

Logline

Na-ri is a first-generation British-Korean immigrant caught between Eastern and Western values facing intergenerational pressure over the course of her future.

Synopsis

Na-ri has plans for the future but finds herself caught in the middle of the expectations of others – most notably her family matriarch, Halmeoni. Aware of her family's sacrifices to provide her with an education and opportunities, she must decide: live for others or herself? Which can she live with?

"For Lily"

By

Sophie Marshalsey

40490348@live.napier.ac.uk

INT. TRADITIONAL KOREAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Outside the window it is a bleak autumn day as people pass by clothed in multiple layers. NA-RI (18, fresh-faced with an ethereal beauty, but headstrong and pensive) perches on a cushion on the floor across from an elderly woman, as she averts her eyes.

The elderly woman glances up. Between them is a low table with *banchan* (small side dishes), bowls of cooked rice and a bubbling *dolsot* (stone pot) of *kimchi-jjigae* (kimchi stew).

This is HALMEONI (Na-ri's grandmother, mid 70s, a weathered face set with shrewd eyes). She stops stirring the stew and sets down her chopsticks.

HALMEONI

Sohn-nya (Korean for 'granddaughter'),
you haven't touched your food.

Na-ri looks back at *Halmeoni* (Korean for 'grandmother'). A palpable tension hangs between them, as Na-ri keeps her arms folded across her chest.

NA-RI

I'm not hungry, Halmeoni.

HALMEONI

You need your strength to get into a
good university program.

Na-ri unfolds her arms, and picks at her food half-heartedly.

HALMEONI

Something *honourable*, like
engineering, law, or medicine. They
provide well.

Na-ri pauses momentarily, chopsticks held mid-air. She shakes her head slightly, taking a small mouthful of rice. Halmeoni eats heartily.

HALMEONI

You'd do that to make your parents'
sacrifice worth it, wouldn't you?

Na-ri's chopsticks clatter onto the table. Her eyes dart up, and lock with Halmeoni's.

NA-RI

Did you ever think to ask what *I* want?

Halmeoni looks at her blankly, then scoffs.

HALMEONI

It doesn't matter what you want. The world is unkind - it will chew you up and spit you out.

NA-RI

Is that what it did to you?

A look of remorse crosses Halmeoni's face.

HALMEONI

I didn't get the chance. It was decided for me - my job was to stay home and look after others.

Na-ri stares at Halmeoni, perplexed by her candour.

HALMEONI

I want more for you. For you to make something of yourself.

NA-RI

... I can't live my life according to someone else's plan for me.

Na-ri fidgets, and eats some of the stew. There is a long silence.

Halmeoni continues to eat, and before taking another mouthful says-

HALMEONI

I guess my plan worked. You have a backbone after all. The world won't spit you out.

Na-ri's mouth is agape as Halmeoni looks up, a small smile etched into her lined face. Halmeoni's otherwise dull eyes catching the light.

HALMEONI

Eat up now, *sohn-nya*. The food is going cold.

Na-ri doesn't say anything. She looks around the busy restaurant, at Halmeoni, then down at her food with a smile of her own.