

FIRST DATE IN A SMALL, BLUE BOAT WITH RYUGI AND JURI

Written by

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**EXT. BOATING POND - PARK - NARA - JAPAN - DAY**

A still, rippling level of a pond with two or three boats drifting about, lazy rowers lolling inside.

Cherry blossom all around.

IN A SMALL, BLUE BOAT sit RYUGI (40, tightly-wound) and JURI (mid-30s, scruffy).

On one bank, at mid-distance, a bride in a white dress has her picture taken in various poses by an eager photographer.

Juri sits at one end, her back to Ryugi, eyes on the bride.

Ryugi leans forward, elbows on knees, eyes on Juri.

CLICKING from the camera sails out over the water.

Ryugi looks over to the bank, to the bride.

He sighs, shuffles back and takes up a pair of oars.

He tries a couple of strokes.

The boat pulls away from its view of bride and photographer.

JURI

Stop that.

Ryugi sighs again, slows his rowing, stops.

They drift for a beat.

The boat stills.

RYUGI

I didn't mean right now.

Juri stares on at the bride, twirling at the water's edge.

RYUGI (CONT'D)

Just... Maybe in the future.

Juri turns, faces Ryugi, her expression shifting from deep frustration to calm patience in a steady bloom of acceptance.

JURI

(pacifying)

It's fine.

(beat)

So, tell me about your family.

Brothers and sisters?