

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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EXT- HIGHWAY IN SINGAPORE - DAY

The melodic folk tunes of the radio play in the background as Rachel taps her index finger out of beat and impatiently on her knee. She continuously peers out the window of the black BMW with grey leather seats. Eager to be home, Rachel peers down at her outfit one more time - black swim team T-shirt, navy swim-team jacket and track pants, topped off with her favourite pair of NIKE trainers. She brushes at her top even though there is nothing to dust. She then pulls out her iPhone 5 and through the front camera. She starts smoothening her auburn hair, neatly tied into a pony tail.

DRIVER (LOOKS INTO REARVIEW MIRROR AT RACHEL)

We're 10 minutes away, Miss Lee.

RACHEL (EXCITEDLY)

Thank you Uncle Sunny, don't be so formal, please call me 'Chel'.

The driver smiles at her and nods his head. Rachel texts her mum one more time to let her know of her arrival. Her text goes un-replied, just like the other texts.

INT - RACHEL'S LIVING ROOM- DAY

Sunlight streams in from the glass walls of the house but the quiet hum of the air-conditioning keeps the living room cool. Mahogany wood furniture is perfectly scattered around the room in a minimalist design. Rachel drags her luggage through the main door and smiles. She inhales deeply and savours the smell of home. She ditches her luggage and runs down the spiral stairs to the living room.

RACHEL (CALLING OUT)

Ma? Pa?

There is no response. Rachel shivers from the draft, her smile slowly disappears as she walks to her room.

INT- RACHEL'S ROOM - DAY

Unlike the minimalist interior of her house, Rachel's room is much warmer. Photos of her family and friends decorate the wall, the white translucent curtains from the 4 poster bed swaying gently from the breeze coming through the open balcony door. A silver tray sits on top of her white desk where her books are neatly piled on the side. Rachel picks up the colourful card and opens it. It reads "Congratulations Rachael!" and is stamped with her fathers' initials and Lee & Co. - his law firms name at the bottom. She traces the stamp with her fingertips.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Thanks Pa...

She puts the card down and picks up the spa vouchers next to it with a green sticky note stuck on top. "Beach club for lunch at 1:30pm, spa after. Bring these. Mum"

EXT- BEACH CLUB - AFTERNOON

All around Rachel, the beach club is practically white-washed. White umbrellas, white cushioned deck chairs, white polo T-shirt uniforms for staff and the occasional white and orange striped towels the club provides. Rachel sits at the table and sips her ice tea as she scans the menu. She keeps looking up whenever someone nears her. The café isn't crowded for a Tuesday afternoon except for the line of ladies' sun-tanning on the deck chairs at the far end leading towards the beach. A tall young waiter with stylishly gelled hair and brown almond eyes named Benjamin approaches her table.

BENJAMIN

Excuse me, Miss Lee?

Rachel looks up from the menu, a questioning look on her face.

RACHEL

How do you know my name?

BENJAMIN

You and your family frequent this place quite often, Miss Lee. Also, I have a message from your mother. She says she won't be able to make it today, her mahjong session got extended.

Rachel purses her lips to form a line. She exhales, closing her eyes momentarily.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Would you like to order something to eat at least. You've been here for over an hour, the kitchen closes in a bit, but I could squeeze in one last order for you.

Rachel smiles at him but her smile doesn't quite reach her eyes.

RACHEL

It's fine

Rachel looks at Benjamin's name tag and then back at his face.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Benjamin. Thank you.

Rachel sighs, as she looks up to the sea right in front of her.

The waves roll in long and white fringed, playfully kissing the shore and then retreating back into the vast blueness of the sea.

EXT - FAR END OF BEACH - DUSK

Rachel pads along the sand, intrigued by the single set of footprints she is leaving behind, the cool waves occasionally blanketing her feet. Her head perks up as she hears her name being called in the distance. Squinting her eyes and shielding them from the sun, she sees Benjamin sitting further ahead waving at her to come towards him. She approaches Ben.

BENJAMIN

Fancy seeing you here, Miss Lee.

RACHEL

Call me Rachel, please.

Rachel tucks a stray piece of hair behind her ear and looks down at the lit joint in Ben's hand.

BENJAMIN

Oh shit, sorry, where're my manners, would you like a hit?

RACHEL

Isn't that illegal?

BENJAMIN

Woah woah Miss Lee, loosen up a little, it's just one puff?

Ben offers the joint to Rachel as she looks at the burning tip, the way the smoke floats freely and then somewhat disappearing into nothing. The waves slowly start picking up into a high tide behind them. She looks at the joint for a while before she reaches forward with shaky hands. She pulls her hand back hastily, as if waking up from a dream. She looks at Ben who nods at her with encouragement. A stronger current rolls up to shore and touches her feet. Rachel finally takes the joint from him and puts it between her lips. She inhales deeply and bursts into a cacophony of coughs and struggles for air. Her eyes start tearing and Ben laughs at her as he takes the joint back from her.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Tell me Rachel, what do you do for fun?