchman. The sounds of a struggle. A soldier raises a cane stick. The stick slams down and the Frenchman shrieks.

EXT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Concerned, a COWORKER opens his door and peeks out.

COWORKER

Edouard! Hey. Are you-- What?

The Coworker sees Soldier 1 and freezes. His jaw hangs and he gulps as he realizes he's not the hero today.

COWORKER (CONT'D)

I. Please. Take anything.  
Everything. Pl-

The sound of a cane stick whooshing through the air. A splat as the cane crushes the Coworker's nose. Blood sprays the doorway.

The Coworker crawls in search of sanctity in his room as a couple of soldiers shuffle in behind him.

INT. COWORKER'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door closes. The sounds of heavy sticks breaking bone and smacking meat.

A soldier opens the door. The light turns off.



EXT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Soldier 1 steps from the shadows. He scans the hallway and sees no one. He gestures to the soldiers the job is done.

He chirps for Pokol's attention and offers a nod of accomplishment.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Pokol shuffles away and disappears into the darkness.

The dog stares and hopes for his return.

INT. ASHLEY'S STUDY - DAY

Ashley squints and dials the absurdly long phone number in John's e-mail as he picks up a feathered Lonely Planet Guide-Indonesia.

He listens to the weak dial tone and flips across touristy photos in the Bali section.

He fingers a Dancing Shiva bookmark and his eyes water as he sees Kristy's name punctuated with a heart.

He hears a weak ring as he begins the Java section. He gazes at vibrant pictures of exotic animals, lush landscapes and local kids with amazing smiles play outdoors.

He notices in Brad and Mary pale skin and sickly forced smiles in school photos.

INT./EXT. 4X4 SUV - DAY

A 4x4 rumbles to a stop where a wide river intersects what's barely recognizable as a road. The window cranks down and dust flows inside.

DREW LAMBERT, suave and assured, 32, leans his head out and studies the water. He smirks and floors it.

The knobby tires splash the water high across the dusty truck. Drew pats the snorkel and grins as the water reaches the door.

DREW

We needed a good wash. Kabar baik.  
Always.

The 4x4 clears the river. The struts squeak and Drew's neck weaves as the truck pitches from one pothole to the next.

The phone rings and he reacts. A two-handed grip on the steering wheel keeps the 4x4 on the road.

DREW (CONT'D)

Ah. What the hell.

He answers. The 4x4 swerves off road and strikes some shrubs. He jerks the wheel and returns to the road. He grins.

DREW (CONT'D)

Pak Drew.

INTERCUT between Drew and Ashley.

ASHLEY

Hello. Pak? I'm calling for Drew Lam--.

DREW

--Pak. Means Mister. Go local, or go home.

Ashley decides he likes this guy already.

DREW (CONT'D)

This must be Ash?

ASHLEY

Uh. Yes.

DREW

John said you're no man of half-measures.

ASHLEY

He's a great guy.

DREW

I begged him to join me. He wouldn't leave. It tore him apart what happened to you. Then, the-

ASHLEY

Yeah.

DREW

He said you wanted to diversify. What do you have in mind?

The noise of rumbling tires, struts strain and puddles splashes, spill onto the call.

ASHLEY

You sound busy. Should I call you back-

DREW

--Nonsense. Now's as good a time as any.

ASHLEY

Alright. John said you have a strong portfolio. Maybe a current one still open?

DREW

I have a little of everything. I got a \$300 million real estate trust about to close, a dozen shopping malls, a commercial building, several farms, a shipping business, two fishing-

ASHLEY

Shopping malls? Farms? You sell--

DREW

--Yeah. Just about anything. Everything here is for sale. I'm not one to discriminate. It's all going up. But. First. It's not Bali.

ASHLEY

I know that. But what?

DREW

Good. Always nice to remind folks. We don't sell the asset, we sell partnerships, you own alongside local investors.

ASHLEY

Sounds messy.

INT. FOREIGN LEGAL OFFICE - DAY

A FOREIGNER sits with a LAWYER and two dark men. Papers are passed and signed. The Foreigner passes the check to the Lawyer. Some handshakes and smiles.

DREW (V.O.)

No, not at all. Like buying stocks. Mostly for paper's sake. Though, not for the faint at heart.

(MORE)

DREW (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The government, smartly, in an effort to keep the big-bad capitalists at bay, mandate every business is majority owned by a Pesawat Terbang, a group of three. Just PT for short. Keeps the Bule at bay.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Bule?

DREW (V.O.)

Yeah. Local lingo for white-people, or just foreigners in general.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Dicey, all around.

DREW (V.O.)

Naw. You buy and sell your partnership like any other asset. It's the best deal in town. Low risk, big reward. Heck, you were touting this place for years in our FX trading. I know, I got your newsletter. Prices are 30% year over year. I can send you pricing and CAP rates on a shopping plaza. Or if you want me to do all the driving, just fund the REIT.

Drew swerves and curses as a troop of monkeys cross.

Intrigued Ashley studies the floor and considers.

ASHLEY

Tell me about the farm.

EXT. ESTATE HOUSE - DAY

A sweeping panoramic view of the plantation, the rolling hills, an estate house, workers, oxen and crops.

DREW (V.O.)

There's a little more involvement than just paying in. You have to run the management group.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Like an on-site property manager?

DREW (V.O.)

Exactly. I just got a term sheet on one I'm going to jump on. South Java. Though I have too much AG in the portfolio, these specs are just too good to pass. Value should double in a few years. Sooner.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

What the asking price?

DREW (V.O.)

Two million. A nice round number. You don't see that too often. Comps are running 2.7-2.9. Largely coffee, some spice.

ASHLEY

Would I have to pull ox?

DREW

No. God no. You'd hire a foreman. Laborers run the show, largely self-sustaining. You'd track capital projects, run quality assurance. Buyers just need a reputable point of contact.

ASHLEY

A figurehead.

DREW

Just like the old days of plantations.

Ashley gives pause as the odd reference lingers.

The 4x4 swerves to avoid a wandering water buffalo.

DREW (CONT'D)

Damn, free range.

Ashley scans pictures of him and his wife and his gut hurts. He studies the melancholy school photos and decides.

ASHLEY

Send a prospectus.

DREW

Will do. Are you--

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Ashley stares out the plane window at 40,000 feet. The kids stretch across First-Class seats.

Eager, Ashley studies a report on coffee exports and modern farming techniques.

DREW (V.O.)

--looking to get away? After what you've gone through. I can't blame you. I've got a GM in Jakarta looking for task, I'll get you his info too. Good guy. Runs a tight ship. He'll step back if you want to take reigns. Remember. It ain't Bali.

Ashley sees Mary sleeps and in her clutches is a kids book on How to Learn Bahasa. He considers and his face registers some worry.

Ashley looks out the window and sees the top of an everlasting field of white clouds. He blinks and sees Kristy lay atop a feather bed.

KRISTY

Just let go.

He blinks again and she's gone. His face softens and he gathers himself and looks at the spreadsheets.

EXT. MINING CAMP - DAY

A desolate gated outpost manned with several Russian guards.

Pokol hides behind a tree and spies a flatbed truck exit the gate. He sees the cargo is a huddled mass of oppressed miners, frail and filthy.

Pokol scans the guards and sees a SMALL RUSSIAN, rat-like coward, with a slung AK-47.

Pokol nods to a BOY, 8, and watches as the Boy walks towards the gate.

A SERIOUS RUSSIAN, brutish mercenary, takes note of the Boy.

Pokol sees the Boy plead with the Serious Russian. The Serious Russian shakes his head sideways. The Boy wanders off and slyly gestures to Pokol, the answer is No.

Soldier 1 reaches for his pistol and Pokol gestures for him to wait. Pokol considers a plan. He decides and walks towards the gate.

The Serious Russian senses something amiss as he sees Pokol approach. His meaty hands grip the gate as he recognizes the swagger of a soldier.

Pokol walks towards the Serious Russian and with askance eyes sees the AK-47 and the other guards are aloof.

The Serious Russian puffs his chest and shuffles his weight. He suspects a problem and takes a step back.

Pokol and the Serious Russian stand across the gate from each other.

Uneasy, the Serious Russian hopes he's mistaken.

SERIOUS RUSSIAN  
Come at 7. A job. Yes?

Both men know better. Pokol takes a step closer and whispers.

POKOL  
We are not here for jobs.

The Serious Russian eyes the jungle. He sees some shapes move. He realizes an attack is imminent and his face softens.

POKOL (CONT'D)  
But you know that.

Nervous, the Serious Russian bites his lip. He glances at the other guards.

The guards sense something amiss and shuffle closer to hear.

POKOL (CONT'D)  
You have family?

The Serious Russian's face registers concern.

SERIOUS RUSSIAN  
Family. I? No. He has local woman  
and child.

Pokol glances as the Serious Russian nods towards a WIRY RUSSIAN. His face softens as he considers.

POKOL  
Local?

SERIOUS RUSSIAN  
A Balinese woman.

Irritated, Pokol clenches his jaw.

POKOL  
You wish to live, no? Take your men  
and leave.

The Serious Russian considers and gulps. Torn between an obligation and pride, he glances at the ground.

SERIOUS RUSSIAN  
I can not.

Pokol sees a small rock at his feet. With his eyes glued to the Serious Russian, he picks up the rock and tosses it in his hand. He glances at the Small Russian.

The Wiry Russian suspects a language barrier. He steps near and speaks Bahasa.

WIRY RUSSIAN  
You. Move along. What are you doing  
with-

Pokol pivots and whips the rock. It strikes the Small Russian's head and sends him to the ground entangled in the sling. Pokol leg sweeps the Serious Russian.

The guards react and a melee erupts.

The Wiry Russian raises a radio to call for help. Pokol kicks the radio into the man's face.

Pokol dismantles the other guards.

The Small Russian sees Pokol punch a guard in the neck and raises the AK-47.

Soldier 1 stomps the Small Russian's arm to the ground and pins the AK-47 into the dirt.

The Small Russian writhes. He notices a pistol trained at his face and behind the rusty sights, Soldier 1 shakes his head sideways. Submissive, he rests his head and gulps.

The Serious Russian rises and readies to fight. Pokol unleashes a flurry of kicks and punches. The well-trained Serious Russian defends and offers some counter strikes.

Bloodied, the Serious Russian keeps his guard up. Pokol executes a switch-kick to Serious Russian's neck. The kick catches him off-guard and stuns him.



Pokol lunges and slips on some gravel. The Serious Russian recovers and swings a hammer fist.

Pokol blocks but the strike drives him to his knees. The Serious Russian clenches Pokol's throat and squeezes. Pokol's face reddens.

Tired, the Russian loses his grip.

Pokol senses a chance. He jabs his thumb into the Serious Russian's eye and slips away. Pokol jumps and scissors the Serious Russian's neck and secures an arm lock.

The Serious Russian topples with Pokol atop.

Pokol nods for the Russian to surrender. He sees veins pulse across the Serious Russian's face and neck.

Resolved to fight on, the Russian beams.

Pokol violently twists and snaps the Serious Russian's neck.

The soldiers tie up the guards and drag them into the jungle. Soldier 1 slings the AK-47 and pockets the radio.

Pokol and the men jog down the road past some WARY MINERS who pay no attention.

EXT. MINING OFFICE - DAY

A small building with glass doors and some luxury SUVs.

Pokol and the soldiers approach with stealth. The soldiers draw their guns and line the walls beside the entrance.

Pokol peers inside. He sees something and his face registers disgust. Pokol shoves the door open and the soldiers rush inside.

The sounds of Russian men screaming and gunfire.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE JAKARTA AIRPORT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A wide street devoid of lines or markings. An endless sea of scooters and taxis pulsing forward. The chorus of horns and industrial noise.

EXT. AIRPORT CURBSIDE - DAY

A crowd of drivers, porters and travelers seeking fare.

Dressed for safari, Ashley and the kids exit the airport and shield their eyes from the brilliant sunlight. A wall of humidity hits them and sweat beads form.

Ashley scans the pandemonium and takes it all in. He grins as he sees the kids marvel. Ashley fidgets with his perfect hair.

Ashley sees a tiny homemade sign "P. Ashley" in the clutches of a sweaty tank-like man with eyes hidden behind sunglasses and a face devoid of expression.

The tank steps forward and let's the sign hang. Their faces square up.

Unsure, Ashley nervously shuffles forward.

ASHLEY  
Ahkah Kabar?

A tense moment. ROCKY, 35, foreman extraordinaire, grins and exposes his big cheerful eyes. His welcoming voice booms.

ROCKY  
Kabar Baik! Dan Kamu?

At a loss for words, Ashley scans some flashcards.

Rocky grins and belly-laughs.

ROCKY (CONT'D)  
The new is good Mr. Ash!

Rocky extends a hand. A firm shake and they both smile.

ASHLEY  
On time too.

Rocky motions and a DRIVER and a PORTER pack the luggage inside the van. Rocky gestures to his watch.

ROCKY  
Always on time! Please, get in.  
Selakan masuk. The AC is on.

Ashley wipes his sweat-soaked face as the kids climb inside.

ASHLEY  
When's the dry season?

Rocky emits a boisterous belly-laugh.

ROCKY  
This is not Bali, Pak Ashley. In  
Jawa, there is no dry season!

ASHLEY  
Yes, I've heard.

Ashley searches a stack of \$100 dollar bills for something smaller to tip.

Concerned, Rocky notices the exposed wallet and motions.

ROCKY  
Pak Ashley, please put that away.

Ashley misunderstands and waves Rocky off.

ASHLEY  
No. No. Just something for helping.

ROCKY  
Many eyes in the crowd.

A PICKPOCKET snatches the wallet and flees. Alert, Ashley grabs his shirt and jerks him back.

ASHLEY  
Hey! Give me-

The Pickpocket tosses the wallet to a THIEF who dashes. Ashley stretches and grasps his shirt and the Thief tosses the wallet to the PARKOUR who darts through the crowd.

Scared, the kids press their faces to the van's window and watch Ashley give chase.

ROCKY  
No. Pak Ashley. Don't--

Ashley jutes past a pedestrian and scans over the shorter crowd. He sees the Parkour jump a pile of luggage and avoid a wall of people.

EXT. URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The Parkour leaps a car and dives through a bajaj. He dashes down an alley and maneuvers over a high wall.

Ashley pursues and loses ground. He sees an open apartment door and passes through. He scares a family at dinner.

ASHLEY  
Sorry!

Ashley emerges in the alley and scans. He intercepts and grabs the Parkour's collar.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

The Parkour twists and grimaces.

PARKOUR

Let go!

ASHLEY

Give me my wallet!

The Parkour round-house kicks Ashley's face. He panics as Ashley yanks him like a rag-doll and grasps for the wallet.

Ashley clings to the Parkour's shirt and blocks a punch.

PARKOUR

Help! Help! I'm being attacked!

ASHLEY

Give it back! Give it.

Ashley winds up a fist. He freezes as he realizes he's encircled by a crowd of young dark-skinned men. He releases the Parkour and sizes up the situation and raises his hands..

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Keep the money. I just want the wallet. My license and credit card.

The Parkour smiles and fingers the cash. A disturbance within the crowd and some murmurs as Rocky bulldozes through.

ROCKY

Pak Ashley. Are you okay?

Rocky glares and the young men repel and go silent.

The Parkour sees Rocky and freezes. He gulps and his face registers some concern.

ASHLEY

Yes. Yes. Pak Rocky. I'm alright.

Rocky scowls and extends his hand to the Parkour.

ROCKY

The wallet.

The Parkour rolls his eyes and considers a plea.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Now!

The Parkour scans the crowd realizes no advantage in numbers over Rocky.

Indonesian dialect/English subtitles.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

He is not a tourist. He is a Jawa farmer. The money is to pay the Indonesian men and women who work. Would you steal from them?

Undecided, the Parkour shuffles his feet as Rocky beams and steps close. The Parkour's hair sways with Rocky's breath.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Some of the farmers are elders. Would you steal from them?

The Parkour drops his gaze and hands the wallet to Rocky.

PARKOUR

No. I am sorry.

Rocky passes the wallet to Ashley who fingers the cash and selects a \$100 bill. He gestures to the Parkour.

ASHLEY

Here-

Rocky waves him off.

ROCKY

No. Pak Ashley. We do not reward this.

ASHLEY

But if they need it so badly.

ROCKY

Who would like a job on a farm? If needed, they would work. Let us go Pak Ashley. Your children are worried.

Rocky scans the quiet crowd. Satisfied, he eyes Ashley as the crowd disburses.

Ashley remembers the children and gulps. He returns to the van and sees the teary-eyed children. Distraught, Mary chokes him with a hug.

MARY

Daddy! Don't ever leave.

Worried, Brad hides his tears.

BRAD

Yeah, don't leave us Dad.

Ashley considers the traumatized kids.

INT./EXT. VAN - DAY - MOVING

A pot-holed street without lanes. An army of dent-covered taxis, bajaj, continuously merge and swerve, flow like water. An endless saga of near collisions and close-calls.

Stop and go traffic. The van finds an opening and lunges. The pitching van swerves. The Driver slams the brakes. The Driver slams the gas and Ashley's head snaps back.

The van finds some room and picks up speed. Small dwellings and cart-bazaars flash past.

ASHLEY

Kids, seat belts.

The kids sway and giggle like it's a roller coaster ride. Lucky crawls around.

ROCKY

Pak Ashley. Your first time in Indonesia?

ASHLEY

Yes, but my wife was from Sumatra. We planned a trip to Bali. But--

ROCKY

Bali not Indonesia.

ASHLEY

Got it. Right. Nevertheless, we never made it.

Rocky sees Ashley's gaze drop. The sunlight shines upon the pale children's faces. Rocky sees their light features.

ROCKY

Sumatra? I do not see--

ASHLEY

Yes. From Medan, near Lake Toba.

ROCKY

Yes. I know very well. The town on an island in a lake on another island.

Rocky squints and shakes his head as Ashley realizes.

ASHLEY

They have her eyes. The rest is me.

Rocky shrugs and dismisses. He nods to the endless sea of traffic.

ROCKY

Your farm is much like Sumatra. No traffic. No people. Not like Jakarta. 20 million people.

ASHLEY

Too much traffic and smog. The people are not concerned about the environment. Industrial waste--

ROCKY

--Like your Los Angeles, no?

ASHLEY

Yes, like LA. We were happy you were on time.

ROCKY

No Jam Karet. Rubber time. A gift from an early farmer.

Rocky proudly waves the gouged surfer's watch.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Half of success is being there. Do you want to know the tides?

Confused, Ashley sees Rocky scrutinizes tiny readings.

ASHLEY

Tides?

ROCKY

Are you not surfer?

ASHLEY

Uh. No. I prefer--

Rocky loudly muses to himself.

ROCKY

--Who come to Indonesia and do not surf?

ASHLEY

There are other reasons.

Ashley's face softens as he sees the children's tired eyes.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Great kids. Amazing kids. You've been through a lot.

ROCKY

In an hour, there will be jungle as far as you can see.

Antsy, Lucky paws Rocky and climbs atop him.

Stunned and repulsed, Rocky brushes Lucky off.

Ashley recognizes Rocky's dislike for dogs and pulls Lucky back.

ASHLEY

Sorry about that. Lucky gets excited.

ROCKY

No problem. Will the dog. Lucky. Guard the crops or the farmhouse?

ASHLEY

Lucky is part of our family. A pet. He stays in the house with us.

ROCKY

An inside dog?

Rocky squints as he considers the peculiarity.

INT./EXT. VAN - DAY - MOVING

The van races. The jungle overtakes the landscape. Small huts flash past. A pot-holed dirt road. Bikes outnumber cars. Pedestrians outnumber bikes.

The van strikes a pot hole and Ashley's head snaps.

ASHLEY

How often do they repair the road?



ROCKY  
Within weeks of a washout.

ASHLEY  
Washout? Week? What do you do in  
the meantime?

ROCKY  
There is no rush Pak Ashley. This  
is not Bali.

EXT. OXEN BLOCKED ROAD - DAY

An oxen led cart blocks the road. The load is a bin of  
sloshing water, an array of exotic fruit and an toothless  
smiling elderly woman.

The driver slams the brakes and beeps. The oxen are led  
aside.

ASHLEY  
Isn't there running water. Pipes?

ROCKY  
This is not Bali.

EXT. DANGEROUS CLIFF - DAY

The road swerves. A cliff to a side and a wall of lush jungle  
on the other.

Ashley sees the cliff and his stomach sinks. He checks his  
seat belt. He notices the driver and Rocky take the road in  
stride.

The van brakes hard. Ashley sees half the road has washed  
out. Some aged yellow tape marks the hazard long since in  
disrepair. The van waits for its turn to cross.

ASHLEY  
This must be the fast road. Is  
there a safer one, with less  
curves. Fewer hazards?

ROCKY  
This is the only road, Pak Ashley.

ASHLEY  
How long has the road been washed  
out?

ROCKY

This road is not washed out. You see. We can still pass.

ASHLEY

So, no one will come to fix it?

ROCKY

When there is no road. They come fix. This is--

ASHLEY

--Not Bali. I get it.

EXT. WAVY ROAD - DAY

The van whipsaws around a series of hairpin turns which traverse a massive hill.

EXT. VISTA - DAY

Dense foliage surrounds the road. Ashley sees an opening ahead. The road emerges from the mountains high above an endless jungle.

ASHLEY

Amazing.

ROCKY

Yes it is.

ASHLEY

How many farms have you run?

ROCKY

With this. Five, all coffee. I ask about this. Many owners. Last left with haste.

ASHLEY

Why?

ROCKY

I do not know. Perhaps he decide being a farmer not for him.

ASHLEY

I was a banker. My grandfather had a farm in upstate New Jersey.

ROCKY

This is good. New Guinea farmers are tough. Must deal with giant spiders, deadly snakes, crocodiles, the cannibals—

The kids squirm and Ashley reacts.

ASHLEY

--New Jersey! Jersey. Not New Guinea. In the States.

Rocky shrugs.

ROCKY

They sound the same.

Worried, Ashley glance at his reflection and shakes his head.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

No problem. Pak Ashley. I promise I will run farm for you. You be rich. Make lots of money.

ASHLEY

Rich sounds good. But there are more important things than money.

In disbelief, Rocky dismisses and raises an eyebrow. He sees Brad stare in awe with his forehead pressed to the window.

ROCKY

I will keep you safe from the spiders and snakes.

BRAD

What about the cannibals?

ROCKY

I make you no promise I can not keep.

Rocky emits a boisterous laugh.

BRAD

Dad, is he joking?

Not entirely sure, Ashley puzzles.

ROCKY

I do my best.

ASHLEY

I know.

Ashley fingers through the thick Lonely Planet book and contemplates what he doesn't know. His face registers doubt.

EXT. MONKEY CROSSING - DAY

Rocky mumbles to the Driver and the van slows. He motions to the children and points ahead at a cluster of trees.

A troop of monkeys scamper across branches.

ROCKY

Pak Brad. Nona Mary. You do not  
have monkeys at home?

The kids point and happily chirp. Ashley grins. The van stops and the kids roll down the windows.

MARY

Monkeys! Awesome.

BRAD

Can you get me one? Please dad.

ASHLEY

Uh. No. They are wild animals.

ROCKY

Please roll up the windows.  
Careful. The monkeys throw poop.

The kids eye him in disbelief. He means it.

EXT. STRETCH OF ROAD - DAY

An endless bumpy ride puts the kids to sleep. The van stirs up a dust cloud.

Rocky's eyes drift and bounce shut.

Ashley studies the farm financial reports. He sees drab gray-scale blurry photo of an unimpressive house. His face reserves emotion.

The van turns into the driveway. A wheel strike an enormous pothole and it jolts the kids awake. Rocky alerts as the excited dog jumps up and licks him.

EXT. ESTATE HOUSE - DAY

Ashley lowers the photo and sees the plantation estate in all its glory. His face registers enthusiasm.

The kids chirp with amazement. Excited, Lucky wags.

BRAD

Oh my god! Dad. It's enormous.

MARY

It's bigger than enormous. It's--

BRAD

--I'm gonna find my room!

MARY

I want a big room too. A gi-normous one!

The van stops and the kids dash.

Proud, Ashley steps out and stands tall. He takes it all in. His face registers a look of total satisfaction.

The HOUSEKEEPER opens the front door and offers a welcoming smile.

The ecstatic kids dash inside and Lucky follows.

Appalled, the Housekeeper restrains the dog. The dog breaks free and runs inside.

Rocky saunters alongside Ashley.

ROCKY

Is it what you expect, Pak Ashley?

ASHLEY

Yes. Yes it is.

Triumphantly, Ashley walks inside.

Unsettled, Rocky sees the Housekeeper wipe dog hair from her clothing and glare at him. He shrugs it off and considers the challenges ahead.

INT. ESTATE HOUSE - DAY

Ashley explores the fabulous house. Elated kids hoot.

EXT. ESTATE HOUSE - DAY

Ashley explores the property. He sees an exotic fruit tree and picks a Rambutan. He takes a bite and smiles. Intrigued, he sees some exotic birds. He takes a refreshing breath.

ASHLEY

Amazing. Simply amazing. Like right out of a movie.

The kids and Lucky race out the door, across the lanai, and around the yard in a game of chase.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Brad, Mary, come. I want to show you something.

Ashley squats. The sweaty kids slow and make their way over and hover over him.

MARY

What is it, dad?

BRAD

Yeah, what?

He scoop up a moist clump of dark black earth in his pale hands. The colors starkly contract.

ASHLEY

See this? Do you know what this is?

BRAD

Yeah, dirt.

MARY

You found a bug!

ASHLEY

Uh. No. Well, maybe. But that's not the point.

BRAD

What is it?

ASHLEY

This soil. The richest most fertile soil on the planet. This makes everything possible. Its for everything to grow. This is life.

Ashley explains its significance in an unheard story. The kids squat and absorb a life-lesson shared.

EXT. HUTS - NIGHT

A ravine at the jungle's edge. A cluster of porous huts built from refuse material. A camp fire burns. A place time forgot.

A dozen farmers mill about. Some squat and others sit on fallen palms. They eat dinner with their fingers on mismatched places. Some hand scoop water from a trough.

A farmer tosses a palm into the fire. The fire engulfs the palm and cackles loudly. Some men yelp excitedly and dance.

EXT. JUNGLE'S EDGE - NIGHT

Two solemn men squat in the shadows and watch the campfire.

Utom postures and studies the shadowy man next to him. They speak in native Bahasa. Utom measures his words and implores.

Indonesian dialect, English Subtitles.

UTOM

I feel I must remind you.

Pokol makes a fist and tightens it. His knuckles crack. He shakes his fingers and studies them.

UTOM (CONT'D)

We are the victims, no more. I claim what is ours. As children, this belonged to us. We worked, we played, we lived. This must return to be.

Tense and bothered, Pokol glare makes Utom retreat.

POKOL

You need not remind me. I choose to be here. I will not stop until our lands are free from invaders.

UTOM

You disagree with me?

POKOL

I do not like how you invite them. You seek this. Serve them while I fought to free Timor. Our people suffer and died at the their hands. Where was your allegiance then? For who?

UTOM

For us. I was here. They must return what they took.

POKOL

What you sold. This was not my farm. It was not my families. My grandfather worked for you.

UTOM

Our grandparents farmed here together. Material objects mean nothing to you.

POKOL

Nor should they to you. The land should care for its people, they for the land. We ruin the sanctity for this. Commerce. Put up fences. Who are we to tell the earth it's owner? Who farms, harvests?

UTOM

This feeds our people.

Pokol glances at some pale children who linger in the shadows. He frowns and shakes his head.

POKOL

How much more? What will you do with these foreign children you keep as pets?

UTOM

The Bule will work the fields as they would have us.

POKOL

It's not right.

UTOM

What would you have me do with them?

Perplexed, Pokol muses an impossible decision.

UTOM (CONT'D)

Will you support me?

Pokol gazes towards the star-filled sky and asks himself a question. A short prayer. He decides.

POKOL

I will. A final time. My brother.



Utom flashes an unbridled smile. Happily, he squeezes Pokol's shoulder. Pokol reacts with a glare that causes Utom to recoil and shy away.

In celebration, Utom scampers and joins the dancing farmers.

Pokol sees the fire cast a hellish glow on Utom's face.

Some underbrush moves. Shadows silently transform into a few rugged SOLDIERS.

POKOL (CONT'D)

After morning prayer, we go.

The soldiers disappear into the jungle.

EXT. HUTS - NIGHT

Victorious, Utom dances. He senses Pokol's gaze and searches.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Pre-dawn raindrops pelt the jungle floor.

Shirtless, Pokol kneels and prays.

He calmly exhales. His eyes closed in meditation. He rises to his feet and prepares. His eyes snap open.

He performs a Kata.

He stands before a giant palm tree. With intensity, he curls each finger and forms a fist. He cocks his arm and clenches his jaw. His punch flashes to the tree's side.

He emits a flurry of lightening quick punches and kicks. Each blow pierces the air. Each nearly miss the tree. A final spinning axe kick glances the tree's bark. He stops and bows.

Sweat and rain run down his face as he steps back and prays. He's done. His eyes register clarity. He walks with certainty and purpose.

EXT. HUTS - NIGHT

Some farmers sleep on straw mats under thin blankets.

Utom's dirty bare feet shuffle. He kicks a FARMER awake.

UTOM

You. Get up.

FARMER  
What? What is it?

UTOM  
Go to hill 5.

Groggy and confused, the Farmer squints.

FARMER  
Pak Utom. Why? It is early.

UTOM  
You go now. Let the irrigation run full.

Utom kicks him again and the Farmer reacts.

FARMER  
Yes. Yes. But. Too much water will break the swale.

UTOM  
Yes. Perhaps it will.

Utom smiles and the Farmer understands.

The Farmer rises and shuffles away. Unhappy, he glances at Utom.

An ELDER lay half-asleep. He heard the conversation and it doesn't sit well. Disappointed, he squints and shakes his head.

Utom yawns and returns to sleep.

INT. ESTATE BEDROOM - DAY

Ashley stirs as first daylight creeps in. He swipes away the mosquito net. Bare feet to the floor, he stands, stretches and yawns.

He splashes his face with a scoop of water.

He looks out the window and sees daybreak. Inspired, he hears the jungle alive with wildlife.

Ashley unfurls a straw mat and positions it towards the awaiting day. He completes a beginner's Yoga practice and ends with a short prayer. He contemplates rolling the mat up.

ASHLEY  
I'm not finished with you.

INT. ESTATE KITCHEN - DAY

The COOK busily prepares. She hears footsteps, turns and sees Ashley and smiles.

ASHLEY  
Selamat Pagi.

COOK  
Good morning Pak Ashley. What can I prepare for you?

ASHLEY  
Just coffee.

COOK  
Nothing to eat?

ASHLEY  
No. No thank you. I want go get a jump on the day. Be on the fields when the men start.

The Cook giggles and hands him a cup of coffee.

COOK  
You must have coffee much earlier.

Ashley savors the aroma.

ASHLEY  
How do I get this fresh to New York in a 24 hours?

EXT. TERRACED HILLS - DAY

Sweat soaked men at work. Some fix irrigation while others lug burlap sacks down hills. Some women pick red beans and drop them into hip worn burlap sacks. Some tend crops.

Rocky sets the tempo. He grunts and sends a shovel deep into the mud and a levee disappears. The pooled water runs across the terrace.

Rocky sees Ashley march towards him. He whistles and waves a hand high and the farmers stop work and slog towards him. The women glance and return to task.

Firm, Rocky addresses the farmers. He introduces Ashley to a tepid reception.

ASHLEY  
Selamat Pagi.

Ashley hears a mumbled response and notices most avoid eye contact.

ROCKY  
Speak. I translate.

An indiscernible whisper and a few farmers chuckle. Rocky sees Utom glare and hide.

ASHLEY  
Good morning. I am Pak Ashley. I am from New York in the United States. Coffee is very important commodity. I plan to diversify and rotate acreage to anticipate global changes in demand and—

Rocky mangles the translation. Frazzled, he motions for Ashley to pause.

ROCKY  
Pak Ashley. The men know how to farm. Nothing more. They need know only if you are an inside farmer.

ASHLEY  
An inside farmer?

ROCKY  
Yes, one who farms from inside the home.

Ashley considers and laughs. He decides and grabs a shovel.

EXT. TERRACED HILLS - DAY

Sunny and oppressively hot. Ashley works his shovel to create a swale under a pool of water contained by a dam.

He watches the dam break and sees the water stream through channels and saturate the crops. The water forms a new pool at a lower level. He stares and considers.

He sees an antiquated truck loaded with sacked coffee rumble past and leave a trail of black exhaust. He scratches his head and considers.

He smiles at some farmers. Some smile back while others look away and avoid eye contact.

Ashley senses something amiss and sees Utom glare and hide. He recognizes a disgruntled employee and worries.

Ashley picks red berries and drops them into a sack. He hears a giggle and sees a farmer's amused expression.

ROCKY

Pak Ash.

ASHLEY

Yes? Kabar baik?

ROCKY

Yes, news is good. Pak Ash. The women pick berries. Soft fingers.

Ashley scans and realizes. Some farmers look at him and laugh. He joins the laughter and picks more berries.

ASHLEY

I have soft fingers too. Tell them.  
I am not strong, tough, like them,  
but someday I will be.

Rocky puzzles. He realizes, smiles and announces to the group. More farmers laugh. Ashley notices the camaraderie bothers Utom.

EXT. ESTATE LANAI - DAY

Rocky sips water and watches the kids study a map.

ROCKY

The Thousand Islands. In book each look small but take a day to walk. Indonesia has many islands.

MARY

Does every island have snakes?

ROCKY

Not every. Some you must search deep in the jungle to find.

BRAD

How about cannibals?

ROCKY

Only few. But cannibals search for you.

Brad jumps and imagines. Rocky and Mary share a laugh. Brad wonders if he's joking.

Rocky sees Utom wander near and senses trouble.

EXT. ESTATE YARD - DAY

In a tense moment, Rocky and Utom stand face to face and study each other.

The dog barks and the men react. They see kids run inside and the dog follows. Utom smirks and Rocky scoffs.

Indonesian dialect/English subtitles.

UTOM

The Bule and the Bule dog. The dog eat better than us. Even better than you. Yet you help.

ROCKY

It is not like that. Their mother is Indonesian.

UTOM

A fool believes lies. Tell me what it's like.

ROCKY

Long ago you chose your path. You decided who lives in the house.

Disturbed, Utom studies the ground nearby.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

You need only blame yourself. Now what is it you want?

UTOM

A feeder pipe broke. It must be replaced.

ROCKY

Metal does not break. Only rust. How did it fail?

UTOM

I do not know this. You are the foreman. The slope is flooded.

Rocky glares as Utom avoids eye contact and fidgets.

EXT. ESTATE LANAI - DAY

The Cook serves lunch. Brad slams his hand.

BRAD

This isn't right. I ordered a--

Brad swipes the plate.

EXT. ESTATE YARD - DAY

Rocky and Utom see the sandwich fall to the grass.

UTOM

Bule little ones are the most dangerous. Like the baby asp. Unable to control it's venom.

They share a moment of agreement. Utom nods to the sandwich.

UTOM (CONT'D)

That looks good. Maybe I'll see what other Bule trash I can eat.

Irritated, Rocky clenches his jaw and bites his lip.

UTOM (CONT'D)

Shall I tell Pak Ass about the broke pipe?

ROCKY

Ash. I will first inspect.

Utom contemplates an alley as Rocky marches away. He stares at the house and reminisces as Mary wanders near.

MARY

Selamat Pagi. Siapa nama anda? Bapak?

UTOM

Your Bahasa good. Most Bule are too busy to learn. I am Pak Utom. And what is your name little girl?

MARY

Mary.

UTOM

Mary is a pretty name. Which room is yours?

MARY

It's upstairs. I can see the fields.

UTOM

The room there.

MARY

Yes. My biggest room ever!

UTOM

It's very nice. The sun shines in the window early. Too early sometimes, it would wake me.

MARY

You slept there?

UTOM

It was my room when I was a child.

Grumpy and eavesdropping, Brad approaches.

BRAD

Where do you live now?

UTOM

By the creek with the others.

BRAD

In the creek? Figures.

UTOM

Siapa nama anda?

BRAD

I don't speak bogota.

Annoyed at Brad's ignorance, Mary berates him.

MARY

It's Bahasa! He asked your name. Dummy.

Utom studies Mary. He eyes register a scheme.

UTOM

Your mother was an Indonesian woman?

EXT. ESTATE LANAI - DAY

Ashley sees Utom and his kids and senses something afoul.

EXT. ESTATE YARD - DAY

Ashley strides over to investigate.



ASHLEY

Pak Utom. Is everything ok?

UTOM

No. A main line pipe broke. We will need another.

ASHLEY

Ok.

UTOM

I can go into town and pick-

ASHLEY

--No. No. I can go, or Rocky will.

UTOM

Better you go. The store is Bule owned. Better if Bule handle Bule.

Ashley cringes with how Utom said it.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Remote and isolated. A rickety corrugated steel structure over a dirt floor and piles of grime-covered goods for sale.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Bemused, Ashley pokes at a torn box of rusty nails.

ASHLEY

Sure isn't Lowes.

He hears sounds of a nearby struggle and creeps over.

INT. HARDWARE OFFICE - DAY

He turns the corner and sees a wobbly figure balance upon a plastic tub wield a broom.

The figure jabs at a couple of bats hanging high in a dark corner. The bats squeak with each miss.

A hard jab. Oomph. The bucket tilts and slips. The figure falls back, emits a cry and braces for impact.

Ashley lunges to the rescue and makes a last second catch. He uprights NIKKI, 45, wise and withered, and she yelps.

ASHLEY

Gotcha!

NIKKI

What the—

She recognizes a savior.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Gosh. Thanks. You saved me a  
bruising—

Ashley recognizes her accent as he picks up the broom.

ASHLEY

Close call. You're Australian?

NIKKI

What else is there? An American  
sleuth. Brilliant, like the rest of  
them.

ASHLEY

No. You're right. Need a hand with  
those? If so, I'm bat man!

A nod to the nocturnal mammals.

NIKKI

Aw. Nah. They're nothing. I get  
them to scam now, they'll be back  
in the mornin.

Ashley alerts and jumps. He waves the broom.

ASHLEY

Ahh. Get back!

Nikki sees a CIVET CAT studying them from a nearby table.

NIKKI

No! Don't. He's okay. He's mine.

ASHLEY

Yours? A pet?

Her laughter calms Ashley.

NIKKI

Sort of. I just happen to be in his  
forest. The bats forest as well.  
They'd say I'm their pet!

ASHLEY  
So, this is your place?

NIKKI  
Suppose it would be.

ASHLEY  
How long you been out here?

NIKKI  
My hubby dragged me here in '86.  
Was either this or Tropojo. He  
passed in '02. Damn Marco.

ASHLEY  
I'm sor-

NIKKI  
--Naw, naw. We're well past that. I  
had it in my mind to leave. Then I  
got to thinking, why?

ASHLEY  
Business must be good then?

She looks around at the disheveled store. She sadly sighs and shrugs.

NIKKI  
Sure ain't Bali.

ASHLEY  
Yes, I've heard.

NIKKI  
Not what you'd call conducive. It's  
a main access road to the city.  
Believe it or not. I got enough to  
eat. Sunset communal yoga. Make my  
way to the coast once in a while to  
get a surf in. But, this is it.

ASHLEY  
I'm new. I just-

NIKKI  
--let me guess. You look like the  
drag-ger. Not the -ee. Needed to  
get away from it all? Sure. And you  
did. That'd make either wanted or  
broken?

ASHLEY  
I suppose, broken, a bit.

NIKKI

C'mon sweetie, never just a bit. I recon you'd be a surfer too?

ASHLEY

No. Never tried. No interest. I hate the ocean. All those creatures swimming around me. Unseen. My passion. I'm more of an entrepreneur.

NIKKI

You're a decade late.

ASHLEY

Real estate was cheaper.

NIKKI

Cheaper. Naw. Practically free. The currency crises wiped out everyone. Farmers sold crops no one could pay for. Utilities and petrol so pricey, plantations couldn't run. Just about ran everyone under. Smart ones took investment funds. Few weathered. Looking to buy?

ASHLEY

Actually. I bought a PT. The estate on the ridge where the river makes the S-turn.

NIKKI

You're a farmer? I didn't see that coming. Seem more like an attorney or financier--

Nikki eyes his surgical hands and casts doubt.

ASHLEY

By trade. A foreign exchange currency trader. Long ago my family had a farm. Seems simple enough. Comes down to hard work and finding balance.

NIKKI

I wondered. I hadn't see anyone from there in some time. Thought it shut.

ASHLEY

Did you know the last owner?

NIKKI

That depends, who was last? I've met several. It seems like there's always a new face.

In disbelief, Nikki shakes her head sideways.

ASHLEY

Was it poorly run?

NIKKI

That crew is some crafty little buggers. There's one. He's been coming for years. Plain as day on his face, he ain't a fan. I sold one fella a gun he thought he needed.

ASHLEY

For what? Wildlife?

NIKKI

Yeah the wildlife.

A few dark men wander inside the store and eye Ashley. They flash big smiles at him and look away.

ASHLEY

Like tigers?

Uneasy, Nikki observes the dark men pretend to scan building material.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I haven't seen any tracks or anything yet.

NIKKI

No, not the tigers I'm talking about.

Her eyes lead his to the dark men.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Not a bad idea to get one yourself.

ASHLEY

I have kids.

NIKKI

In that case, get two. Keep one on the down-low?

Confused, Ashley studies her. He comprehends her murky intent.

Ashley and Nikki slyly watch as the dark men exchange furtive glares and whispered words.

Ashley and Nikki lock eyes and exchange an understanding nod.

The dark men see Ashley stare. They flash large insincere smiles.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

They not all smiles and selamats.

ASHLEY

Seem sincere enough.

NIKKI

Yes. But have you ever caught the jeer?

ASHLEY

The jeer?

NIKKI

The jeer that follows the smile.  
Right when you look away.

Ashley's mouth goes dry and he shakes his head in disbelief.

ASHLEY

I'm sorry.

NIKKI

They can only hold that big fake smile for so long. Next time you talk to your workers, smile, turn to walk away, and carefully sneak a peek back. Don't get caught. You don't want them seeing you know. It's good to keep it cordial.

Concerned, Ashley watches the dark men chat.

ASHLEY

Aren't they happy we're here?

NIKKI

We are invaders. Would you be?

Ashley wonders and realizes.

ASHLEY

I guess not.

NIKKI

Maybe get one, a gun, for the misses too. Make it three?

ASHLEY

I'm a widow. Just me and the kids.

Prospecting, Nikki considers her odds and smiles at him.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Nikki walks Ashley out the door. An aged pistol tucked in his belt. A mangy leather hide loosely conceals a rifle.

He pulls taut the rope which holds the irrigation pipe to the 4x4's roof. He eyes other supplies in the cab.

NIKKI

Well don't be a stranger.

ASHLEY

I won't.

Ashley smiles and gets in the 4x4.

Ashley sees the dark men study him and they exchange smiles. He looks away and glances back sees the jeer. Bothered, Ashley squints as his mind races.

EXT. WINDING PATH AMONG TERRACED HILLS - DAY

Brad wields a stick and pokes the ground as he walks.

Mary's glances at a photo of a Lewat cat on a tablet computer and scans the landscape.

BRAD

There's no Wi-fi. Or internet. Why bother?

MARY

I saved the pictures.

BRAD

All of them? Every single one?

MARY

Every single one.

BRAD

You think dad will snap out of it?

MARY

Of what?

BRAD

Having us live in the middle of nowhere until he gets over mom's death.

MARY

I heard it takes time. I'm still sad too. When I see her at night.

BRAD

Me too. I'm not complaining about living here. No homework, no problem. I'm like Peter Pan.

MARY

What if we grow up dumb? I don't want to be dumb when I grow up.

BRAD

We're past that. At least I am.

Brad jumps at the sound of a hiss. Startled, he drops his stick and stumbles as a large cobra coils in front of him.

The cobra's tail exits the bush as the snake coils and raises it's head. Petrified, Brad gasps.

With confidence, Mary grabs the stick and steps to Brad's side. She waves the stick and the snake's eyes follow.

MARY

Step back. It can only strike a third it's length.

Mary waves the stick as Brad retreats. Poised, Mary backs away as the cobra's lunge falls short.

MARY (CONT'D)

(Bahasa: Go)

Pergi, pergi!

Unsteady, Brad crawls to his feet and dusts himself off as Mary waves the stick at the departing serpent.

BRAD

Shit Mary. You know, just because you speak Bahasa, doesn't mean a snake would understand. How did you know about how far it can strike?



MARY

Rocky said so. He told us both at snack. You should try listening.

Mary leads and Brad follows as they backtrack.

BRAD

Dad's gonna love this.

MARY

No. Don't tell him. He may not let us out and explore.

BRAD

Good idea. Our little secret. Okay?

MARY

Okay!

EXT. RAVINE TRAIL - DAY

Thunder and lightening. Rain pelts their heads. Unimpeded, Mary and Brad explore.

They stomp and sing a local nursery rhyme as the sun comes out and the jungle comes to life.

The kids hear some rocks bang. Mary reacts and scans the ravine. She sees some pale-skinned kids dig at riverbank as a dark man hovers behind them. Excited, she waves.

MARY

Selamat Pagi!

The dark man alerts and his eyes register surprise. He panics and gestures for the kids to move downstream.

Antsy, Rod's eyes go wide. He realizes a saviour and alerts. Frantic, he deliberates. He's about to yell back.

The dark man quells Rod with harsh words and animated gestures.

Mary sees Rod quiver and reel in tears.

The dark man shoves Rod and points. The kids disappear into the jungle.

Mary hears the slushy footsteps and a barking voice fade into the jungle noise.

BRAD

B-zarre.

Mary wonders.

MARY

Those kids look like us. How we look.

BRAD

Uh. No. Not really. They're digging for slugs. That's not how we roll.

MARY

No. I mean one boy has blonde hair.

BRAD

How could you tell? They're so dirty. Whatever. Let's get back. I'm hungry.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

A series of manually operated machines. Wheeled carts. A mound of sacked beans. Trays of drying racks filled with beans of varying color.

Rocky walks inside and sees no one. Puzzled, Rocky curses under his breath and searches.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

A barn-like structure surrounded by coffee drying racks, large filled burlap sacks, and oxen drawn cart.

Rocky circles the farmhouse and sees Utom and several men lazily lounge and smoke cigarettes.

Defensive, Utom rises to his feet as Rocky steps close and puffs his chest.

Indonesian dialect/English subtitles.

ROCKY

This is not break time. Return to work.

UTOM

We just finished prayer.

ROCKY

With cigarettes? Where are your mats?

UTOM

We need not mats to pray.

ROCKY

This is not prayer time.

UTOM

Who are you to tell us when is prayer time?

Rocky smartly senses an untenable dispute.

ROCKY

Pak Utom. Since prayer time is over, please bring your men back to work. There is much to do. I will ask you. If you please. To make sure I, nor anyone else, does not interfere with prayer. If you could be so kind to write me the prayer times so I can be here, to make sure no one disrupts.

The two men glare at each other. Rocky's heavy breath breaks Utom's gaze and Utom shuffles away. He glances at Rocky and contemplates how to deal with him.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Ashley strides in and sees the Rocky and farmers at work.

Concerned, Rocky rushes over.

ROCKY

Pak Ashley, is everything okay?

ASHLEY

Selamat Pak Rocky. Yes, everything is fine. I wanted to see if I could help.

Confused, Rocky scans.

ROCKY

Everything is good.

ASHLEY

No. I'm saying I want to help.

ROCKY

I'll get you a chair.

Rocky searches and Ashley stops him.

ASHLEY

Help work the machines.

Confused, Rocky contemplates. Rocky realizes and shows Ashley how to operate a bean sorter.

ROCKY

Ok. We will show you.

Some farmers take notice and smile as Ashley fumbles with a sack. Ashley smiles back and sees Utom glare at the farmers.

Ashley studies the layout of the machines and considers.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

Is there a something wrong?

ASHLEY

I've seen this layout before. At my previous employ. It worked, but not well. I moved operations so each team member could see the other. Work as a team.

ROCKY

The machines prepare beans.

ASHLEY

Yes, but the concept is the same. Men work together. We can stagger the machines so the carts fit and the men wouldn't have to carry the sacks far.

Rocky considers and explains the idea to an Elder. He sees the Elder smile and nod.

ROCKY

This work, Pak Ashley.

The farmers stagger the machines and exchange smiles as they work. A farmers pulls the oxen-cart next to the machine and loads it.

ASHLEY

Much easier.

UTOM

Now you can make more money for your fancy shoes, feed your fancy dog. Pak Ashley.

Ashley decides on a winning strategy.

ASHLEY

No. I think we'll put the savings  
towards your homes. Some  
improvements.

Rocky translates to the farmers and some react with genuine  
smiles. Content, Ashley studies them.

Ashley sees Utom whisper to his favorite farmers. The farmers  
flash shifty smiles at Ashley. He looks away. He glances back  
and sees the farmers jeer.

Utom wanders near to Ashley.

UTOM

You speak of our homes as if you  
know how we live.

ASHLEY

Yes. I've seen them. It's my land.

Utom's face registers some panic and his mouth goes dry.  
Nervous, he wonders if Ashley saw the children.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I've walked every inch of the farm.  
And I'll do it whenever I wish.

Rocky senses an issue worth defusing.

ROCKY

Pak Ashley. Better you don't visit.

ASHLEY

Why? For religious reasons?

ROCKY

Uh, no.

ASHLEY

Do you?

ROCKY

What?

ASHLEY

Go to the huts?

ROCKY

Uh, no. I am not welcome.

ASHLEY

Why?

ROCKY

I am no longer one of them.

Ashley studies Rocky's Western attire and haircut. Concerned, he watches Utom incite some farmers.

ASHLEY

Why does the truck deliver to the city only once a week?

ROCKY

Diesel fuel it very high.

ASHLEY

What if we used smaller vehicles?

ROCKY

Then we need many drivers and cars.

Ashley fixes his hair and contemplates something.

ASHLEY

But if the drivers and cars were not ours?

EXT. LAGOON - NIGHT

A beach with an offshore oil rig.

EXT. SMALL BOAT - NIGHT - MOVING

Well-dressed CHINESE MEN sit behind protective glass and watch grease covered LABORERS packed tightly in the bow wipe ocean mist from their faces.

EXT. LAGOON - NIGHT

EXPEDITERS race a small ladder to the boat's side as the craft slides ashore.

A laborer stands and his neighbor restrains him. A friendly gesture to wait his turn.

The Chinese men stand in sequence and exit by ladder.

The laborers jump over the side and crash into the shallow water and sand.

The expeditors escort the Chinese men a short distance to a waiting luxury van.

INT. LUXURY VAN - NIGHT

The Chinese men listen to soft music as the van drives a short pot-holed street block.

EXT. CHINESE BUILDING - NIGHT

A gated commercial building and some loitering GUARDS.

A SUPERVISOR sees the van approach and opens the gate. The van parks. The Chinese men enter the building and the lights turn on.

The Supervisor's phone ring and answers and listens. He goes ridged and his face registers concern. Nervous, he scans the dark landscape.

The guards see the Supervisor react and sense something amiss. Inquisitive, they huddle around him.

The Supervisor whispers and gestures to the building. Somber, he opens the gate. He chirps to the guards and dashes.

Unsure, the guards deliberate and scan the forest. They panic and flee as they see some movements in the shadows.

Some serious looking familiar soldiers creep from the forest.

Pokol shuffles into the light and pockets his phone. He gestures and soldiers draw guns and dash to the building.

Soldier 1 rips the door open and soldiers stream inside. The sound of gunfire, shouts and pleas. More gunfire.

Pokol jogs up the stairs and enters.

INT. CHINESE BUILDING - NIGHT

Four stoic Chinese men kneel with hands atop their head. In disbelief, a teary-eyed EXPEDITOR shivers. Soldiers wave guns. Some bullet holes in the wall and ceiling.

Pokol takes it all in.

Indonesian dialect/English Subtitles

POKOL  
You. Stand.

Unsure and teary-eyed, the Expediter rises.

POKOL (CONT'D)  
How much do these men pay you?

EXPEDITOR  
\$7

POKOL  
Have you not been told what happens  
to those who work for the  
foreigners?

EXPEDITOR  
Yes.

POKOL  
Yet you still do.

EXPEDITOR  
I have no choice. There are no  
other jobs. I must feed my family  
or else they starve. I die either  
way.

Pokol studies the ground and nods as he understands.

POKOL  
Go.

Pokol motions to the door and the Expeditor flees. He sees  
the impassive Chinese men silently stare at a place on the  
floor.

POKOL (CONT'D)  
We are done here.

Hopeful, a Chinese man glances at Pokol and wonders.

POKOL (CONT'D)  
I suppose I could let you go. To  
warn your company. Again. They must  
not be here. Their oil leaks, the  
waste, leave our land in ruin.

Nervous, a Chinese man studies Pokol.

POKOL (CONT'D)  
Perhaps your employer knew the end  
when you were dispatched here.  
Perhaps. You knew too.

A Chinese man gulps as he recognizes imminence.



EXT. CHINESE BUILDING - NIGHT

A series of gunshots followed by thuds of bodies hitting the floor.

The building lights go out and soldiers exit.

INT. ESTATE KITCHEN - DAY

Brad and Mary snack and look over workbooks. Brad reviews some of Mary's work.

BRAD

Almost. You need to carry the one first. Yep, you got it.

Ashley struts in. He wipes sweat from his forehead and washes mud from his hands.

ASHLEY

Morning kiddos! How's the school work coming along?

Focused on their workbooks, the kids mumble in response.

Ashley grabs Brad's workbook.

BRAD

Hey, I'm in the middle--

Ashley checks the answers. Satisfied, he smiles.

ASHLEY

These are all correct! Great work.

BRAD

It's easy. Too easy. Is this like 4th grade work?

ASHLEY

No. This is 6th grade work. See where a little focus gets you.

BRAD

Yeah. Now just one big distraction.

Brad scoffs at Mary.

Ashley reviews Mary's workbook. He considers and looks at Brad's workbook as Mary grins.

ASHLEY

This looks a like what he's doing.

MARY  
I'm doing it all by myself.

BRAD  
Almost. I'm helping.

ASHLEY  
You're helping your sister? Wow.  
I'm very impressed.

Mary looks at the Cook and switches to Bahasa.

MARY  
A glass of milk please.

ASHLEY  
You both show great focus and  
determination. I'm so proud of you.  
We should celebrate. Do something  
special.

Excited, Mary grins and wiggles in her chair.

MARY  
Let's go hunting!

Shocked, Ashley's eyes cross.

ASHLEY  
Uh. No. I thought we could go river  
rafting.

Brad grins and Mary smiles.

MARY  
Fun!

BRAD  
Hell yeah!

EXT. RIVER RAFTING SHOP - DAY

Ashley grins and leads the kids into the shop.

A GUIDE gives some basic instructions. He gathers an armful  
of gear and drops a life-jacket.

GUIDE  
Pak Brad. Could you grab that?

Brad crosses his arms as his eyes dart from the Guide to the  
life-jacket.

BRAD  
That's your job.

The Guide forces a smile and makes a second trip.

Appalled, Ashley shakes his head sideways. He takes a mental note and looks away.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

The Guide gestures to assign seats.

GUIDE  
Ibu Mary, there, please.

Mary sits and smiles.

MARY  
Terima Kasih.

GUIDE  
Pak Brad. That is your seat.

BRAD  
I'll sit where I want.

Brad scoffs and sits at the front of the raft.

GUIDE  
The raft must be properly balanced  
or it may overturn in the rapids.

Ashley studies Brad and considers what to say. He leans close to him.

ASHLEY  
The guide is here to help us. He is  
not a servant. He is the expert to  
help us succeed. Be respectful.

BRAD  
If we're paying him then he works  
for us.

Shocked, Ashley contemplates how to react. He jumps to assist when he notices the Guide labor to launch the raft.

Ashley gives the raft a final push and hears Mary cheer. He looks and sees Brad sulk and fiddle with the paddle.

Ashley and Mary uniformly paddle. Disinterested, Brad stares off in the distance as his paddle drags in the water.

GUIDE

Pak Brad, you must paddle to keep the raft straight. There is big water ahead.

Brad scoffs. He alerts and points at something in the water.

BRAD

What's that?

The Guide paddles to straighten the raft as Brad shuffles to the bow.

ASHLEY

Brad! Sit and paddle--

BRAD

--I just saw something.

GUIDE

Pak Brad. Please, your seat. You must-

ASHLEY

--Brad, sit! Listen.

BRAD

In a second, I just wanna-

The bow dips and strikes a rock. Brad shrieks and falls into the rumbling water. The Guide lunges to settle the tilted raft. Shocked, Ashley sees Brad gasp and wave for help.

ASHLEY

Brad!

BRAD

Help! Help me!

GUIDE

Your feet downstream! Relax your body!

ASHLEY

Point your legs that way!

Nervous, Ashley begins to stand as he sees Brad submerge.

GUIDE

Remained seated or we will join Pak Brad for a swim.

Ashley sees Brad aim his feet downstream and stabilize.

GUIDE (CONT'D)

We will get him Pak Ashley. He will be fine. I know these waters well. To the channel.

The Guide torques the paddle and the raft veers into calmer water. He scans and recognizes a point of intersection ahead.

ASHLEY

We're coming!

GUIDE

In a moment Pak Ashley. When I jump, you must hold your paddle here. Like this. It will steer the raft away from the chute. Yes?

ASHLEY

Yes, got it.

The Guide's eyes narrow as he sees the chute and eddy intersect. He prepares and hunches.

GUIDE

Now!

The Guide leaps as Ashley steers the raft. The current pulls the Guide towards Brad. In a panic, Brad clings to him.

BRAD

Here!

GUIDE

You are okay Pak Brad. Breathe. Lay your head back.

The Guide stabilizes Brad and watches him cough up water. The Guide sprawls and swims to the eddy.

Ashley drops his paddle and drags Brad aboard. Exhausted beyond tears, Brad collapses and spits up water.

Concerned, Ashley examines him. Satisfied, he squeezes Brad's shoulder.

ASHLEY

You're alright, Brad.

Relieved, Ashley wipes his teary eyes as he hugs Brad.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

You're alright.

Brad sees the Guide slide aboard and paddle. He squints and considers the Guide in a new light. They lock eyes and the Guide smiles.

GUIDE

We have a ways to go Pak Brad. I could use your help.

Brad nods. Sluggish, he reacts and paddles. He glances at the Guide and considers saying something. He bites his lip and decides.

BRAD

Thank you. Bapak. Thank you for saving me.

The Guide grins.

GUIDE

You are welcome Pak Brad. It's why I am here.

The Guide looks downstream and his eyes widen.

GUIDE (CONT'D)

Lookout!

Ashley watches a wave drench Brad. Mary laughs as a wave splashes her. Ashley sees rough waters ahead and grins.

ASHLEY

Looks like another bumpy ride!

Ashley hoots and the kids cheer.

EXT. RIVER RAFTING SHOP - DAY

Brad helps pull the raft ashore and carries gear.

Ashley speaks to the Guide.

INT. ESTATE FOYER - DAY

Ashley and the soggy kids grin and laugh as they skip inside and leave a watery trail. Ashley's wet hair hangs freely.

MARY

Best. Day. Ever!

BRAD

That was awesome! Man, we almost wrecked. Like seven times.

ASHLEY

Thank goodness the water knows it's way around the rocks! Brad, what do you think about our guide now?

Brad grins and concedes.

BRAD

I guess he was okay.

MARY

Why didn't we ever do this back in New York?

ASHLEY

There aren't many Class 3 rapids in the city.

MARY

I wish mommy was here, with us.

ASHLEY

Me too.

INT. ESTATE KITCHEN - DAY

Ashley scans some notes while on the phone.

ASHLEY

You've got each day covered? Great. Let's start next Monday. Give it a trial run. Just a sack each for now. We'll up it to three or five a trip if it goes well. Bye.

Ashley reacts to a splat as Brad discards his wet clothing on the floor. Bothered, Ashley shakes his head sideways.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Hey. Brad. That doesn't go there.

Brad frowns as he sees Ashley raise an eyebrow and glare. He considers and realizes.

BRAD

Right, Dad. Sorry. I got it. I'll get something to clean up the puddle.

ASHLEY

Thank you.

BRAD

I'll wipe those footprints too.

Ashley sees a trail of watery footsteps leading to his feet.

ASHLEY

I guess we a messy bunch.

Mary sees Ashley shuffle his weight between his feet.

MARY

What is it daddy?

ASHLEY

The farm is going well and I have a few things figured out. Maybe later this year we'd move back to the-

MARY

--No! I don't want to go.

BRAD

Yeah. Me neither!

Surprised, Ashley wonders.

ASHLEY

This wasn't permanent. My plan is to establish a farm-to-table model for coffee. Open a shop in Tribeca. A new beginning. Get you back to--

Disappointed, the kids sulk.

MARY

--There's no snakes in New York!

Mary wipes her eyes and stomps off. Brad huffs and wanders away.

Ashley studies the floor and considers options.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Utom and a group lazily hover around industrial machinery and watch one farmer work. Utom alerts as Ashley, Rocky and a squad of farmers stride inside.

Ashley wipes his muddy hands on his wrap pants and sees Utom and the farmers pretend to work.

Utom glares at the squad and searches for allegiance among his lazy men.



UTOM

Pak Ash, you spend much time in the field. Stay in. Let us do the work.

ASHLEY

I wouldn't dream of it. Besides, you look so busy. Jam Karet, right? Rubber time.

UTOM

What you know about Jam Karet with your AC?

ASHLEY

Very little. Fortunately. You've worked here a long time. Right?

UTOM

Betul.

ASHLEY

Has the swale failed before?

UTOM

Yes. The dry season leaves deep cracks. Must patch before rain. This was my family farm.

ASHLEY

Pak Utom, how many other owners have there been?

UTOM

Many. I don't know. You all look the same.

A farmer translates for the audience. Utom glares as a few chuckle.

ASHLEY

Perhaps. We'll need a hand to fix the swale before the rain. Gather your men and tools. We'll meet you there.

Ashley smiles at Utom's farmers and they grin. He turns to leave and glances back and sees a few jeer. Ashley gulps and walks away as Utom studies the ground and plots.

EXT. TERRACED HILL SWALE - DAY

The farmers work to construct a new swale.

Ashley shovels some mud. He instructs the workers in broken Bahasa and gestures. Amused, the farmers strive to understand and happily follow his instructions.

Rocky arrives. Surprised, he recognizes a team working together. Satisfied, he grins.

ROCKY  
Much done, Pak Ash.

ASHLEY  
Yes. The men are strong workers.  
What did you find?

ROCKY  
There are three more to fix. Better  
fix now than build new later.

Concerned, Ashley sees darker clouds approach.

ASHLEY  
I agree. The big truck will no  
longer go to the city. The van will  
go each day to the hardware store.

ROCKY  
Yes. Why take coffee to hardware  
store?

ASHLEY  
We will pay people headed to the  
city to take sacks for us. Many  
hands make light work.

ROCKY  
Who are these people?

ASHLEY  
People Nikki knows and trusts.  
Locals. They get fuel money for a  
stop along their way.

Rocky nods and smiles.

ROCKY  
I see Pak Ashley. Coffee get to US  
faster.

ASHLEY  
Up to six days faster. It will cost  
us less too. Is Pak Utom fixing the  
swales?

ROCKY  
I do not know where he is.

Upset, Ashley puzzles.

ASHLEY  
And his team?

ROCKY  
They disappear too.

Ashley considers and marches away.

EXT. JUNGLE'S EDGE - DAY

Frustrated, Ashley shakes his head as his giant boot stomps upon bare foot tracks.

ASHLEY  
It's a big place but you can't  
hide.

Ashley reaches the jungle's edge overlooking the huts. Rain drops run down Ashley's face as he spots the loafing workers and sees Utom exit a hut.

EXT. HUTS - DAY

Skittish, Utom creates distance as Pokol exits the hut.

EXT. JUNGLE'S EDGE - DAY

Ashley hides behind a tree and takes it all in. He notices Pokol's glare causes Utom to fidget and cower.

EXT. HUTS - DAY

Utom assembles his farmers and scampers away.

Pokol shakes his head sideways after Utom glance back and complain under his breath.

EXT. JUNGLE'S EDGE - DAY

Ashley shifts his feet and snaps a twig.

EXT. HUTS - DAY

Pokol recognizes an unnatural noise and scans.

EXT. JUNGLE'S EDGE - DAY

Ashley slips away.

EXT. HUTS - DAY

Pokol realizes someone was spying and wonders.

EXT. TERRACED HILL SWALE - DAY

Rocky studies the repairs and emits a satisfied exhale as the rain pours. He shakes his mud-caked watch as Ashley arrives.

ROCKY

Jam Karet Pak Ashley. The work done. Maybe you Indonesian farmer in another life?

ASHLEY

Sorry. It took longer than I thought.

ROCKY

No worries. The repairs done. What of Pak Utom?

ASHLEY

I found him at the huts. He and his team.

Confused, Rocky scans and does not Utom.

ROCKY

What he say?

ASHLEY

I did not speak with him. There was another man. I have not seen before.

ROCKY

I hire no men. I no hire without--

ASHLEY

--I know. I know. No this man was no farmer. He looked tough. Like a--

ROCKY

--Soldier.

Rocky watches the raindrops splash the pools and water stream across the new swale. Satisfied, he smiles.

ASHLEY

Yes. Like a soldier. Do you know this man?

ROCKY

The swale hold Pak Ash.

ASHLEY

Do you know this man?

Rocky frowns and avoids eye contact.

ROCKY

I do. His cousin. I think.

ASHLEY

Is he a farmer? Does he work here?

ROCKY

He not a farmer. He come and go.

ASHLEY

Do you know where he stays?

ROCKY

I do not. I ask Utom.

ASHLEY

Uh. No. Wait on that.

EXT. JUNGLE'S EDGE - NIGHT

Pokol and Soldier 1 squat and share a few words. They exchange bothered glances at the dark men dancing around the campfire and waiting in line for food.

Utom chuckles and carries a large plate of rice and beans. He squats near Pokol and eats a mouthful of rice.

Pokol and Soldier 1 exchange a frown as rice spills from Utom's mouth.

Indonesian dialect/English subtitles.

UTOM

My men return from braking the swale. Tomorrow stupid Bule have us fix again. We know how to fix.

POKOL

You believe there is good in this?

UTOM

Stupid farmer causing problems. Changing delivery to city. He not use my driver.

POKOL

You will no longer sell his coffee to your city friends. Where does that money go, my cousin? To your farmers?

Utom stops laughing and gulps as he notices Pokol's glare. He sees Solider 1 scoff. Disrespected, Utom clenches his jaw and lashes out.

UTOM

Get me water.

Soldier 1 ignores Utom and wanders away.

UTOM (CONT'D)

You. Get back!

Utom leaps to his feet and gestures. He beams at Pokol and seeks an accord. Upset, Utom tosses his plate and steps toward Soldier 1. Utom trips as Pokol grabs his ankle.

POKOL

Let him go.

UTOM

No. He disrespect me. I am in charge.

POKOL

You are in charge, my brother. But not of the soldiers.

Utom studies Pokol for an explanation.

POKOL (CONT'D)

Soldiers follow soldiers.

UTOM

And you follow me. Our goals align.

POKOL  
Overlap. Nothing more.

UTOM  
Don't forget allegiance. Where you  
came from.

Utom barks and wags a threatening finger at Pokol.

UTOM (CONT'D)  
There are only two sides.

POKOL  
That was a different time.

Disgusted, Utom shakes his legs free and throws a hapless  
kick. Pokol blocks and shrugs it off.

Smoothly, Pokol rises to his feet.

Utom creates some distance and assumes a fighting stance.  
Unimpressed, Pokol eyes the fool and drops his gaze.

UTOM  
Just because you play soldier does  
not make you a leader, better.  
Soldiers who serve are fools.

POKOL  
Your mind is soft, cousin. You  
confuse authority and respect.

Pokol calmly circles. He booted shoes grind dirt. Pokol  
senses an attack as Utom clenches his jaw.

Utom studies Pokol's face for fear but sees none. He decides  
and lunges. He throws a fist, a jab, a flurry of punches.

Pokol dodges, blocks and dips. He creates small spaces and  
near misses.

Off-balanced, Utom wildly lunges. Pokol braces and fires a  
scarred knuckled fist towards Utom's cheek.

Surprised, Utom freezes and braces. He realizes Pokol's bent  
elbow stopped the punch an inch short. Utom gulps and  
recognizes a warning. He jumps back and gasps.

POKOL (CONT'D)  
If you worked, you'd have breath.  
Your weak body follows your mind.

Utom notices the farmers stop dancing to watch the melee. He  
decides and executes a flying kick.

Pokol catches Utom mid-air and takes him to the ground. He leg locks an arm-bar.

Utom winces and struggles. He realizes he's lost and his glare softens.

Pokol releases him and stands.

Utom sees Pokol lower his gaze and feigns a submissive gesture. Unsteady, Utom climbs to his feet.

POKOL (CONT'D)

Thank you cousin for allowing me this lesson. To train with you.

Pokol bows as Utom wipes the dirt off his face. Utom realizes and plays along.

UTOM

Thank you my brother. Thank you for sharing.

Pokol whispers to Soldier 1 and they glance at Utom.

Utom nervously watches the farmers disperse and wonders if they believed the ploy. Unsure, he seeks a distraction.

INT. WINDING TRAIL - DAY

Perplexed, Ashley walks and examines the swales. He sees the mist drift across the jungle. He faces skyward as the rain falls on his face. He relaxes and takes it all in.

Ashley hears some familiar footsteps approach as he lets rain run down his face.

ASHLEY

Good morning, Pak Rocky.

Ashley breaks from his meditation. He sees Rocky's face registers concern.

ROCKY

I am afraid the news is not good.

ASHLEY

Why? What is it?

ROCKY

The men have been talking.

ASHLEY

Oh. About what?



ROCKY

We must keep a close eye on Utom.  
He is not all he seems to be.

Rocky shuffles close.

ROCKY (CONT'D)

I am at a loss of words.

ASHLEY

What happened?

ROCKY

I did what you say and not ask him  
about his cousin. I ask one of the  
men and he scare. He told Utom I  
ask. Utom told me there is no man.  
Only ghost.

Ashley sees his belly-laugh pains Rocky.

ASHLEY

Don't tell me you believe in  
ghosts, Rocky?

ROCKY

Utom said if I ask again, I be  
ghost.

Fearful, Rocky seeks assurance.

ASHLEY

Now, now. Rocky. Utom may be a  
little upset with how well things  
are running, thanks to you, but he  
wouldn't do anything. You are the  
foreman. He's just. A farmhand. I  
support you 100%. I would let him  
go if I thought—

ROCKY

Let him go?

ASHLEY

Fire him.

ROCKY

You can not fire PT.

Puzzled, Ashley shakes his head in disbelief.

ASHLEY

He's PT? What?

ROCKY  
You not know?

Perplexed, Ashley muses. He pushes his hair back. His face turns red with anger.

EXT. ESTATE HOUSE - DAY

Some gardeners meticulously curate exotic flowers.

Carefully, Mary carries a wooden tray adorned with several glasses of lemonade as she slides out the front door. She sets the tray down and delivers the drinks.

She carries a glass to a GARDENER. She sees sweat drip from his serious face. She recognizes a man engaged at work.

Indonesian dialect/English subtitles.

MARY  
Good morning.

The Gardener stops work and sees Mary. He notices her cheerful smile.

GARDENER  
Good morning my daughter.

MARY  
Sir. Would you care for a cold  
glass of lemon water?

Taken aback, the Gardener politely accepts the glass. His eyes locked on her.

GARDENER  
Thank you.

Mary lingers and studies him for a reaction.

The Gardener takes a sip. Coldly, he places the glass down and returns to work.

Mary loiters. She taps her foot and deliberates how to engaged the Gardener.

MARY  
The garden is beautiful. I really  
like that flower. Can you tell me  
what it's called?

The Gardener glances at her and politely answers in Bahasa.

GARDENER

It's a Cempaka Putih. It's named after a princess who drowned trying to save her family after their boat sank in rough seas.

The Gardener sees Mary's eyes dart as she struggles with his quick Bahasa reply. He flashes a sly smile.

MARY

White. Cempaka. I see.

GARDENER

The princess did not fish. However as the rest of her family did, she was wise to learn.

Mary studies the Gardener and listens to his words. She struggles to follow along.

The Gardener sees her eyes gloss over. He speaks faster and stares at her.

GARDENER (CONT'D)

She was smart, and quickly knew more, of the seas, and the danger. On a day, the family traveled far from their familiar waters, a place they did not know. She saw danger, but the family did not. She warned them not to set sail to unfamiliar waters. The family was stubborn, and did not listen. The boat capsized. The princess swam to rescue them.

Mary hears the tone of his words darken. She's riveted. She recognizes a tale's end and intently listens.

GARDENER (CONT'D)

They drown. All of them.

The gardener slyly smiles and returns to his work.

Deliberating, Mary hovers over his shoulders. She takes it all in. Her face registers some confusion.

EXT. ESTATE HOUSE - DAY

The Gardeners work and sip lemonade. A full glass remains on the tray.

Mary hums and sings a local nursery rhyme as she gathers empty glasses. She hears the truck stop and its door work.

Mary arranges the empty and soiled glasses around the full spotless glass. She considers the pattern and her face registers some sadness as footsteps stop near.

NIKKI (O.S.)

I suppose I'd like a glass if  
there's one left.

Startled, Mary struggles to appear calm. Mary sees Nikki's warm smile, her pretty dress and brushed hair. She hands Nikki a glass and decides to speak Bahasa.

MARY

Kamu bisa.

Nikki sips and restrains a gag.

NIKKI

Quite bitter. You like it this way?

MARY

No. They do.

Nikki sees the gardeners and the empty glasses. She understands. She recognizes a clever child and muses.

MARY (CONT'D)

My father is inside. I'll get him.

NIKKI

(English)

You must be Mary. I am a friend of  
your fathers. Your Bahasa is  
excellent.

MARY

Thank you. What does semuanya matan  
mean?

NIKKI

Literally, it means, you're all  
going to die. Why?

Mary contemplates as studies the Gardener.

The Gardener senses her stare and looks. His cold eyes glare at her as he forces a smile.

Mary's eyes are glued to the Gardener as he nods and resumes work.

MARY

Just asking. I'll get him.

NIKKI

Please do my dear.

Nikki hears the front door work as Ashley grins and strides near. She sees his soiled attire and recognizes he's busy.

ASHLEY

Well, g'day!

NIKKI

I thought I'd bump in to you at sunset practice?

ASHLEY

No. I've been busy. Plus I still get lost on the roads. I practice on my own at first dawn. It's truly a magnificent way to begin the day.

NIKKI

You look stressed.

ASHLEY

I didn't practice today. I got a jump on things. Come to think of it, I didn't practice yesterday.

NIKKI

Work, everything, it all will wear on you. You need self-care. Staying busy is not all it's cracked up to.

ASHLEY

Busy is the best way to really know what's going on. I had something to run by you. How do you like the lemonade?

NIKKI

It's a little tart.

Ashley eyes a wandering Mary.

ASHLEY

Maybe she's gone too native. No sugar. Come on, I'll get a few teaspoons. People must pass by your store daily on their way to the city, right?

NIKKI

Yeah. Surely. Business would be better if more stopped inside. Why?

INT. ESTATE KITCHEN - DAY

The Cook stirs a pot as Ashley and Nikki enter.

NIKKI

So, everything's well?

Nikki studies him, hangs for an answer.

ASHLEY

Yes, well. I was just thinking about you.

Nikki blushes and fusses with her hair.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I'm considering a new idea for distribution. Though not entirely sure it will work. It's a cheaper and faster way for us to get our beans to market. Could be some money in it for you and others in the community.

Ashley gauges her reaction. Puzzled, he sees her sadden and gather herself.

NIKKI

Sounds great. I'm always up to make a few more bucks.

ASHLEY

Great!

NIKKI

So the staff is working out well. No problems?

The Cook glares at Nikki.

ASHLEY

Uh. No real issues.

Ashley smiles as he sees the Cook grin.

Nikki watches the Cook walk to the lanai and chat with a farmer. Concerned, she moistens her lips.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
We're you expecting to hear  
otherwise?

NIKKI  
Uh. No. Just. I heard some things.

ASHLEY  
Like what?

NIKKI  
Scuttle about your crew. May be  
causing some problems.

ASHLEY  
No. No. Everything's great. There's  
a guy, Utom. Been here his entire  
life. Nothing I can't handle.

NIKKI  
Not him. I heard there's another.  
From Timor.

Nikki steps close as Ashley considers and guesses.

ASHLEY  
Utom's cousin. Family of some sort.  
I've seen him. He isn't working  
here, maybe just visiting. It's  
taking a little time, but Utom will  
have to respect me.

NIKKI  
Don't underestimate him. Them.

ASHLEY  
Nothing of the sort. The men are  
well paid, fed, treated well.

NIKKI  
That's what the American slave  
owners thought.

Ashley grins as he sees the farmer smile at him. He looks  
away.

ASHLEY  
It's not like that.

Ashley shudders as he glances back and sees the farmer jeer.

NIKKI  
It's everywhere. Don't take it  
personally.

The farmer whispers and the Cook alerts.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Remember any local who traveled to fight in Timor may be a little prepared to take on matters.

ASHLEY

Timor, the Portuguese colony?

NIKKI

That's one way to put it. The other way the locals see it. Portugal invaded, took their land, enslaved their people, and it was their duty to wage a tireless bloody campaign to rid the foreigners.

Concerned, Ashley gulps.

ASHLEY

Wasn't that peacefully resolved. A truce?

NIKKI

According to what little of these affairs is printed in the Western news. There's no truce. Hopefully those problems stay there. I just wanted to see you. Make sure you were alright.

ASHLEY

We're well.

NIKKI

Good. Well, I'd still love to hear more about your business. Maybe talk after at practice.

ASHLEY

Sounds good!

NIKKI

I'll leave directions. No excuses. The swami is great, the sunset, inspiring.

Nikki scribbles a map.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Ashley and kids eat, laugh and enjoy dinner.



The phone rings. Eager, Brad jumps and answers it.

BRAD  
Selamat Sore. Yes, He's here.

ASHLEY  
Who is it?

BRAD  
It's that realtor guy again.

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Drew paces with a phone pressed to his ear.

INTERCUT between Drew and Ashley.

ASHLEY  
Sorry I meant to call you back,  
just always another fire.

DREW  
No worries. How's things?

ASHLEY  
Well. Well, okay, I guess. I wanted  
to ask about getting smaller  
shipments to port daily, instead of  
weekly.

DREW  
Ditch the farm for import/export.  
Yeah, not everyone's cut out for  
the outdoors. Though I had high-  
hopes for you.

ASHLEY  
Had? Wait. Our numbers look great I  
was looking to expand.

DREW  
Expand? I'm confused. I heard the  
PT was going back to market.

ASHLEY  
What?

DREW  
I mean, that's the scuttle. The  
truth is, I was a little hurt you  
wouldn't reach out to me first. But  
if you thought I had a hand in a  
bad deal that went south--

ASHLEY

--We. I. Am not selling. Who said we are selling?

DREW

The words circulating. Same story as last time.

Drew muses as he realizes something is amiss.

DREW (CONT'D)

The same exact story.

ASHLEY

What?

DREW

I'll need to do some digging. This doesn't sit right. Someone's got their facts wrong, or--

ASHLEY

--or?

DREW

Nothing. Financial shenanigans are uncommon, not impossible. More likely someone used the old listing as a template. Perhaps a glitch. Let me look into it.

ASHLEY

Is everything okay?

Doubtful, Drew weakly responds.

DREW

Yes. I think so. Well. I'm not so sure.

With his confidence shaken, Ashley huffs.

EXT. HUTS - DAY

Pokol closes his eyes and faces skyward. The rain pelts his face and runs down his face.

Soldier 1 jogs up to him.

SOLDIER 1

Pak Pokol. Utom at the farm.

SOLDIER 2 emerges from hut with a handful of beer bottles.

Pokol hears some approaching footsteps and the clink of bottles. He sees Soldier 2 present the bounty. Pokol recognizes the beer bottles and emits a wary sigh.

Disgusted, Pokol shakes his head sideways. He faces the sky and wonders aloud.

POKOL  
Where did you go wrong my brother?

Soldier 2 waits.

POKOL (CONT'D)  
Nothing else?

SOLDIER 2  
No, sir.

Pokol muses as he knows better. He decides.

POKOL  
Vices travel in packs. Dig. Rats  
like to burrow.

Pokol kicks some dirt. He sees some dried blood stuck on his shoes. He kneels and rubs it and sees the blood soften. He smears it with his fingers and some spit.

The raindrops cause the blood to fade and disappear.

POKOL (CONT'D)  
Better. Return.

Soldier 2 returns with a dirt covered plastic bag. He opens the bag and shows Pokol a satchel.

Pokol opens the satchel and sees stacks of money and an ATM card. He examines the ATM card and sees the PIN number scribbled on the back. He scoffs.

POKOL (CONT'D)  
Weakness surrounds you. To town.  
See what the rat hides.

Pokol hands the ATM card to a soldier who dashes away.

INT. ESTATE BEDROOM - DAY

The Housekeeper rummages through the closet and finds the rifle. She creeps away and returns with the Cook and they study the rifle.

EXT. ESTATE LANAI - DAY

Utom's face registers some satisfaction as the Housekeeper hands him the bullets and he slips them inside his pocket.

INT. ESTATE KITCHEN - DAY

Ashley paces with the phone pressed to his ear.

INT. DREW'S OFFICE - DAY

INTERCUT between Ashley and Drew.

DREW

The head ground worker is the PT?  
Three months to learn that?

ASHLEY

Anyway. I'm not leaving. It's not  
for sale.

DREW

Resolve is one thing. Another is  
cutting losses. There's some  
strange transfers, cancels.

Ashley pounds the table and roars.

ASHLEY

Why kind of fucking mess did you  
get me into to?

Ashley beams through his unkempt hair and sees his white-knuckled hands press the table. He recognizes a familiar moment and takes a deep calming breath and gathers himself.

Backpedaling, Drew pleads.

DREW

I got a stack of documents, files,  
stretching back a decade. Tough to  
come by. You know all this stuff is  
still done by hand. It's the  
biggest folder I've seen. So many  
transfers. It looks like the PT is  
sold every few months, then, the  
sale is cancelled, listed again,  
and sold. Always the same group.

Drew inspects the forms.

DREW (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

ASHLEY

Yeah, yeah. I'm okay. I just needed a moment. What group?

DREW

Ahh. Suhartutom Situgormang. That's a mouthful. It just doesn't make sense.

ASHLEY

The same seller, over and over?

DREW

Yeah. Bizarre. I'm flying to Singapore, gone a week. I'll go through these, make some sense, circle back with you after.

ASHLEY

Weeks? Can you mail it to me now?

DREW

Sure, but you may never get it. If you need it right away, send a dispatch. Send my guy. Your guy.

ASHLEY

Rocky?

DREW

Yes, Rocky. Unless you want to make the trek.

EXT. WINDING TRAIL - DAY

Angry, Ashley strides as his gloved hands carries shovels. He spots a set of small bare foot prints and envisions they belong to Utom.

He stomps and mud splatters. He sees his boot obliterate the print. He angrily stomps one print after the next. His face registers some satisfaction. Relieved, he briskly walks.

EXT. WORKSITE ON TERRACED HILLS - DAY

Ashley exits a bend and sees the crew at work. He recognizes contention as two figures posture. He sees Rocky shuffle his feet and study the ground as Utom hide among the farmers.

ASHLEY  
Apa Kabar?

ROCKY  
Kabar baik.

Ashley hears hollow words from Rocky's twisted face.

ASHLEY  
Is everything okay Pak Rocky?

Rocky swallows as he formulates a response.

ROCKY  
Yes. Almost done. Few swales for  
repair. Hill 2. Again.

ASHLEY  
What's with Utom?

Ashley notices Utom spies on them. He sees Rocky kick some dirt and drag his feet.

ROCKY  
No problem.

ASHLEY  
Nothing?

ROCKY  
He said with Ramadan we need hire  
help to prepare.

ASHLEY  
He will not work?

ROCKY  
They may not.

ASHLEY  
They? All of them?

ROCKY  
That depend.

ASHLEY  
On what?

ROCKY  
How difficult Utom wishes to be.

ASHLEY  
How difficult do you think?

ROCKY

Very difficult. He say we pay him more now for the extra work. Or hire Christian farmers to work.

Ashley muses a difficult decision.

ASHLEY

Maybe we can add a few more helpers, now, to prepare?

ROCKY

I afraid he hire friends. More problems. More workers not work.

Two men mull bad choices.

ASHLEY

I need you to go into town tomorrow to pick up something from Pak Drew. While there, find a few more farmhands, who, maybe don't know Utom.

ROCKY

I will Pak Ashley. What if Utom stops work?

ASHLEY

I don't know. We'll cross that bridge when we get to it.

ROCKY

What bridge?

Ashley quips.

ASHLEY

Uh. There's no bridge. It's an expression.

ROCKY

To where is Pak Drew?

Perplexed, Ashley doesn't know and he glares at Rocky.

Antsy, Rocky fidgets and waits for more information.

ASHLEY

I'll get it for you.

ROCKY

What things do I pick up?

ASHLEY

It's none of your--. It's just-papers.

On the verge of rage, Ashley's eyes dart and his hair falls in his face. He recognizes a familiar stressful moment and takes a calming breath.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Thank you Rocky, that will be all.

Ashley watches Rocky drag his feet and wander away. He realizes he was harsh and his face registers some regret. He taps his foot and considers what to do.

INT. ESTATE KITCHEN - DAY

Distracted, Ashley strides inside. Halfway across he looks behind and realizes his shoes left a trail of dirt. He fumes.

He's clenches his jaw about to curse. Captivated, he stares in a mirror at an angry disconnected man.

KRISTY (V.O.)

Just let go.

Ashley takes a deep breath and gathers himself. He grabs Nikki's map and his Yoga mat and sets off.

INT./EXT. SUV ON WINDING ROADS - DAY - MOVING

Ashley sees dark skies and rolls up the windows. He strains to see as the rain outpaces the windshield wipers. He grasps the steering wheel in one hand and the map in the other.

He realizes and smiles at the "o" in Yoga in the shape of a heart. Distracted, he swerves to avoid a cliff as the road sharply turns.

The SUV strikes a deep pothole and jolts. Ashley's head smacks into the window.

ASHLEY

Damn!

The steep bumpy road winds up a mountain.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Does this ever end?

Ashley sees the sky grows darker and the torrential rains continue. Ashley's face registers some doubt. He continues.



The SUV turns a corner as the rain lightens. He sees something bright ahead.

The SUV emerges from the clouds and the sloped road tapers.

Ashley rolls down the window and sees blue sky and brilliant daylight. He scans and sees lush foliage.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Wow. Almost. Heaven.

Ashley sees the top of storm clouds in the valley below. His mood improves as he notices the heavenly light above and the blue sky. He grins and lets his wet hair hang.

The road winds and narrows and Ashley spots a small cottage and some parked cars.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP YOGA STUDIO - DAY

An overgrown tropical paradise surrounds a simple cottage.

Ashley follows a trail around the cottage.

He sees a teak platform reach precariously over a cliff. The sun hovers slightly above the vast blue ocean. It's like nothing he's ever seen. He takes it all in.

ASHLEY

Unbelievable.

A group of Yogis situate mats, stretch and settle in as Ashley searches for Nikki.

The SWAMI, 30, a try-hard poser, sees Ashley. He recognizes a new face and grins.

SWAMI

Welcome.

ASHLEY

Hi. My friend asked me to-

SWAMI

You must be Ash. Nikki said several weeks ago to expect a new pupil.

ASHLEY

Ah. Yes.

SWAMI

I hope all this time, you have not been lost?

ASHLEY

No. The roads are a bit—

SWAMI

--That's not what I meant.

Ashley realizes.

ASHLEY

Just busy. But I manage to practice.

SWAMI

Practice takes only seconds. It's about the moment, your breath. Your breath, is always there, with you, when you need it. Come. Nikki is here. We will begin.

Ashley sets his mat in the rear of the class and begins to stretch.

He spots Nikki in an advanced pose. She sees him and smiles. Ashley attempts to copy her pose and awkwardly stumbles. Uncomfortable, he smiles at her.

He meditates. He looks and sees the sun, the ocean, the jungle, the clouds. He hears some thunder and watches the birds scatter.

His eyes sharpen as he takes a giant chest expanding breath of the freshest air. His face registers focus.

Ashley stumbles though practice with heart. Nikki practice is flawless. A shared grin at his follies.

The Swami ends the class. Ashley is drenched in sweat. His hair hangs freely. His perspective is filled with hope.

Nikki smiles and walks up to him.

NIKKI

You did amazing.

ASHLEY

That's nice of you to say, but I think I'm over my head. Maybe I'll stick with my morning routine until I improve.

The sky darkens with the setting sun. The Yogis disband.

Ashley sees the Swami and a pale-skinned Yogi chat. The Yogi intently listens while the Swami patiently explains, smiles.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

I really need this. There's been a lot on my mind.

NIKKI

I'm sure. Anything new. With your crew?

ASHLEY

I don't want to make more of it than it is. Fear, skepticism. I remember a saying on Wall Street. The market climbs a wall of worry. Maybe it's not them? Maybe it's me, or the new-now.

NIKKI

I really don't think it's you.

ASHLEY

I just don't know. I want to do the right thing. For the kids. For me.

NIKKI

I have no doubt you are doing it for them.

Ashley scans and sees the Swami and the Yogi exchange pleasant smiles and both turn away. Ashley sees the Swami jeer. Shocked, Ashley gasps and his jaw hangs.

Nikki notices Ashley react. She sees the Swami walk away.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

He's great, isn't he?

Ashley muses. Unsure, he considers explaining. He's at a loss for words and decides. He brushes his hair back.

ASHLEY

Uh. Yes, he is.

NIKKI

It was great seeing you again. We can come back again this week. Maybe carpool?

ASHLEY

Speaking of carpool. Could you do me a favor?

NIKKI

Sure.

ASHLEY

Ask those people on their way to the city if they'd want some gas money in exchange for dropping a coffee sacks at the port.

NIKKI

Okay. Why?

ASHLEY

You've heard of ride-sharing, right?

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

An oxen drawn cart laden with burlap sacks. An elder carries a sack inside.

Utom gestures and frowns as he speaks to several farmers in an indiscernible serious tone. He sees Ashley march towards them. He mutter something and group disbands.

Utom grabs the bottom of a sack and lifts. He smiles as red beans spill out and he studies Ashley for a reaction.

Ashley glances at his watch and sees it's 4:10.

ASHLEY

Pak Utom. The beans should be out by now. We'll lost drying day means--

UTOM

--Yes. The beans go to market a day later. I told them delivery be late.

ASHLEY

You? What? When?

UTOM

Earlier.

ASHLEY

Earlier, before we knew we were late? It's the foreman's job to-

UTOM

He no here.

Ashley face registers shock.

ASHLEY  
Where's Rocky?

Utom suppresses a smile.

UTOM  
He said you send him to town.

ASHLEY  
This morning. But the van is here.

Surprised, Utom feigns disbelief.

UTOM  
You sure Pak Ashley? I think the  
van is not here.

ASHLEY  
Yes. It's here. I just saw it. I  
know what a van looks like.

Uneasy, Utom glances and scoffs at a SNEAKY FARMER.

The Sneaky Farmer's eyes go wide as he alerts at his  
forgetfulness.

Ashley senses something amiss and scans. He notices the  
Sneaky Farmer wears a black watch as he lifts a bean sack and  
abscond. Ashley clenches his jaw as he considers.

UTOM  
Maybe Pak Rocky take bus to save  
fuel?

ASHLEY  
That's absurd!

Ashley considers possibilities as Utom shuffles away.

EXT. ESTATE YARD - DAY

Mary and Brad assemble the gardeners.

Indonesia dialect/English subtitles.

MARY  
We are looking for Pak Rocky? He  
went to town this morning. The van  
is here. Has anyone seen him?

Silence and some sideways head shakes.

BRAD

Please help us look. We want to know he is safe.

The gardeners exchange glances and nod.

MARY

We would like your help to search for him. Each of us will have an area.

The gardeners smile at her polite and respectful tone.

MARY (CONT'D)

Thank you very much.

Impressed, Ashley takes it all in and smiles.

ASHLEY

Your mother would be so proud of you. The both of you. You've become the lords of the estate.

Mary smiles and contemplates as she stares at Ashley's chest.

MARY

I don't think lord is the right word. Guide is better. Lord suggests they work for me.

ASHLEY

Technically they do. For me. For us.

MARY

No. They are here for themselves, for the good of the land. If we weren't here, if we never came, they would still be here, doing this same thing, caring for the flowers and plants.

ASHLEY

Who told you that?

MARY

No one.

ASHLEY

That makes it sounds like we don't matter.

MARY

We don't.

Ashley muses at her serious tone and lets her answer marinate.

Mary skips away and joins the search.

EXT. ESTATE KITCHEN - DAY

Distracted and worried, Ashley fails to focus on some spreadsheets. He sees the Sneaky Farmer stare at the ground and approach.

Ashley notices the Sneaky Farmer lowers his gaze as he gets closer. Ashley expects bad news.

SNEAKY FARMER

Pak Ash.

ASHLEY

Is Rocky back?

SNEAKY FARMER

Utom needs you at the farmhouse. A machine broke. He does not know what to do.

Ashley considers. Doubtful, he realizes the request reeks. He notices the Sneaky Farmer no longer wears the black watch.

ASHLEY

Rocky's not back?

SNEAKY FARMER

No. He take bus. Maybe he stop along the way. He has many friends.

ASHLEY

Tell Pak Utom I'll be right there.

SNEAKY FARMER

Yes.

The Sneaky Farmer sets off. Ashley sees the Sneaky Farmer glance to see if Ashley follows.

Ashley rolls up his sleeves and clenches his fists. He decides he has the upper hand.

ASHLEY

What are you up to Pak Utom?

Ashley sees the Cook.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Can you call the children inside?  
It's time for their studies.

INT. ESTATE BEDROOM - DAY

Ashley reaches past the rifle and grabs his hat and gloves.  
The rifle has been moved but he does not notice.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Ashley jogs. He arrives and sees the barn door ajar and hears  
some noise inside. Cautious, he walks and scans.

He looks behind him and does not see the Sneaky Farmer.  
Suspicious, he wonders. Skeptical, Ashley scans. He sees  
nothing. He peers beyond the ajar farmhouse door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Ashley creeps inside. He hears some industrial noise and  
alerts. He scans and sees nothing. He searches the shadows.

ASHLEY  
Selamat! Selamat? Pak Utom?

Uneasy, Ashley senses something is wrong. On guard, he creeps  
and searches.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Is anyone here?

He hears a soft footstep on dirt and alerts. He feels a  
breeze and braces. He turns and reacts as sword flashes past  
his face. He hears the whoosh as the blade slices the air.

Ashley repels and stumbles. He crouches and readies himself.

Ashley sees Utom wields a sword and circle away.

UTOM  
You sleep in the mud tonight.

ASHLEY  
Utom! Stop!

Utom's face registers rage. He lunges and emits a primal  
scream. He wildly swings the sword.

UTOM  
Die!



Ashley lunges behind a machine. He grabs a worn shovel and defensively raises it. He keeps machinery between them.

Utom jutes to the right and Ashley goes left.

Utom swings wildly over the top and Ashley steps back and blocks. The sword cuts the wood shovel deep and sticks.

Ashley tugs the shovel and pulls Utom off-balance. Utom falls into the machine and curses.

Utom twists the sword. The sword bends and comes free.

Ashley slides from behind the machine, wildly swings the shovel. A nimble Utom steps aside, swipes the sword at Ashley's leg, slices the pants, glances his leg.

Utom grinds his teeth and braces. He swipes backhand.

Off-guard and surprised, Ashley falls to the ground.

Utom closes the distance and raises the sword high.

Ashley scampers and grips the shovel. The air sings as the sword drops.

Ashley braces the shovel an inch above his face. The blade sticks deep in the wood.

Ashley writhes and twists the shovel. Off-balanced, Utom releases the sword.

Ashley donkey kicks Utom's chest. Utom sails and lands with a thud that kicks up dust. Utom cries out in pain.

Ashley rises. He staggers and looks at Utom. He sees Utom looks beaten. Ashley decides the shovel is cumbersome and drops it.

Some farmers gather and silently watch from afar.

Utom rises and smirks. He displays amazing footwork and lateral movement.

ASHLEY

Give up Utom. Just give up.

UTOM

You will die here. So will your kids.

Ashley roars and lunges with a big punch.

Utom dodges and jabs Ashley's nose and sees his head snap back. Utom grins. He jabs Ashley's jaw and sees his head spin sideways. Utom unleashes a melee.

Ashley realizes he's losing. He decides. He lowers his shoulder and rushes Utom. His shoulder drives into Utom's gut.

The men fall. Ashley stumbles head first into the ground and splits his brow open.

Exhausted, Utom crawls to his feet. He grabs the shovel and swings.

Ashley raises his arm in defense. The shovel strikes Ashley's shoulder and knocks him back.

Utom tugs and twists the stuck-sword. The poor quality steel snaps. Utom sees the metal resembles a dagger. He drops the shovel.

Ashley sees the rest of the sword remains embedded in the shovel.

Ashley gathers himself. He sees Utom raise the dagger high and stab down. Ashley raises his arm in defense.

The dagger passes through Ashley's forearm. He yelps. He clenches Utom and stops him from moving.

The men clinch. Ashley grunts. He shoves Utom into a backwards stumble.

Ashley pulls the dagger from his arm. He sees blood pour from the wound.

Utom crawls to his feet. He grabs the shovel and prepares for a final blow. Committed, he advances upon Ashley.

Ashley sees Utom is worn and senses his frustration. He senses a final attack. He raises the dagger high and lunges.

The desperate men collide.

A moment. The men stare into each other's eyes. Utom winces and sees the dagger deep into his shoulder. Ashley sees it too.

Ashley's eyes roll skyward and his face softens. He collapses and the embedded sword slides from his stomach. He lays still.

Utom struggles to remove the dagger. He wiggles it from his shoulder and yelps.

Utom stumbles on unsure legs. He sees the farmers stare and gasp and notices no one comes to his aid.

Utom glances at a Ashley. He scans the farmers.

UTOM (CONT'D)  
Where are the kids?

Some farmers look at the ground. Others avoid eye contact with Utom. No one answers. Irate, he waves the dagger and demands.

UTOM (CONT'D)  
In the house, where?

He beams and grinds his teeth.

Fearful, a FARMER lies.

FARMER  
The boy and girl on the trail.

Utom takes a focused breath. He nods for his squad and sets off.

UTOM  
We go.

Uncommitted, some farmers shuffle behind him.

Ashley gasps and his eyes open. He alerts.

Panicked, Ashley thinks he's dying. He takes a practices breath and closes his eyes. His face registers some serenity.

The Farmer shakes him.

FARMER  
No there Pak Ashley. You no die.

The Farmer eyes the wound and calls for some help.

ASHLEY  
Please help me. Kristy. Help.

The Farmer smiles and helps Ashley to his unsure feet.

Ashley eyes the door where Utom exited.

A doubt surfaces and Ashley's face registers some concern. He glances at the Farmer and sees the comforting smiles remains. Relieved, Ashley musters a tiny smile.

Ashley remembers his kids.

KRISTY (V.O.)  
Don't let go.

A second wind arrives and invigorates him.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

Utom limps as a weary entourage follows him. Frantic, he searches everywhere.

UTOM  
They are not here. The house! They  
must not escape.

Frustrated, Utom looks at a YOUNG FARMER and barks.

UTOM (CONT'D)  
Go find my brother. He must help.

Utom storms away as the Young Farmer dashes.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

Ashley grimaces as he limps. He forces himself to jog. Determined, he runs. His boots splash puddles. Rain falls as the jungle comes alive. Ashley pumps his arms and sprints.

INT. ESTATE HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary and Brad look at vibrant pictures of giant snakes.

BRAD  
Does this one live here?

MARY  
No. It's in Sulawesi. Rocky said  
that's a plane ride away.

Brad runs his fingers across a menacing serpent with its jaws latched deep into a baby monkey.

BRAD  
This one? It's says Western Java.

MARY  
Yeah. Rocky said we could find this  
one but it's nocturnal. That means  
it comes out at night.

BRAD  
I know that.

They share a laugh.

MARY

If dad says it's okay, we can go  
look for it.

BRAD

I don't want to find it. I want to  
avoid it. Did you like the  
sandwich?

Brad carries some soiled dishes to the sink and washes them.

MARY

Yes, it was delicious. Thank you.

BRAD

Good! I'll make some for the  
gardeners!

Lucky alert as a door slams open as a Gardener enters and  
scans the room.

Panic washes across Brad's face as he sees a Farmer help  
Ashley limp inside.

Mary notices Ashley's muddy and blood stained clothing.

MARY

Dad! Are you okay? Can I get--

Ashley limps past them.

ASHLEY

Kids hide. Quick! In the pantry.

Mary heads to the pantry. Worried, Brad stares.

BRAD

What's going on? Dad.

Brad stares as Ashley wipe blood from his lip as he trudges  
upstairs. The sounds of some bangs and thuds. Ashley returns  
with a rifle.

ASHLEY

Hide. Now! Don't come out until I  
get you.

Brad's face registers fear as he cries and searches for a  
place to hide.

Ashley's musters his courage and scans the yard.

EXT. ESTATE YARD - DAY

Utom slogs across the yard and glances back as a gaggle of unsure farmers cautiously follow. He studies the house for movement.

INT. ESTATE KITCHEN - DAY

Ashley grips the rifle and marches outside. The door slams as the Lucky barks in the window.

EXT. ESTATE YARD - DAY

Utom watches Ashley stride across the lanai. He sees the rifle and pretends to cower and struggles to hide a grin.

The farmers exchange wary glances as they've seen this play out before.

Some gardeners move close and linger behind Ashley.

Ashley frowns and marches towards Utom. He presses the rifle tight against his shoulder as rain washes his blood onto the rifle. His face registers bad intentions.

Decisive, Ashley aims at Utom and leans in. He pulls the trigger. He hears a click and his face registers muted shock.

Utom jeers and snickers. He sees the farmer's faces register disapproval. His laughter transforms to a nervous whimper.

Ashley realizes Utom knew the rifle was unloaded. He feels small and alone and repels. Momentum shifts and Utom stands tall as Ashley shirks.

Utom sees the Elder with a machete tethered to his waist and gestures for the weapon.

UTOM

Machete.

The Elder glances at Utom. He lowers his chin as his hand trembles.

Helpless and alone, Ashley searches for an ally. He bites his lip and scans the gardeners as his mind works.

Impatient, Utom scowls.

UTOM (CONT'D)

The machete! Give it to me.

The Elder casts a dubious glare.

Ashley alerts. He's hopeful for mutiny.

UTOM (CONT'D)  
Give it to me! Now!

Utom rips the machete from the Elder's belt.

In shock, the farmers see the Elder fall and writhe. The farmers help the Elder to his feet and glare at Utom.

Utom shouts and waves the machete.

UTOM (CONT'D)  
We take our land back!

Unsettled, Utom recognizes his chant to deaf ears and shrugs it off. He wipes the rain from his wet hair as the wind howls and the sky opens up.

Utom peeks at Ashley. He readies himself and emits a battle cry. He scowls and raises the machete as he charges.

Undecided workers watch two injured men battle in mud and rain.

Ashley braces and uses the rifle as a shield. The machete strikes, metal-to-metal, with a clang.

Aggressive, Utom advances as Ashley give ground and dodges. Both tired men move slow and gasp.

Ashley swings the rifle butt like a club and it strikes Utom's wrists.

Utom throws the machete at Ashley and the blunt end strikes Ashley's shoulder. The machete falls in a mud puddle.

As Ashley searches for the machete, Utom rushes and dives. Ashley jabs the rifle at Utom's chest. Both men fall into the puddle.

Utom scampers and searches for the machete. Ashley writhes and chokes on a mouthful of water.

Utom raises a rock and smashes it on Ashley's guarding arms. A smash catches Ashley's ear.

Utom crawls atop Ashley and submerges his face. Ashley flails and throws Utom to the side.

Exhausted, Ashley rolls to his side and coughs.

Utom grabs the rifle and kneels. He fishes in his pocket for the bullets. He curses as his shaking hands drops them into the mud puddle. He sees Ashley writhe.

UTOM (CONT'D)  
Matan, Bule!

Utom grabs the rifle's barrel and clubs Ashley's head in some glancing blows.

Utom sees Ashley covered in blood lay still. Satisfied, he drops the rifle. He examines himself and realizes he's badly hurt.

He sees the solemn faces of the farmers and gardeners as they stare at him.

UTOM (CONT'D)  
Is this what you want? To be slaves  
in your own land. To work for the  
invaders.

Utom sees Mary peek. Angry, he clenches his jaw. He finds the machete and slices the water to wash mud from the blade. He notices Ashley's chest rise and fall.

UTOM (CONT'D)  
Foreign devil! See your children  
die before you.

Ashley reacts and cries in pain. He rises to a knee. Dizzy, he falls and vomits. Helpless, he sees Utom limp away.

EXT. ESTATE LANAI - DAY

Utom limps and wipes blood from his wounds as he scans for the children.

EXT. ESTATE YARD - DAY

Ashley scans the audience for sympathy.

ASHLEY  
Please, no. Please. Help me.

The gardeners, the farmers and the elders study each other and consider in silent debate.

Some farmers hear noises from the jungle and turn. They see something and alert.



INT. ESTATE KITCHEN - DAY

Brad reacts as he sees Utom stagger towards them.

BRAD

Run. Hide!

Lucky tries to follow Brad into a cabinet crawl space.

Mary opens the pantry and pushes some liquor bottles aside. She opens a safe and sees a gun. Decisively, she grabs it.

Lucky barks a warning at the sound of the door as it works.

Mary alerts and sees Utom smile and grip the machete.

UTOM

My child--

Utom sees Mary's gun and alerts. He rushes ahead and raises the machete. He glares and swings.

The sound of a gun shot and a machete slicing air. The sound of a gun as it drops and slides.

Utom's face registers confusion. The machete hangs at his side. His eyes rise along the wall to the ceiling. A small hole in his shirt leaks blood.

Mary glances at a bloody cut on her wrist and she beams at Utom.

Utom's face registers wonder. Unsure, he scans the room and falls to a knee.

The sound of boot steps.

Utom flashes a crazed smiles as he sees Pokol enter.

Mary sees Pokol and blinks in wonder as Brad slides to her side.

Pokol studies the dimly lit room and sees Brad and Mary's familiar dark features. He troubled brow unfurls in relief and he sighs.

UTOM (CONT'D)

Help me brother. We can not let the invaders remain on our land.

POKOL

Blinded by hatred. This is not Timor. You learn nothing. Greed. You sold your family's farm.

(MORE)

POKOL (CONT'D)

From you nothing was taken. Nothing given.

UTOM

Kill the Bule. No one will know.  
The farm will be ours.

Utom realizes Pokol is not convinced. Desperate, Utom's voice trembles.

UTOM (CONT'D)

Yours.

POKOL

You do not understand. I bought PT with foreign money from Timor. I've been PT for years.

Utom's face registers terror and panic sets in.

POKOL (CONT'D)

I only need you to go.

UTOM

This land. You. Will never be free.

POKOL

The land is not mine. It is our peoples. I. Have always been free.

Pokol picks up the machete.

POKOL (CONT'D)

Never have I taken a life of my people.

Eyes somewhere distant, Pokol backhand swipes and cuts Utom's head off. The body slumps to a rest.

Pokol finger wipes the blade lets the machete hang.

Lucky wanders close and licks Pokol's bloody fingers.

Pokol wipes his fingers and pets Lucky. His face softens as he notices blood stains Lucky's fur. He decides and gestures to a soldier.

Pokol notices Mary is transfixed on the bloody machete. In the dim light, Pokol recognizes Mary's familiar features.

POKOL (CONT'D)

Fear me not my daughter. You and your family should go home.

MARY  
We have no home.

POKOL  
That makes us the same.

Some Gardeners help Ashley inside. He collapses into a chair.  
The Cook dashes over to render aid.

MARY  
Dad! You're okay.

ASHLEY  
Yes. Yes. I'll be okay. Come here.

Relieved, Brad and Mary race and embrace Ashley.

Intrigued, Pokol watches the Cook and the Gardeners aid Ashley. He recognizes mutual respect and considers. Pokol decides and creeps outside as Lucky follows him.

A soldier escorts the Bule kids inside.

Brad alerts at his resemblance to the Bule kids. He's strangely affected and creeps closer as Rod cringes. Tears stream down his cheeks as struggles to speak.

BRAD  
Apa kabar?

ROD  
The news is good.

Trembling, Rathman inches closer.

RATHMAN  
My name is Ricky.

Brad realizes their suffering and his face registers sorrow and grief.

BRAD  
Hello.

RATHMAN  
Sorry, I haven't spoke English for many years.

Rathman collapses and embraces Brad's legs.