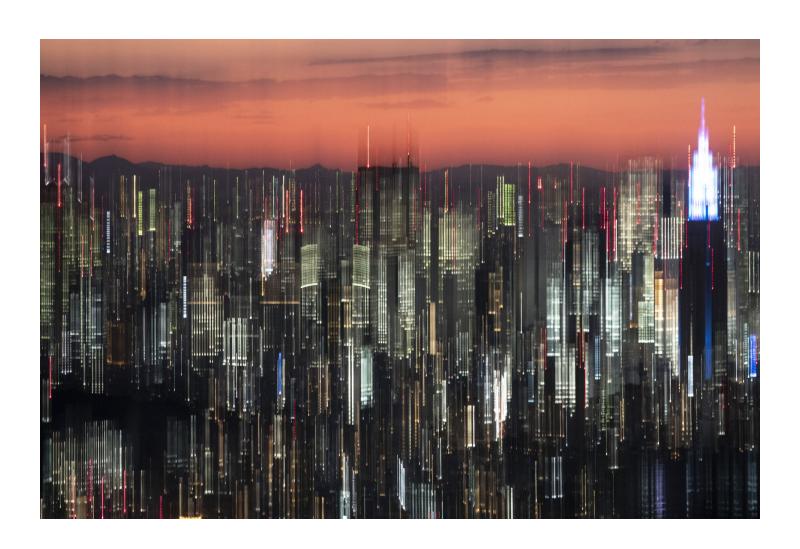
# WHEN I'VE GOT BUSINESS IN THE CITY

Written by

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Photograph: Jae C Hong/AP



## 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.

DOORBET<sub>1</sub>T<sub>1</sub>