

Title: Secrets in the Rain

Editorial Script 1: A Rainy Encounter

Scenario:

Wanting to shelter from the rain, a young lady finds solace under the roof deck of the nearest building. A young man opens his doors for her...

<Iori smiles and greets her>

“Good afternoon, is there anything I can do for you?”

(She lowers her head to say hello)

“Ah, you must be sheltering from the rain.”

“But you’re already drenched...you might catch a cold.”

“Please come inside and warm up.”

It’s quite roomy here since there are no customers right now so it’s totally okay.”

(She looks up and reads the signboard)

“Ah, that’s right. This is a massage clinic.”

“It’s raining really hard so there aren’t a lot of customers coming.”

Suddenly, strong thunder sounds roll in and scares her. She closes her eyes tightly and covers both her ears with her hands. He rushes to her, worried...

“Are you okay, miss?”

“Are you scared of thunder and lightning?”

“It doesn’t look like it will stop anytime soon so please do come in.”

(She lowers her head once again and obliges)

<He gives her a comforting smile>

“I’ll go get a towel so you can dry yourself up even a little.”

“And I’ll see what else I can do...”

<He leaves in a hurry>

(She looks around the place and relaxes a bit)

<He comes back with a fluffy, white towel>

“Thank you for waiting!”

“Please use this.”

(She lowers her head once more and gives thanks)

“Ah, no, please don’t worry about it.”

“You must be wondering why the weather suddenly changed to this too.”

“The skies were so clear this morning and yet look how it’s a downpour right now.”

<He looks at her and realizes something>

“Hmmm?”

“Wait...”

“Uhm...it’s probably just me but somehow, you look familiar.”

“Have we met before?”

(She raises her head and gazes back at him)

“It’s strange but I’m feeling quite nostalgic.”

“I’m Iori.”

“Fujimiya Iori...”

“Can I ask for your name?”

(She answers)

<He laughs excitedly>

“I thought so!”

“Yeah, so, don’t you remember? We went to the same elementary and middle school!”

(She looks at his face intently and smiles warmly)

“I’m glad I wasn’t making it up!”

“I’d be so embarrassed if I made a mistake.”

“But I got it right, what a relief!”

<He instantly becomes giddy and bright>

“Oh yeah, if you’re okay with it, would you like a massage?”

“I haven’t taken any reservations yet, and I’ve been wanting to try some new techniques.”

“You don’t have to pay for anything too.”

“And it’s also a good thing for you right now.”

(She giggles and comments)

“Hmmm?”

“Why am I being so formal?”

“Ah, workplace habit, I guess...”

(She chuckles)

“But yeah...you’re right.”

“Then I’ll drop the honorifics.”

“Hey, hey...good, good!

“Change to these slippers.”

<He beams and hands over the slippers>

“If you’re ready, let’s go.”

<He leads her to one of the massage rooms and instructs her to get changed>

(She looks around and smells the scent of lavender)

“You can change your clothes in that room over there and then wait for a while.”

(She glances back at him with a curious face)

“Yes, you have to get changed.”

“You can put your belongings there, in that two-tiered wooden rack just in front of you.”

(She points at the rack)

“Yes, that one.”

“Knock on the door when you’re done.”

<He hears the knocks and opens the door>

“Thank you for waiting, ma’am.”

“Please lie down on that bed.”

(She does what she’s told quickly)

“All right, let’s start with your shoulders.”

“...Hmmm...it’s very stiff.”

“Do you spend time using computers a lot?”

“I wonder if your eyes also get tired from all that exposure.”

(She tells him about her job)

“I see...that makes sense.”

“Sitting all the time does make your body feel more tired sometimes.”

“I totally understand.”

“If you don’t move too much, your shoulders will hurt, and you will get headaches too.”

“You really have to stretch once in a while, take a break and move around a bit.”

“Rest your eyes and your body too.”

“You should also consume warm drinks from time to time.”

“They’re helpful and good for you.”

<He touches on a particularly stiff part>

“Oh, there’s tough spot right here...”

“Yes, yes.”

“Right here...”

“When you press on it, some sort of ‘crunch’ comes out.”

“You can feel it, right?”

“Does it hurt?”

“Is this okay?”

“If it hurts, please let me know.”

<He turns silent and then suddenly remembers something>

“Ah...by the way...”

“I’ve always wanted to thank you.”

(She glances at him with a puzzled face)

“Yeah, I figured you don’t remember anymore...”

“It was about something I really hate! Does it ring a bell?”

(She squeals and her eyes widen)

“You got it! Frogs! I hate them with a passion even until now.”

“When we were in grade school, I went inside our classroom one rainy day...”

“And there it was, a frog sitting on top of my desk!”

“I was so mad! Out of all the desks, why did it have to go in mine!”

“Then you called our teacher, right?”

“And told me to escape lol”

“What you did was such a great help to me.”

“But I was too embarrassed and couldn’t say anything.”

“That’s why let me say it now.”

“Thank you very much!”

(She laughs and nods in succession)

“Don’t you miss those times?”

“Eh? “You’ve forgotten about it?”

<He gets flustered>

“Well yeah, it’s a thing of the past, it’s not strange for you to forget it happened.”

“But...I’m glad I was able to finally thank you.”

“Maybe I should be grateful to the rain, too?”

“Cuz if it didn’t pour down like that, I wouldn’t have the chance to meet you again like this.”

“Anyway, it’s time to massage your back now.”

(She gently flips over to the other side, her back facing him)

“You really should rest your body from time to time cuz things will get worse if you don’t.”

“See how hard it is in here?”

(She weakly yelps in pain)

“Oh, did it hurt?”

“Then I’ll tone down the pressure.”

“Ah, right, there was that time too.”

“Do you remember our field trip?”

“I forgot to bring snacks so you gave me some chocolates.”

“Those chocolates were so good, I couldn't forget them.”

“That actually started my long and complicated relationship with sweets.”

“Either you caused me to like sweets or you were the reason why I got interested in them, I’m not sure which one...”

(She asks him)

“No, it’s not a bad thing and it made me happy.”

“So, thanks for that as well.”

“I know for sure they were just normal chocolates but I don’t know why I haven’t come across a chocolate that tastes better than that...”

“It is because I got them from you that made them so good?”

(She laughs at him)

“I’m not exaggerating and it’s not a lie either!”

“Seriously, I’m not kidding.”

“Why are you so doubtful though?”

“I mean, I was also a kid back then, so you know how children’s minds are...”

<He pouts and then suddenly gets a mischievous idea>

“Hehe...”

All of a sudden, he becomes aggressive and glides his fingers onto the sides of her torso and on her stomach in a tickling manner. It immediately sent the both of them into fits of laughter...

“Hahaha! I didn’t know you’re this ticklish!”

“And you’re so weak when your belly gets attacked!”

“This is what you get when you don’t take my words seriously!”

“Feel my wrath!”

“Take this!”

She laughs really hard and tries to flee seeing him enjoy himself at her expense...

“Hahaha!”

“Sorry, sorry...”

“Your reactions were interesting so I got carried away...”

(She talks while catching her breath)

“Eh?”

“This is a part of me that hasn’t changed?”

“Really?”

“But I thought I’ve grown matured and hardworking though...”

(She laughs and teases him)

“What, you’re calling me a liar again?”

“Grrr...”

“You’re really pushing your luck here, miss!”

She tries to wriggle away from him but he catches her without effort...

“That kind of expression is really nice...”

“What’s this?”

“You’re so full of openings...”

“If you show me that kind of face, it’ll only make me want to do it more, you know?”

(She laughs and tries to tickle him back but to no avail)

<He tickles her again>

“Look, here too...”

(She lets out a moan and blushes furiously)

“Ah——!”

“Sorry...did I touch a weird place?”

“It wasn’t my intention...yeah...”

“But...just now, that voice...”

(She looks on, curious)

“I just thought it was...kinda cute.”

<He faces her with a meaningful gaze>

“Really...it was absolutely adorable.”

“Just hearing it once feels wrong...”

“It just makes me want to hear that voice again...”

<His face starts to look serious>

“Hey...do you still feel stiff somewhere?”

“I told you I wanted to try other therapeutic techniques, right?”

“What I did a while ago was just the normal one, so...”

“Take off your gown...”

“As for the underwear...you’re wearing them, right?”

“Then, please lie down again.”

(She blushes a little bit, embarrassed)

“It’s not embarrassing.”

“It’s just a massage so...”

“...there’s nothing to worry about.”

(She asks if she should take off her underwear)

“...Uhm, actually, you should.”

“There’s no one else here anyway, except for us.”

“So there’s nothing to be embarrassed about.”

<He takes a bottle and shows it to her>

“Then, I’ll start the oil massage.”

(She asks about it)

“Yes, this was the one I wanted to practice with you.”

“And you’re the first customer to ever try this service.”

“So lie down and relax.”

“The aroma and warmth of the oil together with kneading and stroking will make you feel good.”

<He pumps an ample amount of oil into his hands and warms it up>

“I’ll slather up and smoothen the oil on your skin.”

“Let begin...”

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