

Title: His Honeyed Heart For You

Editorial Script 1: Hidden Feelings

Scenario:

During a flower-viewing session with the rest of the team, a young female subordinate insists to help her drunk, lightweight drinker boss to do some errands. He tries his best to refuse her offer, but to no avail...

<Tooru sighs, frustrated>

“Why are you still coming along?”

“They’re about to start a toast so you should be there.”

(She insists)

“You want to be of help?”

“I really appreciate it but I’m alright.”

“I can do this by myself.”

“In the first place, you came here to gaze at the wisteria flowers, not to monitor the inebriety of your boss, right?”

“It’s a good chance to get to know those you haven’t had the pleasure to interact with in the office, instead of sticking with me.”

“Since there’s alcohol involved, I’m pretty sure everyone will feel a little bit more comfortable and friendly.”

(She suddenly looks a little bit down)

“Ahh...”

“By the way, I saw someone looking for you a while ago.”

“Why don’t you talk to him at least once?”

“I mean, right now is a good time for it.”

“Just keep in mind that tomorrow is a Friday so we still have work to do.”

“If he tried to give you alcohol, it is in your best interests not to accept so easily.”

(She nods and walks faster to keep up with his pace)

“Anyway, why are you still following me though?”

“Like I said, I’m okay. You should enjoy over there.”

(She slightly pouts)

“Because you’re worried...”

“Look, there’s nothing to worry about.”

“I’m just going to the convenience store to buy more snacks...since there’s not enough——”

<He feels a little bit unstable and light-headed>

(She holds on to him, concerned)

“This is nothing, I’m totally fine.”

“During the first toast, I drank the beer being given to you by the director...because I got really thirsty...and it looked delicious...”

“It’s nothing weird...but I didn’t do it because...I knew you don’t drink alcohol that much...”

“So...you better go home now.”

<Tooru starts to walk slower and somewhat unsteady>

“You should just...leave me alone, y’know...”

“Ughh...”

“Don’t follow me anymore!”

“Go home——ugh!”

<He covers his mouth, feeling nauseous>

(She comforts him, rubbing his back gently)

“Sorry, that was rather unsightly of me.”

“The truth is, I’m such a lightweight in alcohol.”

“I was feeling queasy so I pretended to go to the convenience store.”

“But it was me just trying to bail out.”

<He chuckles an exhausted laugh>

“But you caught me off-guard and now this happened.”

“That was really lame...”

(She smiles and reassures him)

“Oh, right.”

“Are you okay? How’s your hand?”

“Did it hurt when the director forcibly grabbed you?”

“Can I see it for a bit?”

“Oh, there are no grab marks.”

“That’s a relief.”

“Your hand is slim and white...”

(She blushes and puts the bottle of water against his cheek)

“C—cold!”

“Ah, it’s water.”

“Great timing, I wanted some.”

“Thank you.”

(She looks on as he drinks from the bottle)

“Whew, that was good.”

“Thank a lot, really.”

“Ugh...”

“So, I’m...okay now...”

“It’s time for you to...uhh...go back.”

“Uhh...”

“I’ll just stay here a bit more...and then I’ll try to catch a taxi...”

Ugh...”

(She squints her eyes, looking very unconvinced)

“Believe me...”

“I’m to—tally fine now...”

“You s—should go...back...”

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