

SOMEDAY

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FADE IN:

1

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN, AIRPLANE - EVENING

1

MELODY, competent and fashionably dressed, sits in her aisle seat, texting on her phone... a chat with "BABE." We see the words superimposed--

BABE: I'm so sorry Mel. Can we talk?

MELODY: Already on the plane. When I land.

With that, she shuts off her phone, placing it in her handbag. Starts to reach for the in flight magazine, when-- she notices, striding down the aisle in SLOW MOTION, **ADAM**, stylishly incognito, hat and sunglasses, trying not to be noticed, but failing miserably. The people around point and whisper.

GIRL

Oh my God, it's really him.

Melody doesn't get what the fuss is, but sees Adam heading straight towards her. He dips in.

ADAM

I'm the window.

MELODY

Really? How interesting. I'm just a person.

It takes Adam a moment to get the joke. It registers, and he scooches by, getting to his seat.

ADAM

(grins)

I try to be *transparent* with the people I meet.

MELODY

(smiles)

It worked. I see right through you.

They lock eyes. Instant chemistry. A rapport that can't be faked or induced. A guy stops at their seat, interrupting the moment.

GUY

Big fan!

ADAM

(a bit embarrassed)

Thank you.

Melody looks at Adam again - trying to discern if she knows him. More people around point and try to take pictures.

MELODY
What's going on?

ADAM
I know. It's like they've never
seen a window before...

MELODY
(smiles)
Are you famous or something?

ADAM
Define famous.

MELODY
Do people know you?

ADAM
(shrugs)
You don't know me.

MELODY
Oh, I don't count.

ADAM
(a bit let down)
Then what's the point?

Melody's a bit shaken by the simplicity of his comment. As Adam settles in, putting his expensive headphones into the front pocket, he notices Melody flipping through the magazine. He reaches for it, grabbing it out of her hands--

ADAM (CONT'D)
You don't need to read that.

MELODY
Excuse me?!

She's a bit annoyed. That's a pretty forward gesture.

ADAM
It has a feature on me.

MELODY
Well, then let me see it.

ADAM
What for?

He buries the magazine, stuffing it deep down.

MELODY

I wanna get to know you.

Locks eyes with her again.

ADAM

What do you want to know?

Melody dips in, coming closer. They just watch each other - their gazes locked. As...

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but don't you feel like we've done this before?

(beat)

I just know I know you...

MELODY

Actor! You're on a TV show. Or a movie. Is this from something?

Adam shakes his head. He's still convinced they know each other. Melody's searching as well. They each sit back in their seats, as we hear an announcement.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to *Terra Australis*, flying nonstop from Sydney to Los Angeles. The flight time is fourteen hours...

The fasten seat belt sign DINGS, and we transition to--

2

INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN, AIRPLANE - LATER

2

The flight has taken off. Adam and Melody are in mid conversation. The lights are dimmed.

MELODY

...in pediatrics. I work 80 hours a week, and that's pretty much my life.

ADAM

Way to downplay saving lives of little children.

MELODY

No, I love my work. I wanted to be a doctor since I was five. We were in a playground when one of the other kids fell off the merry go round and hit his head.

(MORE)

MELODY (CONT'D)

Blood was gushing everywhere. This nanny, she was from Botswana, had the most beautiful dark skin ever... Anyway, she pulled out a sowing kit from her bag, and stitched the boy right up. Turns out, she was a surgeon in her country. Something about that moment, it just stuck with me.

Adam listens on with fascination, but we notice, his eyes are closed.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm boring you...

ADAM

No, not at all. Your voice, it's music to my ears. Just enjoying it.

Melody chuckles.

MELODY

Does that line actually work on women, or do you have to be famous to pull it off?

ADAM

I was being sincere.
(grins)
But - not gonna lie. The fame doesn't hurt.

MELODY

Okay, what do you do? It's killing me.

ADAM

Before we get to all that, can we just be two normal people for a little longer?

MELODY

I can do that. I've had a lifetime of practice.

ADAM

Good. I'm Adam.

He extends his hand to shake. She takes it.

MELODY

Melody.

ADAM

No! That's not your name! Is it?

Melody becomes self conscious.

MELODY

Yeah. Why?

ADAM

You're my life...

(off her look)

Melody. I'm a musician. A composer.
Conductor.

MELODY

Like Mozart?

ADAM

You know, I've dreamed of The New
York Times making that comparison
my whole life, but I like it coming
from you so much more.

(beat)

Adam Wingartner.

He waits for it to sink in. Melody's reaction is decidedly
anti-climactic.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Nothing?

MELODY

Sorry. I told you, I'm horrible. I
don't know anything outside of
medicine. Okay, that's not true. I
read everything I can get my hands
on. And I'm a pretty mean gourmet
cook. But I'm not musical at all.

ADAM

I don't believe that. We all have
music in us.

From Melody's expression, it seems she's in disagreement.
Adam gets in close, bringing up his hand, holding an
imaginary stick, getting ready to conduct, which makes Melody
break into a smile. But Adam is dead serious.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You're a doctor. I want you to
imagine the sounds. Just listen...

Melody nods, playing along. As Adam describes the sounds, we
start to hear the imaginary symphony he's conducting.

ADAM (CONT'D)

A patient's heart beat. That's percussion. Your rhythm section. An EKG monitor... that's a piano. The sounds of breathing - that's your woodwinds. The hum of an MRI machine builds the sound scape. A baby crying... that's an aria.

Melody closes her eyes, as the music swirls, forming, building up to a crescendo.

2.1 QUICK FLASHES: *Interlocked hands. Feet swaying to a beat. Arms and torsos intertwined.* 2.1

The moment is interrupted by the perky flight attendant - stylish, attractive and has an air of confidence about her.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

So sorry to disturb you, Maestro, but, would you mind signing this for the Captain?

(a bit flirtatious)

Okay! It's for me. I love your music. Your two part inventions have such imaginative counterpoints. Very reminiscent of Bach. I was actually in Prague when you conducted Beethoven's 9th. It was really eloquent. I was so... touched.

She has an in-flight magazine, opened up to a photo of Adam. Melody sees the interaction, flashes Adam a grin, & gets up.

MELODY

Be right back.

The flight attendant looks on, totally taken with him. As Melody leaves, walking towards the restroom... we notice a few other people approaching Adam, getting selfies.

3 **INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS** 3

Melody stares at herself in the mirror.

3.1 The FLASHES resume. *High heels clacking on the floor, moving with purpose and panache. The fluid movement of two bodies swaying together. We don't see faces. Only bodies. Hands. A bare back in an elegant dress. An upright frame in a finely tailored suit.* 3.1

Melody exhales. What is happening to her?

4 INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN, AIRPLANE - MOMENTS LATER 4

Melody walks back to her seat, taking in Adam surrounded by his adoring fans. But he watches her, as she walks towards him in SLOW MOTION. His eyes are only for Melody. She notices.

As she sits down, he turns to her, noticing she's a bit flustered.

ADAM

You okay?

4.1 Another QUICK FLASH: *This time, Adam looking into her eyes, but he's dressed differently. And the setting is formal. As if from another time.* 4.1

Melody comes to, shaking the vision off. She smiles - "I'm fine."

DOWN THE AISLE-- the attendant pushes a food cart along.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

4.2 -- Melody and Adam enjoy their meals, laughing, talking, eating. 4.2

ADAM (CONT'D)

Best first date?

MELODY

This isn't too bad. I mean, for a window.

(Adam's surprised)

I'm kidding. I only date doors.

4.3 -- Later, and Melody pulls out a book. Reveal Adam's surprise, as he has the EXACT same book - **THE ALCHEMIST**. Coincidence or soulmates? 4.3

4.4 MELODY (CONT'D) 4.4
Do you have a favorite symphony?

ADAM

I'm hearing one right now.

We (as the audience) begin to hear *Mozart's Symphony 40 - Molto Allegro*.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Can you hear your favorite piece?

Melody shakes her head.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You will. When it happens.

MELODY
When what happens?

Adam simply smiles at her.

4.5 -- They play a game on his iPad, sharing the earphones. 4.5

4.6 -- Melody is asleep, resting her head on Adam's shoulder. 4.6
He pulls the blanket over her. A sweet gesture.

4.7 -- Melody stands up near the restroom area, bending down and 4.7
stretching her body. Adam mimics her. Poorly. She smiles.

4.8 -- Back to their seats, there's some turbulence: 4.8

MELODY (CONT'D)
Worst break-up...?

ADAM
Don't they all feel like the worst
when they happen? I guess that's
the point. You care about someone
enough to get hurt.

There's a wound there, but he doesn't want to expand. Changes
the topic. Points at his iPad charting out the FLIGHT MAP.

ADAM (CONT'D)
We're passing the International
date line. We left Sydney on a
Friday evening, and we'll arrive in
LA on a Friday morning. You know
what that means, right?

MELODY
This moment... what we're saying
and doing... it never happened.

4.9 -- They've switched seats now. Melody is in the window seat, 4.9
and Adam in the aisle seat.

MELODY (CONT'D)
...I thought we wanted the same
things. I really loved him. Maybe I
still do. I just... I don't know.

ADAM
What was the last straw?

MELODY
Semantics.

Adam doesn't follow.

MELODY (CONT'D)

We had this life all planned out. Things I had told him I wanted. Stuff that was important to him. Every time I daydreamed, like - I want kids, he'd say sure. *Someday*. And anytime he mentioned something he really wanted, he'd say... *One day*. I thought it was the same thing. Turns out, I was wrong.

ADAM

Yeah, I mean, there's a clear difference.

MELODY

Really? There is? Is this a guy thing?

ADAM

Well... *Someday* is hypothetical. It's a fantasy. *One day*, is just looking to the future. It's definitive.

MELODY

See, I missed that memo. There I was, building a whole life, thinking he and I were on the same page...

Adam is looking at her again - one that comes from knowing someone well.

MELODY (CONT'D)

God, I've never had a conversation like this with someone I just met.

ADAM

I'm telling you. This feels like a symphony I've been listening to my whole life. We've met before...

MELODY

Like in another life?

4.10 Another FLASH for Melody: *This time, we see the full bodies and faces of her and Adam, wrapped around each other.* 4.10

Melody tries to shake the feeling, lifting the window pane, looking outside. The sun is just rising. A beautiful pink and orange hue emanates.

ADAM

I don't believe in that stuff. But you have to admit we have a connection. I feel like I can say anything to you...

Melody checks her phone quickly, to herself. A photo of **BABE** shows another man. Her face reflects she feels a bit guilty.

MELODY

Maybe it's so easy because we know we'll never see each other again.

ADAM

Never is a long time.
(beat)
Good thing I'm patient.

MELODY

(looks him in the eye--)
Mono no aware. (Mono no awarey)
(beat)
Do you know what that means?

A moment of confusion comes over Adam's eyes. He shakes his head. Melody clicks her phone off and looks out.

MELODY (CONT'D)

This sky - it reminds me of the cherry blossom. The Japanese, they venture out to look at the Sakuras in bloom before they fall out in a week. You see, *Mono no aware* is an expression about the transience of all things in life and love. We see the true beauty of something only when we acknowledge it's fleeting.

Listening to this, Adam understands. He turns his gaze away from Melody, staring ahead at the seat in front of him. For the first time, we see these two as regular passengers - minding their own business. We go out the window -- into the beautiful sky. Through the clouds and wind.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (PRELAP)

...would like to welcome all of you to sunny Los Angeles. You may now make and receive calls, as well as use all data services on your handheld electronic devices. It has been our pleasure to serve you. Thank you for flying *Terra Australis*.

5 INT. FIRST CLASS CABIN, AIRPLANE - DAY

5

Very bright. All the windows are up now. Everyone is wide awake. The plane has landed. Announcements continue over the PA system, and everyone is ready to go.

As Melody is reaching for her belongings, she pulls out the in flight magazine. Smiles.

MELODY

Will you sign it for me?

Adam, a bit formal now, takes the TERRA AUSTRALIS magazine and autographs it, writing something. CLOSES it, and hands it to her. She doesn't read it right away.

Melody stares at her phone, with a new text, that we see ILLUMINATED above as before:

BABE: I miss you.

Adam stands, as Melody reaches for his hand - softly grabbing it, their palms intertwining. AS--

5.1 The FLASHES return: Now we see the full extent of them. 5.1
Melody and Adam, looking different (changed hair length, color, eyes), dressed very upscale, clearly in the past - dancing a complicated & passionate TANGO. It culminates in a KISS to end all kisses: a match that lights fireworks!!!

And as if on cue, Melody starts to hear Mozart's symphony.

As she comes to, she's still standing there at her seat. Adam is gone, heading off in the walkway in SLOW MOTION - leaving everything behind. Melody's alone, a bit stupefied.

She rushes to open the magazine. Gets to a page with his photograph. On it, he's written:

Hope to see you again. Someday.

Melody smiles to herself. But then something else on the photo catches her eye. Adam's chest. Tattooed in black ink are three simple words:

Mono no aware.

Off Melody sinking back into her seat, getting ready to type something on her phone (we see a blinking "..."), letting the Mozart symphony take over her, we--

FADE OUT.