

WHEN I'VE GOT BUSINESS IN THE CITY

Written by

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Photograph: Jae C Hong/AP

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INT. LIVING ROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

A loosened necktie on a leather footstool, hanging.

Low amber light settles over matching sofas, floor-to-ceiling windows behind looking out over the city.

Stood here is **JOHN** (early 60s, paunch, slick with summer moisture, in a blue suit, shoeless, top button open on his shirt), swaying at the glass, arms at his side, bleary eyes on the red lights and spires of Roppongi Hills.

SILENCE.

INT. ELEVATOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

YUU (20s, smart in black dress and heels, clutch bag, stock-still and focused) stands in the centre of the tight space, floor numbers lighting on the control panel beside her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

The windows and the view.

Water RUSHES from a tap nearby.

DING.

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

Few doors along the close walls of a dark landing.

At the end of the corridor, elevator doors open and Yuu steps out, checks the first room number, walks on-

INT. BATHROOM - SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

A gold band sits on the side of the wetted sink.

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

Yuu at the door of Room 1102. Deep breath.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOTEL - NIGHT

John at the window, his face dripping.

DOORBELL.