

Dusk Never Goes Away

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PROLOGUE

(Location: Sandya's room in the dormitory, late afternoon.)

Narration:

The dusk sky outside the window has always been a faithful spectator. Every day, its colors dance from red to orange to purple. As if trying to comfort my empty heart. But nothing can hide the emptiness that continues to grow inside.

The sound of typing:

Ctack... ctack... ctack...

Sandya's hands continued to move over the keyboard of her laptop, but her mind had long since drifted elsewhere.

Sandya (monologue):

“This story must be finished. Otherwise... what’s left for me?”

(Brief flashback)

Narration:

Two years ago, I came to this dormitory with a simple wish. Escape from a world that was too harsh. Avoiding the memories that kept chasing me, and trying to find something. Anything that could fill the void. But, even here, old wounds never really heal.

(Back to the present)

Sandya stopped typing. Her eyes were drawn to the corner of the room, where an old photograph lay on the table. It was the only memory she carried from the past. A picture of herself with a man who now existed only in shadow.

Sandya (monologue):

“My deadlines are getting shorter... But why can’t I write anything? Have I forgotten how to dream?”

(A knock on the door is heard.)

“Sandya!”

Narration:

The knock broke the silence that had long crept into my room. I sighed, taking a deep breath, trying to release the weight trapped in my chest.

Sandya:

(Player Choice)

1. [Come in!]

(Door opens, revealing Nadia, one of the dorm residents)

Nadia:

“Are you still typing? Hey, we’re all having dinner together. Don’t get too lost in your own world.”

Narration:

I nodded slowly, forcing a small smile on my face. Dinner together? That sounds like a small thing. But these days, even such a small thing feels like climbing a mountain. Being around people, wading through small talk, trying to show them the side they wish I could see.

Sandya:

“I’ll catch up.”

In my heart, I knew that I needed to go out, to simply escape the silence that was imprisoning my mind more and more. I felt like there was something I needed to meet out there, even if it was just to distract myself for a moment.

2. [What's wrong?]

Narration:

I stared at the door, unsure.

Sandya:

“What's wrong?”

My voice sounded drier than I expected. It was as if there was something I didn’t want to touch, something too close to me. My friend frowned, but smiled lightly, as if understanding without words. I knew, even though I didn’t want that interaction, I couldn’t avoid the fact that I needed them, even if I wasn’t ready for it.

(Door opens, revealing Nadia, one of the dorm residents)

Nadia:

“Are you still typing? Hey, we’re all having dinner together. Don’t get too lost in your own world.”

Sandya (pauses):

Dinner together? That sounds like a small thing. But these days, even such a small thing feels like climbing a mountain. Being around people, wading through small talk, trying to show them the side they wish I could see.

Prologue Closing Narration:

And with hesitant steps, I left my room for the first time today. Maybe, behind that door, there were the answers I was looking for or at least, a reason to try again.

CHAPTER 1: FIRST STEPS

(Location: Dormitory Dining Room, Time: Afternoon, early evening)

Narration:

After a while of staying in my room, I stepped out with a heavy heart. Food can always be an excuse to get out of isolation, even if only for a moment. In the dining hall, the table was already full of dorm mates enjoying their dinner. There was laughter and chatter, but I still felt alienated, like there was an invisible wall separating me from them.

I sat down on one of the empty seats, trying to dive into the silence that wasn't entirely peaceful. In the distance, I saw Nadia talking cheerfully, while Farel sat in the corner, his eyes fixed on the dusk sky through the window.

(Player Choice)

1. [Sit near Nadia and join the conversation].

Narration:

I smiled weakly, trying to blend in with the happiness around the table. Nadia, who immediately noticed my presence, greeted me cheerfully.

Nadia:

"Finally here! Here, here. You should try this soup, it's really good! Oh yeah, how's the novel going? Is it coming along?"

Narration:

I shrugged, feeling that the question was more of a desire to divert the topic from the restlessness of my heart. I answered in a light tone.

Sandya:

"Hmm... Not quite yet. Still stuck. But I'll try again later."

Narration:

Nadia didn't look disappointed. Instead, she kept talking about cute little things, trying to cheer me up with lighthearted stories. Although my heart wasn't completely at ease, Nadia's presence made me feel a little more accepted.

2. [Sitting quietly and enjoying the food in silence.]

Narration:

I chose to sit quietly at the corner of the table, focusing on my food. There's nothing wrong with enjoying silence. Sometimes, when I talk too much, I feel more tired. Perhaps, for now, it was better not to involve myself too much with the outside world. As I spooned my food, that empty feeling came again, it ambushed me. I glanced at my dorm mates who were talking, laughing, but still felt as if I didn't belong to them. Suddenly, I feel someone sitting next to me. Without turning around, I knew it was Farel.

Farel:

"Are you feeling okay, Sandya?"

Narration:

I was surprised to hear that, because Farel usually kept quiet. But this time, it seemed like he was looking deeper than I expected. I paused for a moment, trying to respond.

3. [Find Farel, and talk to him.]

Narration:

I decided to go in Farel's direction. He always seemed aloof, and I felt there was something interesting about him. Something that might also give me answers about myself.

Sandya:

"Farel, can I sit here?"

Farel nodded, expressionless, and looked out the window at the dusk sky.

Farel:

"You seem different these days, Sandya. What's really bothering you?"

Narration:

I was surprised to hear that question. Farel, who had been silent, could suddenly see the emptiness in me. I took a deep breath, hesitant to express what I was feeling. There was so much I wanted to say, but I didn't know where to start.

(Advanced Player Choice)

1. [I want to talk, but I'm afraid.]

Narration:

I looked down, feeling something tighten in my chest. Every word felt too heavy. I didn't know how to express it, and I was afraid Farel wouldn't understand.

Sandya:

"I'm sorry, I don't know where to start... I... just need some time."

Farel nodded slowly, as if understanding without saying much.

Farel:

"Time will come, Sandya. I just want you to know you're not alone."

Narration:

I smiled faintly, feeling a little more relieved though still full of doubts. But Farel's words put my heart at ease.

2. [I can face it alone.]

Narrative:

I shook my head, feeling a little ashamed of my deep openness. I wasn't ready to talk about the things that were in my heart. Besides, I still wasn't ready to accept help from others.

Sandya:

"No, I'll be fine. Thank you, Farel."

Farel was silent, looking at me with an understanding, but not pushy, gaze.

Narration:

I felt again how my solitude was a choice, even though it was painful at times.

3. [Tell Farel everything]

Narration:

I decided to open up. I started telling him about losing my father, about feeling stuck in a creative deadlock, and about how empty everything felt right now.

Sandya:

"...and I don't think I can write anymore, Farel. It all feels like a waste."

Farel listened intently, his face expressionless, but I felt like he really understood. After I finished my story, Farel slowly spoke.

Farel:

"Sandya, there's nothing wrong with feeling that way. Sometimes, we need to look at the world from a different angle, or even take a break, to see it more clearly."

Narration:

I was struck by his simple, yet meaningful words. There was something about her that was reassuring, even though she was a mysterious figure herself.

Chapter 1 Closing Narration:

Today ended in a different way. Although there was still a lot of baggage inside me, I felt a little lighter. A small step towards something bigger.

CHAPTER 2: AN ENCOUNTER

(Location: Sandya's room in the dormitory, morning time)

The alarm sounded loudly on the small bedside table. Sandya groaned softly, reaching out to turn it off. Her eyes were still heavy, but she forced herself to sit up and straighten her messy hair.

Narration:

Morning always came with its own noise. The footsteps of the dormitory residents, the sound of vehicles on the distant road, and my never-quite-calm mind.

Just as Sandya was about to get out of bed, her cell phone vibrated. A notification from Nadia appeared on the screen.

A message from Nadia:

“Hey Sandya! I have two tickets to the band’s concert at the Music House later this afternoon. You’re coming, right? Don’t say no!”

Sandya read the message silently, her fingers hovering over the screen. She knew Nadia wouldn’t take “no” for an answer, but did she really want to go?

(Player Choice)

1. **[“Okay, I’m in.”]**

Narration:

Sandya typed her answer quickly and let out a long sigh. She wasn’t sure, but maybe this could be the distraction she needed.

Sandya (monologue):

“Maybe this is a good way to get out of my own head...”

2. **[“Sorry, I’m busy today.”]**

Narration:

Nadia replied with a disappointed emoticon, but Sandya knew her best friend wouldn’t give up so easily.

(Late afternoon, in the dormitory)

Sandya sat at her small desk, typing a few paragraphs that felt empty. Then, steps sounded on the ceiling, right in the long-empty upstairs room.

Narration:

The steps sounded... light but familiar. Maybe it was just my imagination? But I had to look.

Cautiously, Sandya walked out of the room and up the stairs to the upper room. As she reached the slightly open doorway, an old envelope fell to the floor at her feet.

Narration:

An old letter, the color of the paper yellowed, with beautiful but faded handwriting.

Sandya picked it up and started reading.

“For those of you who always chase the sunset, I’ll be waiting here. I know we never really met, but I believe the sunset will bring us together one day.”

(Player Choice)

1. [Keeping the letter for later investigation.]

Sandya hurriedly folded the letter and tucked it into her pocket. However, other footsteps were heard from the direction of the stairs.

Mr. Agus:

“Sandya? What are you doing here?”

Sandya gasped and smiled awkwardly.

Sandya:

“Uh, I was just curious about the voice upstairs...”

Mr. Agus:

“Ah, it’s probably just the wind. No one has lived in this room for a long time. Come on down, I have to clean some rooms today.”

2. [Showing the letter to Mr. Agus.]

Sandya showed the letter hesitantly. Mr. Agus gave her a long look, his face full of nostalgia.

Mr. Agus:

“Ah, this letter... it’s very old.”

Mr. Agus smiled faintly and began to talk about the memories of his youth, about the turmoil of unattainable dreams and regrets that come too late.

Narration:

In the midst of the conversation, I felt like a child again, listening to the story of someone who had experienced life much further than I had. Mr. Agus’ words flowed like gentle advice that touched the deepest part of my heart.

(Advanced Player Choice)

1. [Ask more about the letter.]

Mr. Agus let out a long sigh.

“There’s an old story behind it. But I’m not sure you’re ready to hear it now...”

2. [Switching the conversation to another topic.]

Mr. Agus smiled and moved on to talk about youth, giving advice on how dreams and reality sometimes collide.

Chapter 2 Closing Narration:

I went back to my room with my head full of questions. The old letter, tonight’s concert, and the conversation with Mr. Agus... All felt like pieces of a puzzle waiting to be put together.

Perhaps, today is the beginning of something bigger.

CHAPTER 3: LIGHT IN THE UPPER ROOM

Narration:

Night crept slowly into the old dormitory. The sky outside Sandya's window was beginning to turn dark, but in the corner of her heart, the feeling of unease had not yet subsided. For the past few nights, the sound of steps in the upstairs room kept coming softly, but clearly enough to make her skin crawl.

(Location: Corridor upstairs in the dormitory)

Narration:

The door to the rooftop room was still locked. Sandya pressed her ear against the old wooden door, hoping to hear something other than the piercing silence. Suddenly, the night breeze blew in from the window slit at the end of the corridor, carrying a faint scent of nostalgia.

(Player Choice)

1. [Tries to knock on the door of the upper room.]

Narration:

Sandya's knock echoed in the deserted corridor. There was no answer, only the sound of footsteps that suddenly stopped. Sandya remembered the previous letter that spoke of "chasing the dusk."

2. [Leaving the upper room and returning to the room.]

Narration:

Sandya chose not to think about it too much tonight. She returned to her room, trying to focus on her work, but the image of the rooftop room kept weighing on her mind.

(Location: Sandya's room)

Narration:

Sandya sat on the edge of the bed, playing with the edge of the old letter with her fingers. She finally sent a message to Nadia.

Nadia (text):

"Seriously? Did you hear a noise in the roof room? I heard a rumor... There's a woman who waits for someone there until the end of her life."

Sandya was silent. Was that story real?

(Player Choice)

1. [Ask more about the rumor.]

Nadia (text):

"They say she writes letters every day to someone who never comes. But... no one knows the truth."

Sandya (text):

"I'm also always waiting for someone who I know never comes."

Nadia (text):

"Is he the person you were with in the photo on your little table?"

Sandya (text):

Yes, he is my father.

2. [Switching the conversation to something else.]

Nadia (text):

“Never mind, you need something to relax you.

Sandya (text):

“I’m also always waiting for someone who I know will never come.”

Nadia (text):

“Is he the guy you were with in the picture on your little table?”

Sandya (text):

Yes, he is my father.

Nadia (text):

“I sent you a sample of my new song, give it a listen! Songs are the ultimate solace!”

(Location: Sandya’s room)

Narration:

Sandya puts on her headphones and plays Nadia’s song. The rough guitar strumming blended with Nadia’s soft voice singing about hope. Sandya closed her eyes, letting the music flow.

(Player Choice)

1. [Letting yourself get lost in the song].

Narration:

The music made her feel a little calmer. In the silence of the room, she began to feel that there might be a way to face all these fears.

2. [Stopped listening because her mind was not at ease.]

Narration:

Sandya rudely removed her headphones. Nothing could relieve her restlessness tonight.

(Location: Sandya’s Dream)

Narration:

In her dream, Sandya saw a woman standing under the dusk sky. Her long hair fluttered in the wind, and her eyes looked sad.

The woman whispered:

“I am waiting... here... under this dusk.”

Sandya tried to get closer, but the woman’s image slowly faded away.

(Player Choice)

1. [Asked who she was.]

Narration:

Before the woman could answer, Sandya woke up. Her breath caught, and her eyes fell on the old letter on the table.

2. [Following the woman in the dream.]

Narration:

Sandya walked after the woman into the dusk, but she woke up before she could reach the shadows.

Chapter 3 Closing Narration:

Morning was coming, but the questions in Sandya's mind were growing. Who was that woman? Was this all a coincidence, or was there something waiting for her in the upstairs room?

CHAPTER 4: TRACES OF THE PAST

(Location: Sandya's room)

Sandya sat by the window of her room, staring at the old letters now neatly arranged on the table. Her heart fluttered as she opened each one, reading about Sekar and Arka. The letters were filled with poems and longing notes from two hearts separated by circumstances. There was something in the way Sekar wrote about the “eternal dusk” that made Sandya feel that this was more than just an ordinary story.

(Player Choice)

1. [Open another letter and look for further clues.]

Narration:

Sandya took a deep breath, her fingers slowly unfolding the next letter. The writing was still just as beautiful, filled with words that implied unspoken love. In each paragraph, Sekar mentioned places that bore silent witness to her feelings for Arka. Sandya read carefully, sensing a hidden pattern behind these letters. She noted every little clue that might bring her closer to the truth.

2. [Close the letters and try to forget them for a moment.]

Narration:

Sandya sighed, closing the letters slowly. She leaned back in her chair, trying to get her mind off Sekar and Arka's past.

Sandya (Mumbling):

“Maybe I'm too far gone.”

She decided to calm down, enjoy a cup of hot tea, and turn her thoughts to lighter matters. Still, the curiosity niggled, waiting to take hold of her mind again.

Just as Sandya was lost in thought, her cell phone rang. A notification from Farel popped up.

Farel (text):

“Hey, I have a painting exhibition this afternoon. Maybe you'd like to come? I'd like to know what you think.”

(Player Choice)

1. [Accept the invitation and come to the exhibition]

Sandya (text):

“I'll come. See you later!”

Narration:

Her heart was a little lighter, perhaps a good distraction from the letters that kept haunting her. At the exhibition, she saw many works featuring travel, time, and human feelings. As she entered the area of Farel's paintings, she felt as if the gallery walls were talking to her, bringing back images of Sekar and Arka's story.

At the exhibition, Sandya walked among paintings full of color and emotion. When her eyes fell on a painting titled “The Dusk Passage” by Farel, she felt as if the world stopped for a moment. The painting depicts two figures under an orange sky, with an aura that feels so familiar.

Farel:

“Do you like it?”

Farel appeared beside her, smiling expectantly.

Sandya nodded slowly, her eyes still glued to the painting. Something was strange... It was as if the painting was trying to tell her something.

(Advanced Player Choice)

1. [Asking Farel about the inspiration for this painting]

Sandya turned to Farel, her eyes full of curiosity.

Sandya:

“This painting... why does it feel so familiar?”

Farel smiled faintly, staring at his work as if there was a story he was hiding there.

Farel:

“I was inspired by a story I heard long ago... about a couple separated by time”.

Those words made Sandya even more convinced that there was a deeper connection between this painting and the letters she found.

2. [Just praising the painting without discussing it further]

Sandya:

“This is amazing, Farel. The colors really bring out a deep atmosphere.”

Sandya said with a smile. Farel nodded proudly, but Sandya chose not to get too deep into it. Maybe it was just a coincidence, she thought, though her heart still wondered. She continued to enjoy the exhibition, trying to let go of everything that was bothering her for the time being.

2. [Refused because she still wanted to focus on the letters]

Sandya’s fingers hesitated for a moment on the phone screen. Finally, she types.

Sandya (text):

“Sorry, I’m busy today. I hope the exhibition is a success!”

She felt this decision was the right one. His focus had to remain on these letters, on the story that kept haunting him. She switched on the desk lamp, opened the next letter, and went back to tracing a past that might hold more secrets.

Narration:

After the exhibition, Sandya felt the need to involve Farel in the mystery of the letters she had found. She showed the letter to Farel at a small café near the exhibition venue.

Farel (while reading the letter):

“Are you serious? This is like the story in my painting...”

The two begin to discuss, trying to connect pieces of Sekar and Arka’s story with elements in Farel’s paintings.

(Player Choice)

1. [Looking for more clues from the other letters]

Narration:

Back at home, Sandya immediately opened the other letters with a renewed sense of excitement. She compared the contents of the letters with Farel’s paintings, trying to find similarities in the descriptions of the sunset and the places mentioned. Each word felt like a piece of the puzzle that slowly came together, bringing her closer to something that had been hidden behind those old sheets.

2. [Started doing research on Sekar and Arka]

Narration:

Sandya opened her laptop and began searching for information about Sekar and Arka. She typed the names into a search engine, hoping to find traces that could connect them to the real world. After a while, she came across an old article that mentioned a woman who always waited by the small lake near the dormitory until her last dusk. Sandya was stunned. Was this just a coincidence? Or was this story really true?

Narration:

After meeting Farel, Sandya felt compelled to put Sekar and Arka's story into her novel. However, the more she wrote, the more oddities she encountered. It was as if this story was not just fiction, but a reality hidden in time.

Sandya wondered, was this all just a coincidence, or was there something that really connected her to the past?

(Player Choice)

1. [Digging deeper into the background of the letters]

Sandya started asking people around the dormitory complex where she lived. She spoke to an old neighbor, who turned out to know Sekar's name.

Old Neighbor:

"There used to be a young woman who often sat on the roof, wrote letters and watched the sunset".

The information made Sandya even more eager to dig deeper. What really happened to Sekar and Arka?

2. [Letting the story develop naturally]

Sandya closed her laptop and chose not to push too hard. She let Sekar and Arka's story develop in her own imagination, hoping that if there was anything she needed to discover, it would reveal itself over time. She returned to writing her novel with a lighter feeling, letting the words flow as they were.

Chapter 4 Closing Narrative:

After all that had happened, Sandya looked at the letters once more. She felt that the story of Sekar and Arka was not just an old story forgotten by time, but a trail that brought her closer to something that had been hidden in the corner of her heart. With her heart full of questions, Sandya knew that this journey was not over yet. She just needs to go further to find the real truth.

CHAPTER 5: STEPS TO DUSK

Narration:

With trembling hands, Sandya finally found the key hidden behind one of the old letters. She went upstairs to the room that had been locked. As the door creaked open, dust flew up, welcoming her into a mysterious silence. Inside, Sandya found an old, tattered brown diary with the initials “S.A.” on the cover. Sandya's heart pounded as she turned page after page, reading Sekar's story of love and waiting.

(Cast Selection)

1. [Reads the diary in its entirety]

Narration:

Sandya sat on the dusty floor of the upstairs room, her fingers trembling as she turned page after page of Sekar's diary. Every word that was written felt so alive, transporting Sandya to a dark and waiting past. She read how Sekar wrote about her feelings for Arka, about unfulfilled promises under the dusk, until finally Sekar's life was filled with the shadow of loss. Sandya felt her heart getting heavier, as if Sekar's sadness was getting inside her. But on the other hand, she felt that there was something that had not been fully revealed. A truth waiting to be discovered.

2. [Pauses and thinks about the next step]

Narration:

Sandya closed the diary slowly, her chest feeling tight. She took a deep breath, letting her mind digest everything she had just read. Sekar and Arka's story was tragic, but Sandya realized that drowning in the past would not bring her any answers. She stood up and walked over to the window, looking up at the darkening dusk sky. In her heart, she wondered. Was the past a warning, or a clue to the way forward?

Just as Sandya was lost in thought, her cell phone vibrated. Nadia sent an enthusiastic message.

Nadia (text):

“San! I'm performing at the Music House tonight. It's my first concert, and I want you to come. I'll be performing the song “Bunga Senja”, which you've heard before.”

Sandya smiled, remembering the first time Nadia had played the song. However, her heart was now mixed with excitement and curiosity about Sekar's diary.

(Player Choice)

1. [Came to Nadia's concert and supported her]

Narration:

Sandya finally decided to come to Nadia's concert. In the crowd of Music House, she saw Nadia standing on stage with confidence. As the strains of the song “Dusk Flower” began to play, Sandya's heart trembled. The song was not just a beautiful melody, but a call from the past. In every lyric Nadia sang, Sandya could feel the pain of Sekar waiting for Arka in uncertainty. She smiled slightly, realizing that supporting her best friend in this important moment was also part of her own journey to understand and accept the past.

2. [Staying at home to read the diary]

Narration:

Sandya decided to stay at home. The quietness of the room allows her to focus more on going through the pages of Sekar's diary. She found more details about Sekar's feelings as she waited for Arka under the same sunset every day. Every word written seemed to be a mirror to Sandya's own life. She began to understand that waiting and loss are part of life's journey that must be accepted, not avoided. Although her heart is still heavy, she finds peace in knowing that Sekar's story can be a lesson for herself.

When Sandya arrived at the concert, she watched Nadia perform with passion. Nadia's melodious voice and guitar strumming flowed beautifully, performing the song "Dusk FLower". Every lyric felt so close to Sandya's heart, as if the song was talking about the story of Sekar and Arka.

As she listened, Sandya remembered the pages of the diary. It turned out that Sekar and Arka promised to meet under the dusk, but Arka never came. A tragic accident took his life, leaving Sekar in a never-ending wait.

(Cast Selection)

1. [Tells this story to Nadia after the concert]

Narration:

After the concert ended and the atmosphere began to die down, Sandya approached Nadia, who was still smiling with satisfaction at her performance. Amidst the crowd, Sandya began to tell her about Sekar's diary and the tragic love story she found in it. Nadia listened attentively, her eyes occasionally twinkling with curiosity.

Nadia:

"Maybe it's not just a coincidence".

She suggested that they investigate together. Sandya felt a little relieved to have shared this story, as if her burden had become lighter. The two of them were now walking across the bridge to the dormitory. Nadia who was walking happily while dancing and Sandya who was smiling gently at her.

2. [Pondering everything alone at home]

Narration:

After the concert, Sandya decided to return to the dormitory. She sat in her study, staring at the diary open before her. She flipped through the pages carefully, letting her mind drown in Sekar's feelings expressed in writing. Sandya pondered, trying to find the meaning of all this. Did she just happen to find it, or was there a greater reason behind it? In the stillness of the night, Sandya realized that some answers must be found alone, at the right time.

Narration:

That night, Sandya felt something change inside her. She connected more with Sekar, as if she understood her feelings of loss and endless longing. The loss of her own father felt more and more real in her memories. However, Sandya also felt that perhaps it was time to let go and move on.

(Player Choice)

1. [Start writing this story in a novel with renewed vigor]

Narration:

With a heart full of inspiration, Sandya sat in front of her laptop. Her fingers danced over the keyboard, stringing together word after word that described Sekar and Arka's story. Every paragraph she wrote felt like a part of herself. It was as if she was living the story. Sandya felt that by writing this story, she could give new meaning to the loss that had been haunting her. Her spirit grew, and for the first time, she felt that writing was not just an escape, but a calling.

2. [Closes the diary and looks for other ways to understand herself]

Narration:

Sandya gently closed the diary, as if realizing that the answers she was looking for were not fully within it. She felt she needed to find another way to understand her own feelings. Perhaps by talking to people who understand better or traveling to places that have meaning in her life. With a deep breath, she stood up and stared out the window, letting the evening breeze take her thoughts in a new direction.

CHAPTER 6: SANDYA'S CHOICE

Narration:

Sandya stares at Sekar's diary, now displayed on a small table, alongside a picture of her and her father. Every word, every stroke of the pen, felt so close to her own feelings. Sekar had lost Arka in the uncertainty of time, just as Sandya had lost her father and felt empty ever since.

But now, she realized that she could not stay trapped in the shadows of the past. She must choose whether to stay in the memories or take a bold step towards a new future.

(Cast Selection)

1. [Visiting the last place where Sekar waited for Arka]

Narration:

Sandya stood by the bridge mentioned in Sekar's diary, which she had passed with Nadia earlier. The sun was beginning to lean to the west, casting a golden orange color on the surface of the river. The afternoon breeze blew softly, carrying the scent of nostalgia and deep solitude.

He imagined Sekar here, standing in a simple dress, waiting for someone who never came. Sekar has spent her time in unrequited hope, and now Sandya is in the same place not to wait, but to say goodbye.

Sandya (whispering softly):

"That's enough."

Sandya:

"Now it's time to move on."

Her steps felt lighter as she left, leaving behind the burden that had haunted her along with the fading dusk.

2. [Closes the diary and focuses on her own life]

Narration:

Sandya looked at the diary one last time before closing it slowly. Not that she had forgotten Sekar and Arka's story, but she realized that her life didn't have to be tied to a past that wasn't hers.

She took a deep breath, letting every memory written on those pages flow into her. Not as shackles, but as lessons.

As Sandya gazed out the window, the dusk sky looked beautiful as always. However, this time she saw it not as a symbol of loss, but of new beginnings.

With a small smile, she moved on, leaving the memories behind and stepping into a future she could still write for herself.

Narration:

In the midst of her indecision, Sandya finds comfort in the presence of Nadia and Farel. They are not only friends, but also people who help her understand that dusk is not just about separation. Dusk is also the beginning of something new.

One afternoon, the three of them sat together by a small lake near the dormitory, enjoying the sky that was slowly turning orange. The same place where Sekar and Arka sat together before they parted.

Farel (looking up at the sky):

“Dusk is not the end.”

Farel:

“It’s a reminder that tomorrow there is always new hope.”

Nadia (smiling):

“And we’re not alone.”

Nadia:

“You’re not alone, Sandya.”

Sandya gripped Sekar’s diary tightly. Perhaps, she had found the answer.

(Player Choice)

1. [Sharing the contents of Sekar’s diary with Nadia and Farel]

Narration:

Sandya took a deep breath before opening the diary in front of Nadia and Farel. They moved and sat in a small café, the dim light accompanying the story that flowed from Sandya’s lips. As page after page unfolded, Nadia’s face tightened, while Farel frowned in contemplation.

Farel (softly):

“I feel... like this isn’t just a story.”

Farel:

“There’s something here, something that connects us all.”

Nadia (looking at Sandya with understanding):

“Maybe Sekar wants her story to continue. Maybe this is how we understand life better.”

Sandya felt a little less burden in her heart. She was no longer alone in understanding the traces of the past.

2. [Keeping this story to himself]

Narration:

Sandya looked at Sekar’s diary in silence. She clutched it tightly, as if it contained not only the story of the past, but also fragments of her own soul.

Nadia and Farel chuckled in front of her, talking about lighthearted things, but Sandya felt a distance between them. Not because she didn't trust them, but because this was something only she could understand.

Some stories are meant to be told. But some are better kept inside, as a reminder that not all mysteries need to be revealed to the world.

(Location: Sandya’s room)

Narration:

In front of her laptop screen, Sandya typed word after word. Her novel was almost finished. But there was one thing she had to decide. How would she end Sekar and Arka’s story?

She looked at the diary once more. Sekar never got her happy ending, but did her story have to end the same way in this novel?

With renewed determination, Sandya started writing. She gave Sekar and Arka a second chance, a happy ending. They meet again in a different dusk. A place where love is no longer hindered by time.

As she typed the last word, tears rolled down her cheeks. Not sadness, but relief.

(Player Choice)

1. [Finish the novel and send it to the publisher]

Narration:

With trembling hands, Sandya typed the last sentence of her novel. Sekar and Arka's story now had a different ending. An ending full of hope, not sadness. She took a deep breath, reread her writing, then carefully sent the manuscript to the publisher.

2. [Keeping the novel to herself]

Narration:

Sandya closed her laptop and stared at the manuscript she had written with all her heart. Sekar and Arka's story was now complete, but for some reason, she didn't feel ready to share it with the world.

Perhaps one day, when the time was right, she would. But for now, the novel remains a part of her, a testament to the journey she has been on, a story that only she and the dusk memories know.

Narration:

That night, Sandya closed her laptop and took a deep breath. She had chosen her path. She would no longer be stuck in the past. She would move forward, with hope, with her friends, and with the story that had changed her life.

Dusk is no longer a wound, but a promise. That every ending is a new beginning.

(Player Choice)

1. [Inviting Farel and Nadia to celebrate this achievement]

Narration:

Sandya closed her laptop with a sense of relief. Her hands were still shaking slightly after pressing the "send" button for her novel manuscript. After a long time immersed in Sekar and Arka's story, she had finally finished the last part.

Without hesitation, she picked up her cell phone and sent a message to Farel and Nadia. Sandya (text):

"I've finished it! Let's celebrate tonight! I know the perfect place!"

That night, the three of them met at a small café earlier with soft acoustic music playing in the background. Laughter, warm chatter and a hot cup of coffee accompanied their evening. Sandya realized how precious this moment was. Not just about finishing the novel, but also about the journey that had brought her here with the people who cared about her.

2. [Enjoying this moment alone, reminiscing about everything]

Narration:

Sandya sat on the balcony of her room, looking up at the orange sky. The afternoon breeze caressed her face, carrying the lingering scent of rain from this afternoon. She stares at her laptop screen, which is still displaying the last page of her manuscript.

-End of Dusk Story-

Instead of celebrating with others, she chose to stay here. Enjoying the silence and soaking in every feeling that flowed through her. She lifted her coffee cup, recalling everything she had been through.

Sekar and Arka, the old letters, the song “Dusk Flower,” the painting “The Dusk Passage,” and all the conversations with Nadia and Farel. They had shaped her journey, helped her rediscover the meaning of dusk that she had lost.

Sandya took a deep breath and smiled. Today, she feels more whole than ever.

EPILOGUE: DUSK NEVER GOES AWAY

Narration:

The sky is golden orange, stretching across the horizon. The afternoon breeze blew softly, carrying the scent of freshly rained earth. Sandya stood on the hill near the small dormitory lake. Staring at the dusk that she once thought of as a symbol of loss.

But this time, she saw it in a different way.

Every step she took had brought her to this point. The story of Sekar and Arka is no longer just a story of the past, but also a reflection of her own inner journey. She has chosen her path. Whether it's sharing the story with the world or keeping it in her heart, celebrating happiness with loved ones or enjoying it in silence. There is no wrong choice. All are part of her.

The wind whispered softly, as if carrying voices from the past. Sekar's voice that waited patiently, Arka's voice that wanted to return, Nadia's voice that sang soulfully, and Farel's voice that was always there in his paintings.

Sandya closed her eyes for a moment, letting everything flow.

Then, with a lighter breath and a steadier step, she turned and strode forward.

Dusk never really goes away.

It only changes into something new.

-The End.