

Someday!

By

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A pair of green surgical scrubs are draped over a woman's business suit. On the floor, men's athletic shoes and a woman's pumps.

MARK LAIDLEY, 34, and his fiancée, TARA BRIGHTSON, 34, are asleep in her bed. She wakes up first. She looks around and checks her alarm clock: 9:30.

She rolls over and props her head up to look at Mark. He's quasi-snoring, mouth open, making odd catching noises with his breathing.

She pinches his nostrils together making him breath more from his mouth, without waking up. She leans in.

TARA
Happy Thanksgiving.

He wakes up slowly, resistantly. He squints at her.

MARK
(yawning)
Wasn't that last week?

He rolls away from her.

TARA
Yes, but remember, today we're supposed to go to my parents for your Thanksgiving dinner.

He rolls back and this time looks at her with more opened eyes.

MARK
Can't we do that some other day?

He rolls over, closing his eyes.

TARA
This is that "some other day."
It'll be Christmas by the time you have Thanksgiving dinner.

He groans and opens his eyes looking a bit ashamed. He rolls over and sits up. He leans over and kisses her, closed mouthed. He scrunches back under the covers hugging Tara and closing his eyes. He has his ear on her chest.

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CONTINUED:

TARA (cont'd)

How does my heart sound, Doctor?

MARK

I'm not a doctor yet.

TARA

You should be. You've studied enough to be three doctors.

MARK

Are you getting impatient with me to become a doctor?

TARA

No. It's fine with me.

(pause)

How does it sound?

MARK

Strong. Loud. About to be promoted.

TARA

That's stress you're hearing.

MARK

You work at an ad agency. A stabbing victim on PCP is stressful. Clearing an obstructed bowel is stressful. Passing my exams is stressful.

TARA

What are you talking about? You've always been an A student.

MARK

That's because I'm always stressed out.

TARA

Well, all you need to do today is be thankful.

He stares into her eyes and smiles.

MARK

I think I can do that.

She smiles. He hops out of bed and runs into the adjoining bathroom. He brushes his teeth quickly. Tara starts to

(CONTINUED)

Someday!

3.

CONTINUED: (2)

get up as Mark runs back into the bedroom and jumps onto the bed, pushing her back in.

TARA

What are you doing?

MARK

Making love to you.

TARA

Why?

MARK

So that you can be thankful.

TITLES:

INT. LIQUOR STORE

STELLA, 48, is a frumpy short woman. This is her morning routine. She's ordered a cup of coffee and a Lottery ticket. SAM #1, the store owner hands her the change and her ticket.

STELLA

Someday I'm going to win the Lotto, Sam.

SAM #1

Good luck Stella.

INT. SUBWAY STATION

Thousands of people are moving about. JOE, 30, stops at a newsstand. He gets the paper and a Lottery ticket from SAM #2.

JOE

Someday I'm going to win the Lotto, Sam.

SAM #2

Good luck Joe.

It's a different "Sam."

EXT. SIDEWALK

TOM, 52, a construction foreman, stops at a tobacconist for cigs and he buys a Lottery ticket. He gets his change and his cigarettes and ticket and nods at the tobacconist, SAM #3.

(CONTINUED)

Someday!

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CONTINUED:

TOM

Someday I'm going to win the
Lotto, Sam.

SAM #3

My name's not Sam.

INT. BATHROOM

An old bathroom in an old apartment building. LUCY, 28, overweight, is trying on a HORIZONTALLY STRIPED COCKTAIL DRESS. It clearly is too tight on her.

LUCY

Yes,...

She tugs and pulls and adjusts it, constantly turning around, looking in the mirror to see if it works, in any way, shape or form. It clearly doesn't. Her butt, most obviously, stretches the dress out of shape, hiking the hem up. She looks OVER HER SHOULDER, IMPLORINGLY.

LUCY (cont'd)

...this does make my butt look
fat.

She takes the dress off and tosses it aside. She turns to face herself.

LUCY (CONT'D)

(whispered)
Someday....

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

TIM, 24, is on the phone. His Call Waiting beeps.

TIM

Hold on Sergio. That's my other
line.

(pause)

This is Tim.

(pause)

Oh hi Mom... I'm on the other
line...

He frowns and makes impatient gestures.

TIM (cont'd)

...no. It's work stuff. Can you
hold on?

(pause)

Sergio? It's my mom. Can you

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM (cont'd)
hold on?... Okay.
(pause)
Mom? I need to get back to this
call. Yes. Really? Okay.
(pause)
Yeah. What?
(pause)
Valerie saw me what?
(pause)
That's ridiculous.
(pause)
Boyfriend?

He laughs nervously.

TIM (CONT'D)
She needs to cut back on her
Geritol.
(pause)
No. That's crazy, Mother.
(pause)
Thursday...? I was...working.
(pause)
Well, the old girl is seeing
things.
(pause)
Yes.
(pause)
No....
(pause)
Can you hold on, Mom?
(pause)
Good.

Tim whips the phone from his ear and hits the Flash button to switch back to Sergio, putting a smile back in his voice.

TIM (CONT'D)
Sergio darling?

His eyes widen in HORROR! He chokes.

TIM (cont'd)
Who? Nobody! Wrong number!

He jabs at the off button several times and then throws the phone away with a SHRIEK. After his initial fright he crawls over to the phone on the floor and droops.

TIM (cont'd)
Someday I'm going to come out to
my mother.

INT. TARA'S PARENTS' HOME - NIGHT

The immediate family is gathered, Tara's MOTHER and FATHER, her BROTHER, and she and Mark. They're at the dinner table eating.

TARA'S MOTHER

Well, Mark, you missed a great Thanksgiving. The whole family was here. Even yours.

MARK

I really wanted to be here, but I had to work....

TARA'S MOTHER

I know, it was just a humdinger of a Thanksgiving.

Mark smiles at her. Tara's parents are youngish and seem to like Mark.

TARA'S BROTHER

So how's your job, Tara?

TARA'S MOTHER

Any news on the promotion?

TARA

Well, it's still early. But it looks good.

TARA'S MOTHER

That's great.

TARA'S FATHER

That's wonderful honey.

*

*

TARA (CONT'D)

We'll see.

Mark glances at Tara and smiles at her. She smiles back.

TARA'S FATHER

How's school Mark?

MARK

Pretty good. I'm trying to decide between two areas of focus.

Tara's father nods, smiling.

TARA'S FATHER

Another one? How many programs have you been in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tara is a bit embarrassed by the line of questioning and shoots her dad a look. Mark notices.

TARA'S FATHER (cont'd)
Sorry, Mark. I didn't mean anything...

MARK
That's alright.
(chuckles)
I think it's five—

TARA
Six.

Mark glances at her. She shrugs.

TARA'S FATHER
Well, let's see. You started in oncology?

MARK
G.P., internal medicine.

TARA
Then oncology.

TARA'S FATHER
Then you went to blood—

MARK
Geriatric oncology. That was before my trip, around the world.

TARA'S FATHER
Did you finish that book? The one you were writing? What was it? MEDICINE AROUND THE WORLD?

MARK
THIRD WORLD MEDICINE. No. I would like to finish it someday.

TARA
Then blood-borne pathogens.

TARA'S BROTHER
Until he figured out how much money he'd make.

MARK
There's no funding for that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TARA

That's when he decided on
research pathology with oncology.

TARA'S BROTHER

That's when you got pinkeye from
all those microscopes.

Mark smiles sheepishly.

TARA

And now, pediatrics.

MARK

Or pediatric oncology.

Mark smiles sheepishly again.

MARK (cont'd)

Six.

TARA'S FATHER

So you finally have it narrowed
down? I'm sure whatever you
choose will be the best for you.

MARK

Thanks.

Mark smiles at Tara, and subtly looks around the table.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - LATER

BRADY, 34, is helping lug equipment out of a nightclub,
after a gig. He's a stagehand or roadie. He spots the
BAND MANAGER on the sidewalk. He hurries over to him.

BRADY

Hey.

The Band Manager looks at him as he's lighting a cigarette.

BAND MANAGER

Yeah?

BRADY

Did you get a chance to listen to
my demo CD?

BAND MANAGER

Oh, not yet. I've been real busy
see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gestures at the nightclub and tosses the spent match in one move.

BRADY

It's not finished, there are two new songs we want to put on it, but it's pretty close. Of course with some better studio technicians I think it would really smoke, but it's pretty good, you've got to admit—

The band manager does a Heisman: he holds up a hand silencing Brady while putting his cellphone to his ear and walking away.

Brady frowns as the band members stumble out of the club with a gaggle of groupies. He admires the babes.

BRADY (CONT'D)

Damnit!

(pause)

Someday, I'm going to be a rockstar.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - THE NEXT DAY

GERRY, 20, and SEAN, 20, are commuting to class. Sean is poring over a text book. They're both pale, unhealthy looking teenagers (even though they're 20 years old). But Sean looks pale and exhausted.

SEAN

The Isles of Lederhosen.

GERRY

Wrong! The Isles of Langerhans.

Sean punches his own thigh. He rolls up a sleeve revealing that his whole arm is covered in cheat notes. He tries to find something near his elbow.

GERRY (CONT'D)

What about your right arm?

SEAN

I'm RIGHT-HANDED?! I can't write and look at the notes at the same time if they're on my right arm.

Gerry rolls his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERRY

You look first then write the answer, Duh!

SEAN

Oh. Right!

Sean rolls up his right sleeve, revealing his pristine new arm, and tries to write on it using his left hand with extreme difficulty.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Someday I'm going to ace this shit.

GERRY

Yeahright! You can write on your legs too.

SEAN

Shut up.

INT. MUDDY WATERS CAFE

KELLY, 23, is sitting with his laptop at the cafe, writing. He's very Bohemian, or tries to be. He looks up trying to think of the exact right words...

A YOUNG WOMAN gets her latte to go and starts to walk out. She's wearing a billowy shirt, flamenco pants and high heel boots. She notices Kelly and smiles. Caught off guard, it takes Kelly a moment to realize she's COMMUNICATING to him. He KNOCKS OVER HIS COFFEE as he waves to her, too late.

KELLY

Wow, someday...

Then he realizes that HIS LAP is wet thanks to the coffee dripping off the table.

INT. THE FEMINIST'S BOOKSTORE

NONA, 40, is a roly-poly looking white woman holding court in one area of the bookstore.

NONA

Someday, women will be equal with men. But we have to start today!

The few women listening to her nod and mutter agreement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NONA (cont'd)
Gyno-owned businesses. Gyno-
corporations. Gynocentric
products and services.

(pause)

No more landlords. Rent from
women only! Spend your money on
women-owned businesses.

FEMALE BOOKSTORE OWNER

Hey Nona!

Nona looks up from her tirade at the stocky FEMALE
BOOKSTORE OWNER, wearing a wife beater, plaid flannel shirt
and black leather wristbands.

FEMALE BOOKSTORE OWNER (cont'd)

You gonna spend some money on
this woman-owned business?

NONA

Come on Annabelle. Don't buy
into the male myth. It's not all
about money!

FEMALE BOOKSTORE OWNER

You're right. It's about pussy.
Now get outtahere and go preach
to the unconverted for a change.

EXT. THE FEMINIST'S BOOKSTORE

Nona barges out onto the sidewalk nearly crashing into
PATRICK, 34, a big burly truck driver type. He scoots to a
halt, avoiding Nona. He shakes his head and scowls.

PATRICK

Excuse me?!

Nona doesn't notice, or care.

PATRICK (cont'd)

It's called 'common courtesy.'

(pause)

Geez!...someday somebody ought to
teach you a lesson.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM

Mark is filing out of the room accepting his returned,
graded test, from the TEACHER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACHER
(annoyed)
Ever think of graduating someday,
Mark?

Mark smiles, embarrassed. He looks around at his grumpy fellow students.

MARK
Not yet, sir.

TEACHER
What are you waiting for?

MARK
Uh,...nothing, sir.

TEACHER
Another "A-plus."

The teacher frowns at him as he hands out less impressive scores to the other students.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT

JILL, a depressed 36, is passed out on the cold linoleum kitchen floor. Someone is POUNDING very insistently INSIDE HER HEAD. She stirs and becomes vaguely aware of the pool of drool in which her face is resting.

She lifts her head and looks around. The pounding is very insistent.

SUPERINTENDENT (O.S.)
Jill? Are you in there, Jill?

Her eyes sort of focus on her door. The pounding is coming from the door, not her head.

SUPERINTENDENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jill? Open the door please!
Jill?

She looks around some more and spots an empty pill bottle and drinking glass in the pool of drool.

SUPERINTENDENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm going to come in Jill.
Ready?

The SUPERINTENDENT unlocks her apartment door and walks in with a man, Jill's Supervisor, HANK, 40s.

(CONTINUED)

Someday!

14.

CONTINUED: (2)

JILL

Someday, I'm going to kill myself
and then... they'll be sorry.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Mark arrives and finds his morning paper strewn about the hallway outside his apartment.

MARK

Geez...it looks like it exploded.

He frowns and shrugs and then picks up the scattered pages, not particularly interested in it.

MARK (CONT'D)

Someday!

FADE TO:

I/E. PALOMAR OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Two astronomers, a MAN and a WOMAN, 30s, are star-gazing. The woman notices something odd in the night sky.

Being a scientist, she's slow to react to what she thinks she sees. She double and triple checks her instrument readings and only then she ventures a comment and an invitation to her colleague.

He takes a look. Now they're both PERPLEXED. They perform more extensive tests. Hours go by. They make phone calls. They re-focus huge antenna arrays. Finally....

WOMAN

OH MY GOD.

MAN

I've always wanted to someday
name an astronomic event after
myself.

She stops short and glares at her enthusiastic colleague.

WOMAN

I've always wanted to someday...
be part of a real murder mystery.

MONTAGE:

- 1.) Calls are made and more scientists get involved...
- 2.) ...including the Pentagon...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3.) ...and ultimately the White House.

4.) A reporter on the science beat and another reporter in the White House press pool write stories about the odd astronomical phenomenon the two scientists stumbled upon...

INSERT: COMPUTER SCREEN

"...A chronological milestone is approaching."

5.) The stories are buried on page two...

6.) But the editor puts the two reporters together to get to the bottom of the story.

Word spreads more, first a whisper, then a notion, then a full-blown rumor;

7.) phone calls...

8.) emails...

9.) and a smattering of websites.

10.) Finally one paper prints the story on the front page, right at the fold, following the lead; SCIENTISTS SPOT "SOME DAY"! The subhead reads; Astronomers believe "day" approaching Earth, A YEAR AND A HALF AWAY.

12.) An American is on the phone looking at the article.

13.) A Japanese is on the phone gesturing wildly about the same article.

14.) A South African is on the phone also looking at the paper.

15.) The U.N. convenes a special world scientific committee to discuss the issue.

16.) Scientists from all over the planet are put to work to confirm or disprove the claims.

17.) Now every newspaper has huge headlines boasting...

INSERT: 'SOMEDAY! A YEAR AND A HALF AWAY!,'

INSERT: 'SOMEDAY IS COMING!,'

INSERT: 'SOMEDAY, MAY 15TH 2010.'

And one more newspaper that simply has the headline...

INSERT: 'SOMEDAY! HERE?'

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - DAY

NEWS ANCHOR

The president is taking a break from his busy re-election schedule, to issue a statement. Here's the White House spokesperson.

REPORTERS are clamoring questions at the White House SPOKESPERSON who appears at the lectern.

WHITE HOUSE SPOKESPERSON

Thank you. Approximately four months ago, two astronomers at the Palomar Observatory thought they made an astronomical discovery. After extensive research we are now able to say that it is not what has been widely reported as the coming of Someday, that fabled day, much like the "twelfth of never," or even the Biblical "Armageddon" that held so much hope and eventuality for so many people. The President asks that everyone go about their business as usual. Thank you.

REPORTER #1

You're saying the White House denies the validity of Someday?

WHITE HOUSE SPOKESPERSON

Yes.

REPORTER #2

What do you say to experts who claim it's real, that it indeed marks the coming of many things?

WHITE HOUSE SPOKESPERSON

Those experts may have good reasons for their claims but none of it is enough, in this administration's opinion, to believe that it's real. Someday is not real. Thank you.

He quickly steps off the podium and disappears from the press room. The reporters shout at the fleeing spokesperson.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE

THE PRESIDENT of the United States of America is chewing on a TICONDEROGA NUMBER 2 PENCIL. The JOINT CHIEFS of Staff are seated about the room along with the White House Spokesperson and the NATIONAL SCIENCE ADVISOR and some RELIGIOUS LEADERS.

NATIONAL SCIENCE ADVISOR
Someday is real, Mr. President.

(pause)

We've checked Nostradamus, the
Mayan Calendar, the Order of
Scotch Rite Free Masons, the I
Ching, the Bible Code.

The President looks at him, takes the pencil out of his mouth.

THE PRESIDENT
What about Miss Cleo?

The advisor nods soberly.

NATIONAL SCIENCE ADVISOR
It's real.

THE PRESIDENT
So Someday is coming.

The National Science Advisor nods. The President looks around the room, fiddling with the PENCIL. The atmosphere of the room is very serious. The assembled and assorted members fidget and shuffle.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)
How does that affect world peace?

The JOINT CHIEFS, the CHIEF OF STAFF, and the National Security Advisor look at each other.

CHIEF OF STAFF
World peace?

JOINT CHIEF OF STAFF, ARMY
How do you mean "world peace" Mr.
President?

JOINT CHIEF OF STAFF, NAVY
We have no reports of world peace
at the moment. Right Chuck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The admiral glances at the DIRECTOR OF THE CIA who takes the cue.

CIA DIRECTOR

Uh, that's correct. There is no intelligence on any covert peace initiatives anywhere.

THE PRESIDENT

My point is that there will be, gentlemen! If world peace would come to us "Someday," doesn't that mean that we should prepare for world peace?

Those gathered there look at each other.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)

Haven't people said that,... throughout history?

The President looks around at his advisors who are uncomfortably nodding.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

Rabbi, Cardinal? Do you know what this means?

The RABBINICAL ADVISOR and the CARDINAL of the U.S. Archdiocese sit up.

RABBI

We believe that this could mean the coming of the true Messiah.

CARDINAL

We believe that this could mean the second coming of the Lord.

The President stares at them.

CARDINAL

The coming of the Lord precedes Judgement Day.

RABBI

The coming of the Messiah precedes Armageddon.

THE PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

So, you don't know what it means.

Both religious leaders attempt to speak but stop short.

THE PRESIDENT (cont'd)

I want contingencies on world peace on my desk by end of the week.

The White House Chief of Staff clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHIEF OF STAFF

There is one more thing.

More fidgeting. The President looks at him.

CHIEF OF STAFF (cont'd)

We found in some of the other resources a particular someday that you should be aware of.

The President looks around apprehensively. Instinctively, his hand goes to his chest, his heart.

THE PRESIDENT

An assassination?

The room is caught off guard then clues in.

CHIEF OF STAFF

No sir.

THE PRESIDENT

A war?

CHIEF OF STAFF

No sir.

(pause)

Someday, there will be a woman president.

The president BREAKS the TICONDEROGA NUMBER 2 PENCIL.

INT. TARA'S OFFICE

Her office is small and full but neat. She stares at the newspaper in front of her. STEPHANIE, a coworker, pokes her head into Tara's office.

STEPHANIE

What do you think?

Tara looks up at her.

TARA

So it's really "Someday?" Like "someday I'm going to... be fluent in French, go to Paris..."

STEPHANIE

"Become an astronaut." That's what they say, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARA

That's crazy. It can't be real.
The President says it's not.

STEPHANIE

So it must not be real.

TARA

Right.

They laugh.

STEPHANIE

Well...I've got work....

TARA

Me too—

Stephanie leaves as Tara's phone rings. She answers it.

TARA (cont'd)

Hello?

TARA'S MOTHER (FILTERED)

Hi Honey. Did you see the news?

TARA

About Someday?

TARA'S MOTHER (FILTERED)

What do you think?

TARA

Frankly I don't believe it. What
do you think?

TARA'S MOTHER (FILTERED)

The President says it's not real.

TARA

Yeah?!

They're silent for a moment.

TARA'S MOTHER (FILTERED)

So it must be real.

Tara thinks.

TARA

I see your point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TARA'S MOTHER (FILTERED)
Call me later darling.

TARA
Okay.

She hangs up.

EXT. CAFETERIA

Mark's studying in the cafeteria with his lunch in front of him. There are TVs mounted on the walls in the cafeteria. CNN is on. His cell phone rings and he answers.

MARK
Mark.

TARA (FILTERED)
Mark? Did you see the papers?
Is this for real?

MARK
It's on CNN right now. The
President says it's not.

TARA (FILTERED)
So it must be real then.

MARK
I guess....

TARA (FILTERED)
What does this mean?

MARK
I dunno. Do they really mean
"Someday?" As in "Someday I'm
going to..."

TARA (FILTERED)
Yes..."I'm going to go to Paris,
get married, be a doctor, etc."

Mark looks at the cell phone askance.

MARK
You want to be a doctor?

TARA (FILTERED)
Not me, silly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK

But does that mean...what does that mean?

TARA (FILTERED)

I guess that means that things will start happening.

MARK

Things? What things?

TARA (FILTERED)

Things you've always wanted to happen, I suppose. Things you've been waiting for? Hopes and dreams. Rainy day projects. Aspirations! I dunno.

(pause)

Oh, gotta go. Later.

MARK

Okay.

(pause)

Aspirations...

He hangs up, wondering.

INT. LUNCH JOINT

Lucy is sitting at a table having just set down her lunch tray. She has a newspaper next to her. She stares at the diet plate on her tray...and the dessert next to it. She sighs.

To distract herself she opens the paper and prepares it so that she can read it while eating her lunch. She takes a bite of her salad and smooths out the front page. She spots the article 'SOMEDAY, MAY 15th 2010.'

She's shoveling the salad into her mouth as she reads the article.

Her eyebrows furrow as she comprehends more of the article until she fumbles a forkful and pauses. She looks around, slightly embarrassed. She becomes more conscious of her eating.

She pauses for a prolonged moment, seemingly digesting... the information in the article.

INT. CORRIDOR

Mark is walking to a class. PROFESSOR GOODE pops out of a classroom and nearly collides with Mark.

PROFESSOR GOODE
Excuse me. Oh Mark!

MARK
Professor.

PROFESSOR GOODE
(excited)
What are you waiting for?!?

MARK
Huh? I'm heading to—

The professor peers at him, pulling down one of Mark's eyelids with his index finger.

PROFESSOR GOODE
(interrupting)
You need more iron. You look ghastly.

MARK
—class. Really?

The professor grabs him by the arm and drags him.

PROFESSOR GOODE
Mr. Sanderson, asked me about you. I told him you're practicing somewhere, that you graduated ages ago. But he has you in his class. Imagine my surprise. It's been two, three years?

MARK
Six.

PROFESSOR GOODE
Six years? Have you seen the news? What are you waiting for?

MARK
Sorry?—

CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR GOODE
(interrupting)
Do you want to be a doctor or
not?

MARK
Of course—

PROFESSOR GOODE
(interrupting)
When?!?

Mark is afraid to interrupt.

MARK
Someday.

They both stop short. The professor wags his finger at
Mark.

PROFESSOR GOODE
Don't you realize that's barely a
year away?

MARK
You believe that Professor?

PROFESSOR GOODE
Of course. Don't you know what
this means?

Mark shakes his head.

PROFESSOR GOODE (cont'd)
We're going to see all sorts of
medical innovations Someday!
Don't you want to be a part of
that?

Mark thinks.

PROFESSOR GOODE (cont'd)
Heart disease will be a thing of
the past. Arteriosclerosis will
be like a paper cut. Open heart
surgery will be done in the drive-
thru lane.

MARK
There'll be a cure for cancer?

PROFESSOR GOODE
Oh, no. We already have that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mark gapes at him.

PROFESSOR GOODE (cont'd)
Just keep your blood ph levels
alkaline instead of acidic with a
high calcium diet—No, I mean
real advances, Mark.
(pause)
What are you doing now?

MARK
...I'm deciding between
pediatrics or pediatric onco—

The professor tugs a little harder.

PROFESSOR GOODE
You'd be better as a
cardiologist!

MARK
But I don't—

PROFESSOR GOODE
(interrupting)
There are people out there you
could be helping. I've yet to
find another student with your
facility as a cardiologist,
your...

MARK
I'm sure you have—

PROFESSOR GOODE
(interrupting)
Don't interrupt! They all stink!
That damn TV show has ruined them
all. They all think they're
gods. Have you ever had your car
break down Mark?

MARK
...yeah—

PROFESSOR GOODE
(interrupting)
Don't interrupt. The mechanic
who fixes it and gets you back on
the road, is he a god?

Mark shrugs and starts to shake his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARK

...well—

PROFESSOR GOODE

(interrupting)

Don't interrupt! Gifted mechanics is all we are. The sooner you students learn that, the better doctors you'll all be.

(pause)

You've been screwing around these "hallowed halls" long enough. Enough! When are you going to finish studying and be a doctor?

MARK

You never stop learning...

PROFESSOR GOODE

Don't insult me, Mark!

MARK

Sorry...

They reach the professor's office door and the professor walks inside.

PROFESSOR GOODE

There's an opening in the department,... there will be.

Mark frowns and hesitates, pointing in the other direction.

INT. FACULTY OFFICE

Professor Goode is sitting at his desk.

PROFESSOR GOODE

What are you waiting for? Sit down, Mark.

Mark takes a seat in front of the professor's desk. He stares at Mark.

MARK

Shouldn't I like what I'm doing if I'm supposed to be good at it?

The professor looks at Mark imploringly.

PROFESSOR GOODE

Mark. Medicine is the most challenging career I know of.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR GOODE (cont'd)
There's all sorts of pressures
and stresses...

(pause)

But holding a person's heart in
your hand, repairing it and
giving them a new lease on
life... There's nothing better,
or more energizing.

MARK

Why don't you practice more?

PROFESSOR GOODE

What are you talking about? I'm
trying a new therapy on a
paralyzed student right now!

Mark recognizes something and attempts to say something,
but stops.

PROFESSOR GOODE (CONT'D)

I've gone ahead and nominated you
for the program.

MARK

What program? I didn't say...

PROFESSOR GOODE

Whose counsel do you think you
should keep in these matters?
Yours or mine?

Mark shrinks...

MARK

Mine...?

The professor glares at him. Mark shrinks.

PROFESSOR GOODE

Shut up, Mark. I wasn't kidding
when I said that you owe it to
medicine to be a cardiologist.
What are you waiting for?

MARK

When did you say that—

PROFESSOR GOODE

(interrupting)

Do you still want to be a student
Someday?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK

Well, I'm—

PROFESSOR GOODE

(interrupting)

I want your answer in one week.
Otherwise I'm going to figure out
how to expel you. I don't care
if you are an A plus student. As
far as I'm concerned, you're
wasting everyone's time.

Mark is chagrined. Mark attempts to say something.

PROFESSOR GOODE (CONT'D)

Don't interrupt.

He holds up his INDEX FINGER and then turns his attention
to other matters on his desk. Mark leaves. The professor
looks up as his door closes.

INT. BARNES & NOBLE

Jill is perusing a copy of the PHYSICIAN'S DESKTOP
REFERENCE in one hand and THE POISONER'S HANDBOOK in the
other. She shrugs and heads to the cashier, STACEY, 20s.

STACEY

Hey Jill. I've got this one.
I've got this one. I heard what
happened.

Jill looks at her.

STACEY (cont'd)

Couldn't do the razor thing? I
know. I tried that. I fucked up
my wrists so bad...missed every
vein. I think they hid. Can you
believe that?

Jill just looks at her waiting for Stacey to ring up her
purchase.

STACEY (cont'd)

Do you want your employee
discount on this?

Jill stares at her.

JILL

No Stacey. After hours and hours
of slaving for this glorious

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL (cont'd)
corporation I want to increase
their profit by paying full
price.

STACEY
So, you do want your discount?!

EXT. STREET

Tara comes out of the Barnes & Noble tearing into a book-shaped box, a FRENCH BERLITZ CD SET. Out comes a CD which she puts in her CD Walkman which she pulls from her purse.

She adjusts the tiny headphones in her ears and walks down the street amongst the other New Yorkers.

CD VOICE
Leçon Française numero un.

TARA
Leçon Française numer—

CD VOICE
Bon jour! Bon jour!

TARA
Bon jour. Bon jour.

CD VOICE
Comment ça va? Comment ça va?

TARA
Comment ça va? Comment ça va?

A FRENCHMAN walking past her winks, smiles and nods as he says.

FRENCHMAN
Bien, et toi?

Tara trips a bit and takes a headphone out of her ear as she looks back, way too late to flow with conversational French.

TARA
Wait. Arrêtez! Attendez!

The Frenchman is long gone in the crowd. Tara tries to remember another phrase.

TARA (cont'd)
Comment vous appelez... ah shit.

INT. MUDDY WATERS CAFE

Mark is holding a textbook, studying very hard:
HEMODYNAMICS AND POLYPEPTIDES IN RESURGENT ACTIVATION
MODALITIES sitting in the window of the cafe.

Across the way a customer is reading the paper. He can see
the newspaper just over the top of the textbook.

He reads a long passage from his textbook but is finally
distracted, sort of like when someone stares at someone
else until they look up.

The one headline he can see happens to be 'SOMEDAY, MAY
15th 2010.' He spies on the paper without moving.

He goes back to reading his textbook. He looks at the
newspaper again and frowns and shifts to face another
direction.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Tara sits down opposite her coworker at the large
conference room table. Several other coworkers are seated
as well.

POTTER RIDGLEY, the agency's CEO and Tara's employer walks
in and sits down next to Tara. Tara smiles at him and the
tone of the whole room is friendly but conspiratorial.

RIDGLEY

Okay folks. Before we get
started, I'd like to address
another matter.

He turns to Tara and takes out an envelope which he hands
to her.

RIDGLEY (cont'd)

Tara I'd like to announce that
we're finally ready to offer you
a promotion.

He looks around the table with a sly look.

RIDGLEY (cont'd)

We'd like to promote you to the
position of Director of Account
Services and Vice President.

Tara is pleasantly shocked and discombobulated. She
glances around the room at the beaming faces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARA

Wow.

RIDGLEY

And, there's something else. We want to know how you'd feel about heading the account team in the Paris office?

The room bursts out in laughter and applause. She covers her mouth with a hand.

RIDGLEY (cont'd)

You don't have to say anything. But think about it and let us know. Soon.

Grinning from ear to ear Ridgley shakes hands with Tara and stands up.

RIDGLEY (cont'd)

Okay, we're adjourned.

He looks around the room. Everyone applauds.

TARA

But what about the meeting?

RIDGLEY

That was it!

She slaps him on the arm with the envelope. He holds up an index finger in mock retaliation.

TARA

...Thank you. I don't know what to say...

(pause)

Thank you.

RIDGLEY

You're welcome. And it's our pleasure.

TARA

Thank you Mr. Ridgley.

RIDGLEY

Potter!

TARA

Potter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RIDGLEY

Okay, back to work all youse.

The room empties and as Tara steps out of the conference room the rest of the staff of the agency, collected in the hallway, breaks out in applause. She's embarrassed but overjoyed.

INT. TARA'S OFFICE

Tara stumbles into her office and shuts the door behind her as she collapses against it.

TARA

Great. Now I have to tell Mark.

INT. TELEMARKETING OFFICE

This particular floor is full of cubicles with operators answering phone calls. An OPERATOR is standing by as her computer beeps at her and she picks up a new call. She glances around the area noticing the volume of phone calls.

OPERATOR

Certainly. What's your destination?

VOICE

(filtered)

Australia. I've always wanted to see Australia.

OPERATOR

I can do that for you. When would you like to go?

Another operator is on another call.

OPERATOR#2

That's funny. I see that that flight is nearly all booked. It's a good thing you called.

Another operator picks up another call.

OPERATOR#3

Cocomo? I'm sorry, but that doesn't exist. No.

(pause)

Made up for that song.

(pause)

I could book you on a trip to Tahiti or Hawaii.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another operator picks up another call.

OPERATOR#4

Shangri-la. I don't have any listings for that. How do you spell it?

Two floor MANAGERS are supervising the operators. They have headsets connected to transmitters on their waistbands. They're both listening in to different calls. MANAGER#1 covers the microphone on his headset and turns to the other.

MANAGER#1

Whoa! We just had another jump.

MANAGER#2 looks at a computer monitor that shows all of the phones and live calls. They're clearly frightened.

MANAGER#2

Don't alert Denver.

MANAGER#1

We're at... ninety seven percent. We're running out of operators.

MANAGER#2

Don't alert Denver. We can handle it.

MANAGER#1

Maybe we should roll over to Denver.

MANAGER#2

Don't alert Denver.

MANAGER#1

At this rate we'll start losing callers.

MANAGER#2

Don't alert Denver! We can handle our calls!

MANAGER#1

Maybe we should alert them.

MANAGER#2

Don't alert Denver!

MANAGER#1

Whoa! Ninety eight!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANAGER#2

Okay. Alert Denver.

INT. MARK'S PARENTS' HOUSE - EVENING

Mark opens the front door with his own key.

MARK

Mom? Dad? It's me.

The house is very comfortable and modest. It's very different from Tara's parents' home. The first room to the right is the den which, for years now, has been his father's workshop.

There's a nice acoustic guitar gathering dust in the corner, several scattered incomplete Remote Control airplane fuselages, several canvases underneath an easel with an unfinished nude, a shelf with model kit hotrods on display, and a dining table with a ship-in-a-bottle kit, in progress.

Opposite that room is a sun room. One wall bears a floral print wallpaper, another wall bears a striped print wall paper. There are more samples pinned to the other walls.

As Mark turns around he spots another easel and a stool. On the easel is a sketch pad and a figure drawing, nude, of his mother putting up wallpaper. It's pretty good.

Mark recognizes her. On the floor are other speed sketches of her working. He averts his eyes.

MARK (cont'd)

Who knew?

Mark ventures into the other rooms.

MARK (cont'd)

Hello?!

He finds his dad in the living room and makes a face.

MARK (cont'd)

Hey Dad. Didn't you hear me?

MARK'S DAD

Sure. You were making a racket.

MARK

Whyn't you say anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK'S DAD

I knew you'd find me eventually.

Mark's Dad is watching TV news without the sound.

MARK

Why don't you have the sound up?

MARK'S DAD

It's annoying.

Mark doesn't understand. Mark's Mom appears.

MARK'S MOM

Mark! Are you hungry?

They hug and kiss.

MARK

Yeah. How are you?

MARK'S MOM

Fine, fine. Dinner's almost ready.

MARK

The doorbell still doesn't work. I let myself in.

MARK'S MOM

Ask your father.

MARK

Haven't you fixed the doorbell yet, Dad?

MARK'S DAD

I'll get to it. It's set on manual, for now.

Mark looks at him.

MARK

What's that?

MARK'S DAD

Knocking.

MARK'S MOM

Turn it up, Harve.

He glances at the TV. The news has some item about Someday. Mark's dad unmutes the TV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK'S MOM (cont'd)

Isn't that something, Mark? What do you make of it?

MARK'S DAD

(interrupting)

It's a hoax. These news shows just get together and decide they need some news.

MARK'S MOM

What do you know about it?

MARK'S DAD

I know that no one day can make that much difference. It's ridiculous.

MARK'S MOM

What about birthdays, anniversaries, funerals?

MARK'S DAD

The day doesn't make the event, the event makes the day. It's what you do with the day that matters.

Mark stares at the TV as the reporter winds down his story.

REPORTER #3

...Most experts seem to agree that no one really knows what this means, but that we'll all know...someday.

The reporter is very pleased with himself. The show cuts to the studio and the anchors.

MARK'S MOM

What do you think, Mark?

MARK

The President says it's not real.

MARK'S MOM

That's because if it is real then the government will have to shape up, round up all the crooks and start working Someday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARK'S DAD

Your mother's a smart woman,
Mark.

INT. TARA'S PARENTS' HOME

Tara is sitting with her mom at the kitchen table while her mother prepares the evening's meal. Tara's mother looks at her. Tara looks forlorn.

TARA'S MOTHER

I suppose there are worse things
than Christmas in Paris.

TARA

That would be nice.

TARA'S MOTHER

Is Mark going to go with you or
are you going to do the long-
distance thing for a bit?

(pause)

You told him, didn't you?

Her mother looks at her.

TARA'S MOTHER (cont'd)

You haven't told him?

Tara winces.

TARA

I haven't told him.

Tara shrinks. Her mother peers at her.

TARA'S MOTHER

Why not?

She steps in front of Tara.

TARA

He's not going to want to go to
Paris.

TARA'S MOTHER

Why not?

TARA

He's not the most impulsive guy.

TARA'S MOTHER

Doesn't he love you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her mother knows the answer is "yes."

TARA

I don't know... I think he's more into routines. I'm not even so sure Mark ever wants to get married...

TARA'S MOTHER

In my experience most men never know that.

TARA

He's been going to school for so long. All of the students he started with are working as doctors. He's still studying.

TARA'S MOTHER

That's never bothered you before.

Tara looks at her.

TARA

Yes, but if he's going to medical school for nearly ten years, shouldn't he finish at some point and be a doctor? Particularly with Someday coming?

TARA'S MOTHER

I don't know. That's up to him. If he really wanted that, I suppose he'd already be a doctor.

TARA

Then what does he want?

TARA'S MOTHER

I don't know. Ask him!

Tara looks away.

TARA'S MOTHER (cont'd)

Someday, he's going to surprise you.

She hugs Tara and kisses the top of her head. Tara smiles at her.

INT. MARK'S PARENTS' DINING ROOM

The Mark and his parents are sitting at the dinner table eating.

MARK'S DAD
That'll be the day.

MARK'S MOM
Maybe they'll visit next spring.
But, until Uncle Frank feels
better—

MARK'S DAD
(interrupting)
Frank will drop dead before he
feels better.

MARK'S MOM
Harve!
(pause)
So how's school, Mark?

He grimaces.

MARK
...I ran into Professor Goode.

MARK'S MOM
He was always so proud of you.
How is he?

MARK
...he still is. He nominated me
for an opening in the cardiology
department.

MARK'S MOM
That's wonderful. He always said
you were gifted.

MARK'S DAD
Is that what you want?

MARK
No. And he wants my answer in a
week. ...Otherwise he's going to
find some way to expel me.

His parents stare at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK (CONT'D)

It's all this Someday stuff.
It's got people wanting to wrap
things up. He says I've been
studying long enough and need to
start my practice.

MARK'S DAD

Well, it's your life, Mark. I'm
sure you'll know what's right.

MARK

I thought it was right the way it
is, or was, but...

MARK'S MOM

Can he do that?

MARK

I'm sure he'll definitely try...

After a moment Mark's dad changes the subject.

MARK'S DAD

How's Tara?

MARK'S MOM

Did she get her promotion? She
told us that her job may be
opening an office in Paris and
how excited she is to go there.
Wouldn't that be great... if they
sent her to Paris?

Mark is stopped by that. His father shoots a look at her.
His mom notices.

MARK

They have an office in Paris.

MARK'S MOM

Or maybe she was just saying how
she'd like to go to Paris.

Mark stares at her. His dad looks up, checking.

MARK

She's always wanted to work in
Paris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK'S MOM

...What would you do? Would you study over there or finish your studies here?

MARK

I don't know French.

MARK'S MOM

You could learn.

MARK

Well, I'd have to learn all of the medical terms all over. In French!

MARK'S MOM

They're not the same?

MARK

No, Mom. They're not.

MARK'S MOM

How do you know? You don't know French.

Mark is about to respond but she's right.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jill has a crazed look on her face staring straight ahead. Slowly she raises a pistol to her face. It's a revolver that she's holding with both hands.

As she brings it closer to her head, she closes her eyes and scrunches them shut.

She touches the muzzle to her forehead and winces. She pulls it away and then touches the spot below her nose and winces again.

She pulls it back. She opens her eyes and peeks at the new location of the gun. She tries to figure out if her aim is true.

The gun is aimed at the center of her head. She seems reassured that it will work.

She takes a few deep breaths and concentrates.

Her thumb tightens on the trigger.

The hammer twitches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She depresses as she groans in frustration.

The gun fires.

SHE MISSES.

She opens her eyes startled by the blast. The barrel
SMOKES. There's a part in her hair, left by the bullet.
She crinkles her nose and coughs a bit.

She puts the gun down and turns to look at a hole in her
ceiling where it meets the wall. A WISP OF PLASTER DUST
LINGERS by the HOLE.

She's a bit embarrassed about sending a bullet through her
neighbor's floor.

Suddenly she freaks out and runs to her door and DEAD-BOLTS
it and turns off her lights and cowers.

INT. ART STORE - THE NEXT EVENING

Long lines stretch from the cash registers, people holding
armfuls of art supplies; easels, paints, paintbrushes,
paper tablets, modeling clay, mannequins, etc.

In one aisle...

CUSTOMER#1

Are these paints easy to use?

The CUSTOMER holds up a box of paint tubes.

EMPLOYEE#1

Uh, no. Those are oil paints.

CUSTOMER#1

Well, do you have paints that are
easy to use?

EMPLOYEE#1

What kind of paints are you
looking for?

CUSTOMER#1

Easy to use paints.

The EMPLOYEE grinds his teeth.

TARA (O.S.)

Can he do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK (O.S.)

I don't know. But he seems determined. All this Someday stuff has people acting crazy. It's like everyone has a deadline suddenly.

Mark and Tara wander into the aisle.

TARA

Don't you feel that way?

MARK

Not really.

TARA

Don't you want to be a doctor Someday?

MARK

I'm not sure what I want to be. I was perfectly happy with things the way they were.

TARA

Carla's son got accepted at design school. What do design students need?

MARK

Did you tell my mom that you want to move to Paris? Who's Carla?

TARA

Carla! From work?

MARK

Oh. Great...

He still doesn't know who Carla is, or her son.

MARK (cont'd)

So. Did you?

TARA

Look! Typography! Sixty five bucks! I've seen this book in the Creative Director's office...

She holds up a huge book.

MARK

What's typography?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TARA

I don't know, but I think this is the book that answers that question.

MARK

She said at Thanksgiving you said something about moving...to Paris...at Thanksgiving.

TARA

I guess I'll get him this book.

Another CUSTOMER approaches another EMPLOYEE pricing in an aisle.

CUSTOMER#2

Do you have the Sixteen Chapel as Paint by Numbers?

EMPLOYEE#2

The Sixteen Chapel...as Paint by Numbers?

The employee's eyes water as they choke back revulsion and sorrow, searching for the appropriate response. The customer, however, is oblivious.

EMPLOYEE#2 (CONT'D)

...We're out.

Mark and Tara look for a short line at a cash register.

TARA

They were asking me about the promotion and what I thought about it, the Paris office, you know. I may have said that I'd like to work in Paris.

(pause)

I think they connected the dots.

MARK

Do you want to move to Paris?

TARA

Well, you know how I've always wanted to become totally fluent with my French. Maybe work in Paris. You know.

(pause)

But I don't have plans to move to Paris,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TARA (cont'd)
(pause)
right now.

MARK
Not right now.

TARA
Not right now.

They reach the checkout stand. She sets her purchase in front of the clerk. The store clerk takes her credit card and processes it. She hands it back.

MARK
Damn! Look at all these people.
Someday they'll all be great
artists!

TARA
But, what if...I did?

Mark looks at her tentatively.

TARA (cont'd)
...want to work in Paris, I mean?
Hypothetically speaking. You
wouldn't go with me would you?
Or do the long-distance thing?

Mark looks away, thinking. He turns back to her.

TARA (CONT'D)
Well, have you ever thought about
it?

MARK
Why would I think about Paris?

TARA
I dunno, because it's a beautiful
city? Because I've mentioned it
before? Because I got promoted
and they want me to head the
account team there? I dunno.

She hoists the large book in the bag given to her and walks out of the store.

MARK
I suppose I have, technically
speaking— Promoted?

EXT. ART STORE

Mark catches up to her on the sidewalk.

TARA
Technically speaking. What's
that mean?

MARK
I have thought about it.
Promoted?

TARA
What have you thought about it?

MARK
I've thought...
(searching)
...that I don't speak French.

Tara nods matter-of-factly.

TARA
Well, I got the promotion
yesterday.

MARK
When?

TARA
Yesterday.

MARK
Why didn't you tell me?

She winces.

TARA
Because they want me to head the
account team in Paris.

OLD MAN
I've always wanted to do that!

Mark and Tara glance at the OLD MAN who has stopped beside them who is pointing at...

...A STREAKER! Car horns honk as a man runs approximately in their direction, cutting through the intersection. Tara and Mark gape at him and watch him run by.

Tara recognizes the streaker as the FRENCHMAN from before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARA
Oh! Bon jour!

The Frenchman waves at her. Mark looks at her.

TARA (cont'd)
I know him!

She glances at Mark.

TARA (CONT'D)
In passing.

He shakes his head.

MARK
Have you accepted the promotion?

TARA
Of course!

MARK
You just said that you don't have
plans to move to Paris—

TARA
I don't. Not yet.

MARK
But you will?

TARA
I haven't accepted the position
in Paris yet.

MARK
But you're going to.

TARA
Will you go with me?

MARK
I can't.

TARA
Why not?

MARK
I already told you. I don't
speak French. That would mean
learning everything all over
again, including another
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK (cont'd)

language, that I'm not very good at.

TARA

Don't you love me?

MARK

Of course— but that has nothing to do with it.

TARA

It doesn't?

MARK

You know what I mean.

TARA

No, I don't. What do you mean? What is it you want, Mark? How long are you going to go to school without accomplishing anything?

He's horrified. She steels her will and faces up to him.

MARK

Is that how you feel?

TARA

Are you ever going to finish going to school and become a doctor?

MARK

First Professor Goode, now you?

TARA

Answer the question.

MARK

I've accomplished a lot in my studies. It's never been a burden to anyone, especially not you. You said you didn't mind. Plus, it's my life and they're my decisions to make.

TARA

Same here.

They stare at each other, glaring.

MARK

What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TARA

It means I'm going to Paris!

MARK

Fine. No one's keeping you.

TARA

Fine.

They're both upset and angry and Tara turns and walks away. Mark shakes his head at her and then turns and walks away in the opposite direction.

INT. PUBLIC POOL - MORNING

Lucy is swimming laps. As she gets out of the pool it's clear that she's lost some weight. She does some warm down stretches and seems encouraged by her figure.

INT. BARNES & NOBLE - DAY

A customer approaches an employee, Jill, behind a cash register. Jill has two parts in her hair now.

CUSTOMER#3

I'm looking for a book.

JILL

Really.

CUSTOMER#3

HOW TO WRITE A BLOCKBUSTER NOVEL.

JILL

We've got it back ordered.

CUSTOMER#3

It's out?

JILL

Yes.

CUSTOMER#3

You barely looked at your thingy there.

JILL

The customer before you asked for the same book. Tons of people have been looking for that, and other writing books, financial advice books, exercise books,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL (cont'd)
model-making books, cook books,
painting books, how to manuals—

CUSTOMER#3
Can you order it?

JILL
I can back order it.

CUSTOMER#3
Is back ordering like ordering?

JILL
Yes, it's like ordering.

CUSTOMER#3
Can you order it?

JILL
I can back order it.

CUSTOMER#3
Okay.

JILL
(typing)
HOW TO WRITE A BLOCKBUSTER NOVEL.
Alright.
(pause)
Check back on Tuesday.

CUSTOMER#3
Tuesday? Can't you get it
sooner?

JILL
Sooner than Tuesday?

CUSTOMER#3
Sooner than Tuesday?

JILL
You could order it on the
internet. But you'd probably get
it on Tuesday.

CUSTOMER#3
Okay. Could you back order it
for me?

JILL
Name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUSTOMER#3
HOW TO WRITE A BLOCKBUSTER NOVEL.

Stacey is at another cash register. Mark walks up with a package.

MARK

Hi.

She rings it up for him and hands it to him in a bag.

STACEY

Have a nice day.

Mark pauses, saddened by that.

MARK

Thanks.

He walks away. She rolls her eyes.

STACEY

Or not.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

Mark is walking towards the sailboat pond and a particular bench where Tara is seated. He approaches her.

MARK

Hi.

TARA

Hi.

He sits down and she opens a bag and takes out their lunch.

TARA (CONT'D)

Hungry?

MARK

A little.

They eat for a while.

TARA

How's your day?

Mark shrugs. He sets his sandwich down.

MARK

I got you something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at him. He takes out a gift-wrapped package and hands it to her.

MARK (CONT'D)

Open it.

She sets aside her lunch and opens the gift. It's a FRENCH BERLITZ CD SET. Immediately her eyes water and she tries to choke them back. She looks at him.

TARA

What does this mean?

He smiles nervously. He shrugs.

MARK

It means you need to practice your French if you're going to work in Paris.

She hugs him and kisses him. He kisses her tenderly.

TARA

Are you going with me?

He pulls back to look at her.

MARK

I can't. If I don't accept the cardiology internship I'll lose everything I've worked for. I won't be able to transfer to another school if Professor Goode doesn't want to recommend me... I can't just quit...

TARA

So we're breaking up?

MARK

No.

TARA

Those long-distance things never work.

MARK

We don't know that.

They stare at each other.

TARA

So you'll visit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK
If you'll translate for me.

TARA
D'accord.

They smile through their tears.

TARA (CONT'D)
Thanks. I love it.

MARK
You're welcome.

TARA
There's one problem.

MARK
What?

She pops open her CD player and shows him the BERLITZ CD she already has in there. He smiles.

TARA
Tell you what. I'll accept the gift but you have to take mine and start practicing your French!

MARK
Deal!

TARA
Embrasse moi!

He remembers what that means. They kiss.

FADE TO:

TITLE: OVER A YEAR LATER— SOMEDAY EVE

MONTAGE: A calendar representation of how Someday is only a day away and videotape from around the world of people going crazy about it.

1. People getting married en masse.
2. People feeding the poor and hungry in some far off country.
3. Someone working on a novel, wagging all the pages they've written so far.
4. A person sailing around the world alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

5. A guy with two girlfriends under each arm.
6. A group of naked people skydiving.
7. Some genetic scientists holding up test tubes.
8. A young guy playing a video game non-stop, racking up an unheard of score.
9. And more.....

INT. IRT TRAIN - MORNING

MINDY and LINDY, big-haired friends commuting to work, snapping their gum.

MINDY

So. Didn't you say once that
Someday you'd have kids?

LINDY

Yeah. So?

MINDY

You know what tomorrow is?

Lindy looks at her and then realizes.

LINDY

OHMYGOD!!

INT. APARTMENT

Jill is sitting at her kitchen table, coffee mug next to her, by her kitchen window looking at a particularly dismal view of the city.

In her lap she holds a legal pad on which she's written a list. She's crossing out items on the list, apparently after much consideration.

INSERT:

- ~~1. POISONING (MESSY)~~
- ~~2. DRUG OVERDOSE (TRIED IT)~~
- ~~3. SUICIDE BY COP (TOO DRAMATIC)~~
- ~~4. FALL FROM TALL BUILDING (HOW TALL?)~~
- ~~5. SHARP IMPLEMENT (PAINFUL)~~
- ~~6. SLIT WRISTS (TRIED IT)~~
- ~~7. GUNSHOT, SHOTGUN, ETC. (MESSY, AIM!)~~
- ~~8. ASPHYXIATION (TOO SLOW)~~
- ~~9. HIT BY TRAIN, BUS, ETC. (TOO PUBLIC)~~
- ~~10. CONTRACT KILLING (EXPENSIVE)~~
- ~~11. DRIVE OVER CLIFF (FIND CLIFF?)~~

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- ~~12. EXPLOSIVES (REAL EXPENSIVE)~~
- ~~13. FIRE (UNPREDICTABLE)~~
- ~~14. GAS EXPLOSION (TOO LOUD)~~
- ~~15. DROWNING (TOO COLD)~~
- 16. EUTHANASIA! (TOO TRICKY?)
- 17. CROSSFIRE (IMPLAUSIBLE)
- 18.
- 19.

She taps the pad with her pen, thinking. Out the window she sees a jetliner in the sky, drawing a contrail. Jill writes down an idea.

INSERT:

- 18. JUMP OUT OF PLANE W/O PARACHUTE!!

She seems happy to have found another idea but then follows it with...

INSERT:

- 18. JUMP OUT OF PLANE W/O PARACHUTE!!
(COMPLICATED)

She thinks some more and hesitantly writes down.

INSERT:

- 19. HANGING

She stares at it. Then she adds...

INSERT:

- 19. HANGING (TOO CLICHED?)

INT. SUBWAY STATION

Miserable, Mark trudges through the turnstile and to the platform. He waits for the train with the rest of the commuters and zones out.

There's Someday craziness all over. The train arrives.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN

Mark steps into a moderately crowded car and hangs on to an overhead strap. He's staring into space.

A young couple decides on a set of seats, but the YOUNG MAN almost immediately stands up in front of his girlfriend and clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG MAN

Excuse me, excuse me. Can I have everyone's attention?

The commuters IMMEDIATELY TURN AWAY from whatever is about to happen. The young man turns his attention to his girlfriend, he takes her hand and drops to one knee.

YOUNG MAN (cont'd)

Agnetha? You and I have been going out for over a year now and it has been the happiest year of my life.

He projects his voice so that all can hear. She is flushed red with surprise and embarrassment. Mark realizes what is happening and rolls his eyes as he turns to stare out the window.

AGNETHA, the girlfriend, covers her grin with her free hand. Some of the commuters steal peeks.

YOUNG MAN (cont'd)

Agnetha? Will you marry me and make me the happiest man in the world?

Her eyes widen impossibly as she bursts out in tears and in one flushed exclamation says—

AGNETHA

Oh yes! Yes, yes, yes!

— and she lunges at him kissing and groping him.

The whole subway car bursts into APPLAUSE and HOOTS and HOLLERS.

The groping and kissing turns into bona fide "making out" as Agnetha pulls her new fiancé down to the subway seats producing an "OOH" from the attentive commuters.

Mark is determined to hide from the car full of commuters as he WIPES AWAY TEARS.

MARK

(whispered)

There's something in my eye.

The couple falls from the seats onto the floor flagrantly with a yelp, but nary a pause.

INT. TARA'S OFFICE/PARIS - DAY

Tara's in her new position, in the Paris office, meeting with a COWORKER, speaking in fluent French, having an ARGUMENT, a VERY HEATED ARGUMENT, with a lot of Parisian GESTICULATION and HARUMPHING, that then ends with...

COWORKER

Oui?

Tara thinks for a moment.

TARA

Oui!

COWORKER

D'accord!

TARA

D'accord!

COWORKER

Bien.

TARA

Bien.

COWORKER

Au revoir.

TARA

Au revoir.

The coworker smiles very pleasantly, no hard feelings, leaves her office and Tara pauses for a moment before an odd smile breaks out on her face. SHE'S GOOD AT THIS.

She sits down at her desk with a beautiful view of Paris and swivels to look out the window. She glances at the framed pictures she has on a credenza, particularly Mark's photo, and immediately becomes sad.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - MORNING

Stella is in the front of a long line. She orders her cup of coffee and a Lottery ticket. The store owner hands her the change and her ticket.

STELLA

Keep your fingers crossed Sam.

SAM #1

I always do Stella. Good luck.

INT. SUBWAY STATION

Again, thousands of people are moving about. Joe stops at the newsstand and gets the paper and a Lottery ticket.

JOE
Keep your fingers crossed Sam.

SAM #2
I always do Joe. Good luck.

EXT. SIDEWALK

TOM, the construction foreman, crosses the street from the construction site to the tobacconist. He looks at the TOBACCONIST, he's a new guy. Tom hands over some money.

TOM
Menthols and a Lotto.

He nods at the tobacconist.

TOM (cont'd)
You're new here.

The tobacconist nods back at him.

TOBACCONIST
Yep. What's your name?

TOM
Tom. Nice to meet ya.

TOBACCONIST
Sam. Nice to meet you.

INT. CLASSROOM

Mark is sitting at his desk in a theater-style classroom. He finishes an exam and collects his things, ahead of a lot of other people. He walks to the professor's desk and drops the exam in an In-box.

The professor looks up from reading ROMEO AND JULIET and nods at Mark. He hands him a graded paper from an arrangement on his desk. He does a double-take at the paper before handing it to Mark.

TEACHER
What's the matter, Mark?

MARK
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The professor indicates the corner, hanging onto the paper. Mark looks at his grade and his EYES POP. The professor looks at him.

TEACHER

Got your mind on other things?

INSERT:

C+

The professor addresses the rest of the class.

PROFESSOR

Tomorrow's exam will be in the library at eight a.m, sharp. There are no makeovers. Some of you Section C students need to pass this exam to keep your financial aid. It won't matter how well you do, just that you pass it.

The professor glares at the class. The students give a nervous chuckle or groan.

The professor glances at Mark, but Mark stares at his grade and gradually leaves the classroom. He glances back at the professor's book as he leaves.

INT. TV SHOW SET

A news talk show is in session. The MODERATOR is a trouble-maker.

MODERATOR

Someday is tomorrow. Is it real or not? This is the day everyone's been waiting for. Someday I'll write a book. Someday I'll find my soul mate. Someday everything will be perfect. Frank?

FRANK

Well—

MODERATOR

(interrupting)

Nonsense! It's just like any other day. Maybe the trains will run on time, but that's it. No one day can make that big of a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MODERATOR (cont'd)
difference. It's what people do
with the day that matters. Right
Bobbi?

BOBBI
You bring up a good point—

MODERATOR
(interrupting)
It's irrelevant if Someday does
or doesn't have an effect. With
all these people trying to
achieve their Somedays will that
cause some other things to
happen? Nancy?

NANCY
Uh, right—

MODERATOR
But the fact is Someday is
tomorrow and we've all been
waiting for it. All of our
dreams will come true. Frank?

FRANK
I—

MODERATOR
(interrupting)
Settle down everyone. We're
going to take a commercial break,
right now. But stay tuned and
see if our guests can agree on
something, Someday.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE

The President is chewing on another TICONDEROGA NO. 2
PENCIL. His White House Chief of Staff and his National
Security Advisor stand before him.

NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR
None of the peace scenarios we
worked up seem poised to take
place, anywhere, Mr. President.

THE PRESIDENT
Nowhere?

CHIEF OF STAFF
In fact, there are three new wars
since yesterday. It's unlikely
that they'll resolve by tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PRESIDENT

I've always said that Someday
I'll have a legacy. If it's not
world peace, then what is it?

INT. TREASURY DEPARTMENT

The ATTORNEY GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES is sitting at a conference table with several Treasury agents. The DIRECTOR OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT walks in with a large folder under his arm which he places in front of the Attorney General.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

Impeachment?

He jabs the folder with a finger.

TREASURY DIRECTOR

Worse. It's a slam dunk.
Videotape of the President
bragging about it.

The Attorney General doesn't want to believe it.

TREASURY DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Supposedly, it makes him feel
more virile to brag about his
power.

The Attorney General looks at him quizzically.

ATTORNEY GENERAL

How'd... How'd you get that?

TREASURY DIRECTOR

One of the President's hookers.

EXT. STREET/PARIS - AFTERNOON

Tara is walking to an appointment. Paris is beautiful, magnifique! Superb. Très jolie! But she's melancholy as she walks along, despite the friendly people who greet her and wave to her.

TARA

Bon jour!
(pause)
Ça va?
(pause)
Alo!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She reaches a corner and spots a YOUNG COUPLE IN LOVE, kissing. She frowns.

TARA (CONT'D)

Merde...

The light turns green and she walks past the distracted couple, dismissing them in that particularly Parisian way, with a "poof."

INT. TIM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tim opens the door to let Lucy into his basement pseudo one-bedroom/studio apartment.

TIM

Whaddayathink?

Lucy starts to notice the apartment. It's a mess. Athletic socks strewn everywhere. BAYWATCH posters haphazardly tacked to the walls.

Lucy is astounded. She distractedly hands him a bouquet of flowers as she walks in.

LUCY

(distracted)

For your mom's visit.

TIM

Oh thanks, but they won't work.

Lucy continues to stare at the room. An obvious and shocking pile of PLAYBOYS is evident under Tim's bed.

TIM (CONT'D)

I went dumpster diving.

A METS AND a YANKEES banner are tacked onto one wall. On his coffee table is a mirrored BUDWEISER drink tray.

TIM (cont'd)

You have no idea how difficult it was to find this stuff in Chelsea.

A couple of plastic milk crates are on the floor waiting to be put to use.

TIM (cont'd)

It's butch, huh?

Tim's face droops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Aren't you coming out to her tomorrow?

TIM

I figured I'd soften the blow.

LUCY

By making her think you're the token gay guy in your fraternity?

TIM

She doesn't know I'm gay!—

LUCY

(interrupting)
Honey...

TIM

(continuing)
—Not in her wildest dreams—
What do you mean "Honey?"

LUCY

You're going to try to convince her you're straight, then tell her you're gay?

TIM

She doesn't know I'm gay!

LUCY

I knew the moment I first met you.

TIM

I was with my boyfriend.

LUCY

That was my boyfriend.

TIM

Oh right.
(pause)
You and I are still friends?

LUCY

You just helped confirm my suspicions about him.

TIM

He had issues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lucy SPIES ON HIM as he sits down on an Eames chair covered in a 49ers blanket.

LUCY

She won't think you're straight.
She'll think you're crazy.

TIM

How else am I going to ease her
into it?

LUCY

Tomorrow's all about you going
through the ritual of coming out
to her, not her. Honey, she
knows.

TIM

No she doesn't.

She looks him in the eye.

LUCY

She's your mother. She loves you
no matter what. How bad could it
be? Does she have horns and
sharp fangs?

TIM

No, but.

With her index finger she picks up a WIFE BEATER tank top strewn on the sofa. She displays it for Tim to really consider.

LUCY

This... is ridiculous.

TIM

I'm afraid.

Lucy sits next to him and hugs him. He reciprocates.

LUCY

It'll be fine. Just you watch.

She pats his shoulder. He's wearing a silky, disco shirt, very stylish. Lucy COMPARES the APARTMENT to his OUTFIT.

LUCY (cont'd)

Were you going to show her your
apartment dressed like this?

INT. OPERATORY

Mark is scrubbed in and assisting a heart surgeon, DR. LEONARDO OLAZABAL, 50s. They are in the middle of an open heart surgery.

The surgical team seems anxious. They have video cameras, microphones and monitors in addition to the regular monitors expected in this sort of thing.

DR. OLAZABAL
Alright Mark. Position the
Olazabal Plate.

But Mark is distracted and seems miserable.

DR. OLAZABAL (cont'd)
Mark?

Mark snaps out of it.

MARK
Yes Dr. Olazabal?

The patient's beating heart is fully exposed. Mark places a small plastic frame on the side of the heart, framing an obvious lesion.

The doctor quickly sutures the frame in place creating a still area for operating, on the beating heart.

DR. OLAZABAL
The Olazabal Plate is secure.
Now, we can fix this occlusion
without having to stop the
patient's heart, thanks to the
Olazabal Plate.

MARK
Someday heart surgeries won't
require stopping anyone's heart.

The doctor nods at Mark. Mark gapes at him.

DR. OLAZABAL
Thanks to...

MARK
Thanks to?

DR. OLAZABAL
Thanks to the Olazabal Plate.

I/E. BISTRO/PARIS - AFTERNOON

Tara arrives at a sidewalk restaurant. She looks around the tables and finds the one. A man sitting at that table notices her and stands up and waves, smiling. Tara walks over to the table.

The man is dressed very nicely in a sport coat, tie, and beautiful shirt. It's DON, an old college boyfriend. They embrace and sit down. He's prosperous flabby.

DON

Hi.

TARA

How are you?

DON

Business is great, great, great.
How's the job treating you?

TARA

Great. The first six months were a challenge, doing everything I'm used to, but in French.

(pause)

But I think I worried more than I needed to.

She pauses as she notices the YOUNG COUPLE IN LOVE crossing the street. Don notices and gets a crafty look in his eye.

DON

I still think it's great that you chose to follow your dream.

TARA

Yeah.

She frowns and shrugs.

DON

So how's the long distance thing working?

TARA

His French is atrocious.

(pause)

I miss him.

Don smiles, understandingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TARA (cont'd)

How about you? Anyone special
this week?

DON

I think so. You don't have to
miss him...

TARA

Really? Do tell.

She's grateful to be distracted.

DON

I don't think it's an accident
that you're here and he's not.

TARA

Accident?

DON

In fact I don't think it's an
accident that you and I are here,
in Paris, both of us following
our dreams. I think it's fate
telling us something.

TARA

Telling us what—

Don takes her hand in his.

DON

Ever since we broke up in college
I've had one thing in mind. To
find you again and prove how I
feel about you.

TARA

You dumped me.

DON

You have to admit that this long-
distance thing isn't working.
They never do. Why prolong the
inevitable?

TARA

The inevitable?

DON

You and me belong together Tara.
Don't you feel it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She looks at his hand holding hers and pulls it away.

TARA

...no.

DON

You don't feel it?

TARA

No.

DON

The attraction?

TARA

No.

DON

The love?

TARA

No.

Without skipping a beat HE REACHES UNDER HIS SEAT and produces A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET and A BOX OF TRUFFLES.

DON

I remember how much you like lilacs.

TARA

I'm allergic to them.

She wards them off with one hand. His bullet-proof salesman's smile finally cracks. He studies the flowers.

TARA (cont'd)

I appreciate the...sentiment, Don. But I really am in love with Mark. As much as I hate being away from him, knowing we're...together makes all the difference in the world.

DON

But—

TARA

I worried at first about what this would do to us. I worried that I was being selfish. But then I realized that I have to do this, rather than resent it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TARA (cont'd)

later. And that some solution
will present itself as long as I
trust in...us.

DON

But—

TARA

I didn't know, or think, that you
had any thoughts about me since
college. But you have to know
that I'm as much with Mark here,
in Paris, as if he were here now.

She stares at him. He stares back.

DON

You're sure you're allergic to
Lilacs?

TARA

Positive.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Dr. Olazabal and Mark are getting dressed after the
operation. The doctor is chipper, having completed another
successful operation of his patented technique. Mark
however seems tired and miserable.

The doctor's cell phone rings and he answers it.

DR. OLAZABAL

Doctor Olazabal. Ah professor—

(pause)

What?

(pause)

Certainly.

He hangs up and turns to Mark with a concerned look on his
face. Mark notices him staring at him. He covers up
apprehensively.

DR. OLAZABAL (cont'd)

Professor Goode needs to speak
with you as soon as possible
Mark.

MARK

Really? What's up?

DR. OLAZABAL

Before your next class, visit his
office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mark is unsure.

MARK

Okay....

DR. OLAZABAL

Oh, and I need your notes on the
White Paper tomorrow.

EXT. STREET

Brady is walking down the street, reading a WANT ad in a
trade rag and wincing.

INSERT:

MUSICIANS WANTED: UNCLE WIGGLY'S FUNLAND,
ORLANDO FLORIDA, CONTRACT AND FULL-TIME...

His cellphone goes off.

BRADY

Brady.

ROCCO (FILTERED)

Brady. Rocco. We need a bassist
tomorrow night. You available?

Brady frowns.

BRADY

You got a set?

ROCCO (FILTERED)

Of course. This Japanese band is
on after us. It's a great
opportunity for us. Something
about their flight plans. Real
exposure.

BRADY

If we go on.

ROCCO (FILTERED)

Yeah right. You in?

Brady shakes his head, rolls his eyes. He returns to the
phone.

BRADY

Is this another standby gig?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCCO (FILTERED)
...we're between two sets.
There's a big storm in the
Atlantic. Their flight will
probably be late.

BRADY
Japan's in the Pacific.

ROCCO (FILTERED)
They're on tour in Europe.

Brady looks at the ad again.

BRADY
(aside)
I guess anything's better than
UNCLE WIGGLY'S FUNLAND.
(pause)
Fine.

ROCCO (FILTERED)
Great. See you there. Bring
your ax.

They hang up.

BRADY
(muttering)
Some rock star...

INT. TRUCK

PATRICK, the big burly truck driver type, is reversing into a parking space when a beat up old Chevy Metro pulls a radical U turn right behind him to catch the empty parking space in front of Muddy Waters cafe.

Nona's driving the Metro. Patrick honks his horn and scowls.

PATRICK
Excuse me?!

Nona doesn't notice, or care. She slams the Metro into the parking space and gets out in a hurry and runs into the cafe.

PATRICK (cont'd)
Hello?

Patrick honks again, holding it for emphasis. Nona just runs off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK (cont'd)
Geez!...someday lady!
(pause)
Wait, that's tomorrow...

INT. MUDDY WATERS CAFE

Nona walks in and heads to the counter.

Kelly again is sitting with his laptop at a window, writing. He's wearing a black turtle neck and growing a soul patch. He tugs at it. He looks up trying to think of the exact right words...

AT A NEARBY TABLE are Jill and Stacey.

STACEY
It's almost been a week.

Jill looks haggard.

JILL
Screw work. Screw all of them.
I'm going to do it. I swear.
I'm going to do it today.

STACEY
Do what?

Jill hangs herself in mime, rolling her eyes back and sticking out her tongue.

STACEY (cont'd)
Why today?

JILL
I've always said, Someday I'll do
it for real and then they'll be
sorry. Oh yeah...

STACEY
Who will be?

JILL
All of them, the bastards. Hank
at work, the others, my parents,
my landlord, the Super, the lady
down the street with that damn
dog. Jethro.

Stacey studies her, knowingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STACEY

Why will they be sorry?

JILL

'Why?'

STACEY

They're not sorry now.

JILL

Because, my death will show them in one dramatic expression that there are consequences. They can't fuck with me.

STACEY

But. These people are all clueless. After my third attempt everyone kept asking me why I did it. I finally realized that if they didn't know then, how would they know afterwards?

Jill stares at her.

JILL

I swear. I'm going to do it.

Jill gets up and leaves, wagging a finger at Stacey.

Kelly has been EAVESDROPPING. He finishes typing, saves and gets up and walks over to the order line, a little distracted by the exchange.

He stands behind a young woman whom he recognizes. He racks his brain trying to place her and does.

She's the same enchanting angel from over a year ago who got her latte to go. She's fidgeting in the line, looking around. Then she makes eye contact with Kelly.

SOPHIE

Where's your computer?

KELLY

Excuse me?

SOPHIE

The writer!

Kelly points out his table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOPHIE (cont'd)
Of course. You're always
writing.

KELLY
Yeah.

He checks her out when she's not looking.

KELLY (CONT'D)
Where you been? It's been over
a year.

SOPHIE
Since what?

KELLY
Since I saw you here last.

It's her turn to be surprised.

SOPHIE
You remember?

He shrugs.

KELLY
You were wearing a kind'a Spanish
thing. Billowy shirt, flamenco
pants, high heel boots.

She blushes.

KELLY (cont'd)
I'm very observant. It's kind'a
spooky.

She steps up to the counter and orders.

SOPHIE
You don't keep track of all sorts
of things in a spreadsheet on
your computer, do you?

He shakes his head and taps his temple.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
What are you writing?

He grimaces.

KELLY
A novel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SOPHIE

What's it about?

KELLY

Well...It's kind of complicated.

She gets her drink and it's Kelly's turn. He hands over his glass for a refill and pays.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'm not sure it's any good. It's just a mass of oft repeated, perfunctory visualizations of lame and self indulgent litanies and lamentations.

He nods at Gerry behind the register.

SOPHIE

Just what publishers are looking for.

KELLY

How would you know?

He strolls with her out of the way of other customers and closer to his table.

SOPHIE

I'm an assistant editor at a publishing house.

KELLY

Editor. What's your name?

SOPHIE

Sophie. What's yours?

KELLY

Kelly.

She shakes hands with him in a graceful motion, which is not lost on Kelly.

SOPHIE

How long is it?

He gapes at her.

SOPHIE (cont'd)

Your novel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KELLY

Eight hundred fifty eight pages!
...so far. I think. Would you
like to sit down?

SEAN IS BEHIND THE ESPRESSO MAKER. Gerry is watching him
make a latte. Sean's arms are covered in Calamine lotion
or some such ointment. Nona is leaning against the
counter. Gerry obviously knows her as a regular.

GERRY

How about some Mystery Coffee?

NONA

Mystery Coffee would be great.

GERRY

You like whipped cream?

She nods into her palm.

GERRY (CONT'D)

Yay, I get to be creative!

He gets busy.

NONA

What's wrong with Sean?

GERRY

He's allergic to the ink he's
been using to write his
cheatnotes. He's trying to find
an ink that's hypo-allergenic.
How's things with you?

She sighs.

NONA

The Man's still in charge.

GERRY

I hear ya. You going to the WHO
protest at Madison Square Garden?

NONA

The WHO's playing?

GERRY

What?

NONA

They're at Madison Square Garden?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

GERRY

Who's at Madison Square Garden?

NONA

What are you talking about?

GERRY

The World Health Organization is having some sort of convention.

NONA

Oh, the W.H.O. I thought you meant the Who.

Gerry has the blankest of looks on his face.

GERRY

Who?

NONA

Never mind.

He hands her a coffee concoction. A customer shows up, looking around the cafe.

CUSTOMER#4

Where's the bathroom?

Nona, Gerry, and Sean look at her, the customer.

GERRY

Round the corner, to the right.

The customer takes off WITHOUT A THANK YOU. The three shake their heads disappointedly.

NONA

Someday, people will learn some common courtesy. You're welcome!

But the customer is long gone to get a clue.

SEAN

That'll never happen.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT

Jill's bare feet step onto a wooden stool as she struggles with something unseen. She climbs onto her tip-toes and the stool wobbles until she leans over and kicks the stool away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her feet now kick and jerk as she makes choking and strangling and gurgling sounds. She really starts kicking furiously and violently.

Then she relaxes, apparently against her will.

Her feet stop kicking and jerking and just hang loose as she pivots slightly.

Suddenly a TORRENT OF URINE drops on the floor.

INT. FACULTY OFFICE

Mark opens the door.

MARK

You wanted to see me Professor?

PROFESSOR GOODE

Mark, Mark.

The professor has Mark's file folder on his blotter. He stands, moves over to Mark and ushers him inside to a chair.

PROFESSOR GOODE (CONT'D)

Are you okay? Do you feel well?

MARK

I'm fine.

PROFESSOR GOODE

Do you not like working with Dr. Olazabal?

MARK

No. That's fine.

PROFESSOR GOODE

Then what is it? Are you getting enough rest?

MARK

Yes. I'm fine.

PROFESSOR GOODE

You look miserable Mark. Is something worrying you?

MARK

No...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR GOODE

Then what is it?

MARK

What is what Professor?

PROFESSOR GOODE

You got a C plus on your latest exam.

They stare at each other. Mark looks around for relief.

MARK

With all due respect Professor, it's only a C plus.

The professor returns to his desk. He refers to Mark's folder.

PROFESSOR GOODE

Last year, you had a four point oh grade point average. You've never gone below an A minus. It's scary.

MARK

Well—

PROFESSOR GOODE

This year...frankly, your grades suck! What's wrong with you? Why?

MARK

I dunno. Nothing's "wrong." It's just been...difficult...

PROFESSOR GOODE

Is something bothering you?

MARK

No...

PROFESSOR GOODE

I don't want anything to get in the way of my best student, particularly now that we're so close to sending you out into the world.

MARK

I appreciate that Professor—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PROFESSOR GOODE

I made room for you in this program. There are students who could have taken your place, but I pulled strings for you to take the slot.

MARK

I'm sorry I've disappointed you Professor, but I told you, you had better students...

PROFESSOR GOODE

(interrupting)

You haven't disappointed me, Mark. I'm just concerned. Your residency will begin soon and we don't want anything to get in the way of that.

(pause)

Right?

Professor Goode stands and ushers Mark to the door. Mark opens the door to leave and pauses.

PROFESSOR GOODE (CONT'D)

Right, Mark?

Mark nods, a little forlorn.

MARK

Right, Professor.

PROFESSOR GOODE

Okay. Get outta here!

(pause)

And I don't want to hear about any more "C"s.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT

Jill's face is strangled and puffy looking as the noose constrains her neck.

Suddenly the plaster around the light fixture she's hanging from cracks and separates from the rest of the ceiling.

Jill's EYES POP OPEN.

JILL

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She reaches up to the noose with her hands. The fixture drops a foot. Then it COLLAPSES COMPLETELY.

JILL (cont'd)

Oh shit.

Her feet hit the floor as she falls forward. She hits her head on her coffee table and clumps onto the floor in the puddle of urine.

EXT. CAMPUS

Mark travels across campus lugging his backpack, deep in thought. In one hand he holds a sheaf of papers. The cover is entitled THE OLAZABAL PLATE OPEN HEART SURGICAL TECHNIQUE. There are notes all over it.

A gust of wind yanks it out of his hand and the pages fly across the campus. Mark is horrified for a moment. Then he goes after the scattering pages, shrieking.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

Mark lugs his backpack, desperately trying to account for all of the pages he somehow managed to collect. Of course now the white paper looks like a chaotic pile of fanned sheets of paper.

People are crazy. The park is full of circus freaks and Manhattanites. People who have never sung a note are singing their hearts out in public. Impromptu dance lessons are taking place. Fun is being had by all.

Mark walks through it all, the only one not enjoying any of it.

He crosses a street heading to Sixth Avenue and the subway station. It's not just the park. The street is full of people and cars, horns honking in celebration, instead of protest. It's like New Years Eve or something.

INT. SUBWAY STATION

The subway station is full of activity and even laughter. He checks his watch and frowns.

MARK

Just once...couldn't the train be on time?

The train pulls in and Mark gets on, still trying to organize the pages.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Mark enters and trudges up the flights to his apartment. Mark finds his morning paper strewn about the hallway outside his apartment. It looks like the paper EXPLODED.

He frowns again and then picks it up gathering the scattered pages. He opens his door and goes inside.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mark is on his phone waiting for the other end to pick up.

TARA (O.S.)

Alo?

He brightens up measurably.

MARK

(bad French)

Bon soir ma cherie amour.

TARA (O.S.)

I was hoping it was you.

MARK

Why wouldn't it be me?

TARA (O.S.)

I know, but you get busy, I get busy. How are you? I miss you.

She makes kissing sounds in Paris.

MARK

I miss you too. I'm tired. Chasing paper around. You?

TARA (O.S.)

You're still coming right?

MARK

Well, I assisted "Dr. O" today. We videotaped another Olazabal technique. I'm helping him publish his white paper.

TARA (O.S.)

That's wonderful. Do you get a byline?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK

Yeah. But I'm going to have to postpone my trip.

TARA (O.S.)

What? No! You can't! I can't stand how much I miss you.

MARK

I know. But I can't leave right now. Dr. Olazabal is trying to meet a publishing deadline. This will be very good for me too, to be published before my residency. I can't just leave right now.

TARA (O.S.)

But we've been talking about this.

MARK

I know, I know—

TARA (O.S.)

Obviously that's more important to you—

MARK

Well it is right now!

TARA (O.S.)

This long-distance thing is driving me nuts. I was just telling Don that at lunch.

MARK

I know, I know. Don? You mean your old boyfriend Don from college?! The guy who hunted you down through the internet?

Mark stops pacing.

TARA (O.S.)

Yeah.

He makes a fist and shakes it.

MARK

How nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TARA (O.S.)
Don't be that way.

MARK
What way?

His voice says one thing, but his grimace says another.

TARA (O.S.)
Jealous? Insecure. A butthead.

Each word brings him down a rung.

MARK
So what did he want? I mean,
what did he have to say?

TARA (O.S.)
Nothing. He was bragging about
work.

He rolls his eyes and nods knowingly.

MARK
So, you had lunch?

TARA (O.S.)
Yeah, at this great bistro. I
was gonna' take you there, but
now...

MARK
It's only temporary. As soon as
I finish the cardiology
internship I'll begin my
residency. I can take a whole
month off in between.

Mark stares into his TV. His TV is muted but on some news
program discussing Someday.

TARA (O.S.)
That's six months from now!
(pause)
Hello? Mark?

He snaps out of it.

MARK
Sorry. I'm here.

He shakes his head to clear it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TARA (O.S.)

No, you're not! And it looks like you're not gonna' be for a while.

He rolls his eyes.

MARK

You're not making this any easier—

TARA (O.S.)

(interrupting)

I'm not? I'm sorry I'm bothering you with wanting to see you. What about you? How much easier do you want it? Shall I do your homework for you—

MARK

That's not what I mean!

TARA (O.S.)

Well, what do you mean?

Mark silently supplicates the heavens...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tim is with his boyfriend SERGIO, 20s, walking Sergio's Jack Russell Terrier, PEPE. Tim's cellphone RINGS.

TIM

Hello?

Sergio looks at him as Pepe sniffs the ground.

TIM (cont'd)

Hi Mom.

(pause)

You're not?

He frowns at Sergio. Sergio frowns back and shrugs. Pepe marks his territory and then looks up at Tim.

TIM (cont'd)

I'm just... doing some work stuff. So why aren't you coming tomorrow? I had everything planned out—

Tim is forced to listen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM (cont'd)
Really? The whole family?!

Tim is so unhappy and he's thrown off-balance.

TIM (cont'd)
When did you plan this?
(pause)
Okay. Yeah, no problem.
(pause)
Okay. Bye. I Love you!

Tim hangs up and looks at Sergio. Sergio is Spanish.

SERGIO
¿Que pasa, Papi?

TIM
My mom isn't coming tomorrow.
She planned a family reunion and
wanted to surprise me. The whole
family.

SERGIO
How beautiful!

TIM
It's terrible. I wanted to talk
to her, only her. Tomorrow, you
know?

Sergio also doesn't get Tim's fear.

SERGIO
Relax. Eet'll be funs.

Tim is terrified. He glances at Pepe who is looking at him
as if in agreement with Sergio.

TIM
It won't be "funs." I can't come
out to my whole damn family, all
at once!

SERGIO
Tranquilo, Papi, tranquilo!

INT. MARK'S PARENTS' HOUSE

Mark is having dinner with his parents again at the table.
He streams his thoughts as he shovels food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK

I tried to tell them it's just a C plus. It's not even a C.

(pause)

I feel like a prize thoroughbred. It's like they're pinning all of their hopes on me for some reason. I think they're just making too big a deal about this.

(pause)

I think Professor Goode really does want me out of there as soon as possible. It's weird.

(pause)

Everyone keeps asking me if I want to be a doctor Someday. I keep telling them I do but they keep asking.

His parents look at each other.

MARK'S DAD

Do you?

Mark stops shoveling food. He looks at them.

MARK

What?

MARK'S DAD

Do you want to be a doctor?

Mark chuckles, now he's getting it from his parents too.

MARK

Well, yeah—

MARK'S DAD

(interrupting)

It's just that you've been going to school for several years now. Over ten years, I don't know how many degree programs, specialties, sub-specialties. You started that one residency program but pulled out of it after a year...

MARK

I just changed my mind—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK'S DAD
(interrupting)
I know. I just wonder if you
really want to be a doctor.

Mark gets upset.

MARK
Dad, if I wasn't interested in
this stuff, why would I put so
much effort into it?

MARK'S DAD
If you really wanted to be a
doctor, you'd be one by now.

Mark stops and thinks.

MARK'S DAD (cont'd)
In my experience, when someone
really wants something, no matter
what it is, they do it.

Mark gives up trying to explain things for the moment and
continues eating. His parents shrug at each other.

INT. TARA'S PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tara is at her computer writing an email to Mark.

INSERT:

Hey Baby: I'm sorry about the argument. I loved hearing
your voice tonight. I miss you SO MUCH. I know you're
busy but I can't wait for you to visit again. I wish you'd
move here.

She looks at the last line and then deletes it, replacing
it with.

INSERT:

Hey Baby: I'm sorry about the argument. I loved hearing
your voice tonight. I miss you SO MUCH. I know you're
busy but I can't wait for you to visit again. I love being
here but I miss New York, if you can believe that.

She studies that line for a moment and then deletes it too.

Finally she replaces it with.

INSERT:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hey Baby: I'm sorry about the argument. I loved hearing your voice tonight. I miss you SO MUCH. I know you're busy but I can't wait for you to visit again. I wish you were here.

She studies her composition.

TARA

...Someday, I'll be happy again.

She sends it. She sits thinking as she looks out the window at Paris at night.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mark's fidgeting and jittery, sitting at the bar in the restaurant. He has his "C plus" test on the bar top. Next to that is the mess of the White Paper.

He's reviewing his answers, double-checking the correct answers in his many textbooks, every so often making a fist and pounding the bar top.

MARK

How did I get that wrong?

The BARTENDER comes around, coffee pot in hand.

BARTENDER

More coffee—

He spots Mark's fidgeting; his fingers drumming, his shoulders hunching, his teeth grinding.

BARTENDER (cont'd)

Guess not!

He passes Mark. Mark glances at him, surprised.

Mark turns back to his test and stares at his C plus.

DISSOLVE TO:

TITLE: SOMEDAY

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The alarm clock radio turns on.

RADIO

Good morning! It's six o'clock,
May 15th, 2010: Someday!

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO (cont'd)
We've all waited quite some time
for this day to "some day" come
and it's finally here.

Mark opens his eyes grumbling. He looks at the dark windows and then at the radio.

RADIO (cont'd)
But you know what? I checked,
first thing this morning and my
penis isn't any bigger than it
was yesterday—

He hits the snooze button.

LATER

Mark wakes up and looks around. He looks at the alarm clock and see's that it's 9:30. He turns back to his pillow when he suddenly jumps up out of bed.

MARK
Nine thirty?!?
(pause)
Ohshit, ohshit, ohshit, theexam,
theexam, theexam!

EXT. APARTMENT - LATER

Mark jumps out and finds his newspaper outside his apartment door, centered, straight, right in the middle of his WELCOME mat. He's in a hurry but he looks at it, realizes what he's looking at and flinches.

He picks it up warily and opens it. The huge WAR-sized headline says SOMEDAY! TODAY!

Mark looks around the hallway for scattered pieces of the paper but it seems that he's holding the whole thing in his hands.

MARK
Well I'll be damned....

INT. LIQUOR STORE

STELLA, as is her morning routine, orders a cup of coffee and a Lottery ticket. The store owner hands her the change and her ticket.

SAM #1
Good luck Stella.

INT. SUBWAY STATION

JOE, gets the paper and a Lottery ticket.

SAM #2
Good luck Joe.

EXT. SIDEWALK

TOM, gets his change and his cigarettes and ticket and apprehensively nods at the tobacconist.

SAM #3
Good luck Tom.

Tom does a double-take.

INT. SUBWAY STATION

Mark runs onto the platform as a train is pulling out of the station. He fights with his pocket and takes out a subway schedule. He looks up at the receding train and checks his watch and checks the schedule again.

MARK
I'll be damned. It was on time.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN

Gerry and Sean are sitting side by side. They pull out their "report cards" from the envelopes mailed to them.

GERRY
What'd you get?

SEAN
Can you wait until I open the frigging envelope?

GERRY
I got a B plus. You?

SEAN
A plus.

GERRY
No way. How?

Gerry tugs on Sean's sleeves and finds his arms are ink free.

GERRY (CONT'D)
How'd you get an A plus?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

I had to come up with another plan, so I memorized the stuff.

GERRY

Shutup!

INT. TV LOTTO SHOW SET

The ANNOUNCER is standing beside the LOTTO machine that pumps out ping-pong balls with the day's numbers. His assistant, a beautiful brunette makes silly useless gestures indicating the machine.

ANNOUNCER

Well, today is a very special day for two reasons. The second reason is because of the huge jackpot we have accumulated, \$92 Million.

(pause)

Who's going to win the lottery, Someday?!?

The numbers pop out of the machine and line up.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Mark runs down the hall and reaches the library door. He tries to open it and looks through the small wire-reinforced window and sees the professor. The professor indicates his wristwatch and shakes his head, shrugging.

Mark slumps against the door, exhausted from running around.

INT. TV STUDIO

An ASSOCIATE PRODUCER approaches a young woman, wearing a HORIZONTALLY STRIPED COCKTAIL DRESS, with her back turned towards her as she studies a painted silhouette on the wall.

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

We're just going to shoot some shots of you—

The young woman turns around. It's Lucy who has lost a whole lot of weight. She nods. The associate producer smiles at her.

LUCY

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

That?

Lucy looks at her while jerking her thumb at the wall behind her.

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER (cont'd)

That's a silhouette we painted from your before picture to show what a change you've made. Hopefully this will be an incentive for someone else who thinks they can't lose weight.

Lucy looks at the silhouette again.

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER (cont'd)

We want you to stand in front of it and then jump out of it and just move around. We'll get a variety of shots of you doing things—

LUCY

No.

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

Excuse me?

LUCY

You want me to prance around my former self? I don't think so.

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

It's just to dramatize how far you've come, for other people to see.

Lucy grabs the associate producer and forces her into the silhouette.

LUCY

Pretend this was your life and I made a cartoon out of it.

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

But—

LUCY

No thanks. I got what I wanted. Thanks. Bye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lucy turns and collects her purse from a director's chair on her way out of the studio.

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

But...

INT. MUDDY WATERS CAFE

Kelly is waiting at a table. His laptop is still in his totebag.

Sophie rushes in smiling, scans the room and finds Kelly. He waves at her but she's already at his table. He stands up and they kiss passionately.

She's holding a binder under her arm and as they finally disengage she sits down next to him, snuggling, and places the binder on the table.

He looks at her anxiously.

SOPHIE

I loved it! I read it in one sitting.

You can't believe how big his eyes get. Then he snaps out of it and shakes his head like a dog. He peers at her.

KELLY

You did?

SOPHIE

Absolutely. Evelyn Wood, speed-reading. It's a fantastic novel, so true, so moving, so right on. I love your writing. You've really got a wonderful way of putting things. I told my boss about it and they want to read it.

She gazes at him. He gazes back.

KELLY

Wow...

(He turns and looks into the camera)

KELLY (cont'd)

Wow!

INT. TRUCK

PATRICK, the big burly truck driver type is reversing into a parking space when a beat up old Chevy Metro pulls a radical U turn right into HIS empty parking space.

Nona's driving the Metro again. Patrick honks his horn and scowls.

PATRICK
Excuse me?!

Nona doesn't notice, or seem to care. She slams the Metro into the parking space and gets out in a hurry.

Patrick jumps out of his truck and trudges over to her.

PATRICK (cont'd)
What is with you?

She notices him.

PATRICK (cont'd)
Do you think you deserve every parking space?

NONA
What?

She looks at him and his truck and seems to get what he's referring to finally. She realizes that he was pulling into the spot.

Patrick suddenly recognizes her and points his finger at her.

PATRICK
I remember you. You've done this to me before.
(pause)
Do you think just because you're a woman you're better than me? What, are you taking out some aggressions against me because some man did something to you? Let me guess, it's a man's world, therefore you're going to treat me like garbage?

She stares at him about to reply in kind when she stops and has a thought. Another motorist gets in his parked car behind Nona's and pulls out of their space. She notices it. She jumps in her car, starts it and reverses into the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

new space. She parks it and gets out again, while Patrick stands in the street dumbfounded. She walks over to him.

NONA

You're right, I was wrong. I apologize.

He stares at her. She extends her hand. He slowly extends his and shakes hands with her.

NONA (CONT'D)

My name's Nona. What's yours?

PATRICK

Patrick.

NONA

Nice to meet you.

PATRICK

Yeah... Nice to meet you too.

NONA

You probably should park your truck.

He snaps out of it.

PATRICK

Yeah, I suppose. Thank you.

He gets back in his truck and parks it while Nona watches. Patrick gets out again and Nona smiles at him.

EXT. SIDEWALK

Joe is eating a hotdog from a vendor on the street and he's looking at a ticker sign in a corner store window displaying the winning Lotto number.

His face becomes suddenly serious as he scrambles for his ticket which he reads, holding it up to the sign.

STELLA is standing in the same crowd on the corner. She reads the numbers from her Lottery ticket and her jaw drops.

TOM is also there as he too reads his ticket. Joe's mouth is full and he tries to clear it in time to say...

STELLA

I won! I won! I won!

TOM

I won! I WON!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He opened his mouth but it wasn't his voice... He turns and looks at them.

It becomes clear that everyone in the crowd is reading their tickets. And more people start screaming.

CROWD

I won! I won! Ohmygod!! I won!

EXT. MONTAGE - NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS

Through the streets, out of apartments, shouts of "I won!" can be heard.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Stella, Joe and Tom stop celebrating and stare at the rest of the crowd, confused and crestfallen. The rest of the crowd stops celebrating as they all look at each other holding winning tickets.

INT. PALACIAL HOUSE

A fifty-something BUSINESS MAN enters his home carrying a huge bouquet of roses and the prototypical heart-shaped box of chocolates. He's an all business, corporate Republican. His blood runs green, dollar green.

He sets his briefcase down and looks around the foyer for indications of life.

BUSINESS MAN

Martha? I'm home.

From the foyer he tries the adjacent rooms, the living room, the den, the hallway towards the kitchen, as he hears footsteps coming down the stairs.

He doubles back to find MARTHA coming down the stairs. She has a blank expression on her face. She's a handsome, youthful older woman whose flame has been neglected.

He brings the bouquet out from behind his back and presents it to her, followed by the heart-shaped box.

BUSINESS MAN (cont'd)

I've got something for you.
Happy Anniversary, Birthday,
Valentines Day, Anniversary,
Anniversary, Birthday, Valentines
Day, Birthday, Birthday,
Birthday, Anniversary, Valentines
Da—

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hands him a blue affidavit.

MARTHA
(interrupting)
I'm leaving you.

She takes the bouquet and chocolates and walks out the door behind him.

INT. BAR

Tom leads the large crowd into the bar, including Stella and Joe, who are right behind him. He spots the TV behind the bar.

TOM
Barkeep? Can you turn that up?

The bartender turns up the sound on the TV. There's a report on the winning Lotto number.

NEWS ANCHOR
It's official. 14 Million Lotto players throughout New York state picked the same numbers. Everyone who played chose the exact same numbers for a win. Winners will be receiving a grand prize of six dollars and fifty cents. After taxes that will be three dollars and seventy five cents, or so.
(laughs)
Sending the checks out will cost 32 cents.

Joe drops his head into his hands. Stella is gaping at the television set. Tom is dumbstruck. The whole group just crowds the bar in stunned silence.

STELLA
I won! I won! I won!

Joe, Tom and the rest of the crowd stare at Stella. She looks at them and smiles.

STELLA (cont'd)
I've never won anything in my life.

She's happy.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The President is at his desk, chewing on a Ticonderoga No. 2 pencil when the Attorney General walks in, followed by the Director of the FBI and several agents.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Mr. President?

The President looks up surprised and annoyed that his secretary let them in. The Attorney General hands him an indictment.

ATTORNEY GENERAL (cont'd)
You're under arrest for tampering with votes and for twenty three counts of trading public interests for unlawful gain.

THE PRESIDENT
You must be joking.

The Attorney General gestures to an agent to step up and arrest the President. The White House Chief of Staff barges into the Oval office.

CHIEF OF STAFF
What is going on here?

ATTORNEY GENERAL
The President is under arrest.

CHIEF OF STAFF
You must be joking.

The Attorney General takes the indictment from the President's hands and gives it to the Chief of Staff. The Chief of Staff whips it open and scans it. His assistant walks up behind him. He turns to the assistant.

CHIEF OF STAFF (cont'd)
Call the Vice President.

Another FBI agent rushes into the room and whispers into the Attorney General's ear.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
You must be joking.

The agent shakes her head. The Attorney General turns to the President and the Chief of Staff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATTORNEY GENERAL (CONT'D)

The Vice President was found
dead, from an apparent suicide.

Everyone in the room is stunned. Finally the FBI agent
walks up to the President, takes the TICONDEROGA NO. 2
PENCIL from his mouth, raises him from the desk and
handcuffs him.

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT

Jill is staring at the floor, where her body fell and is.
She's shocked to be on "the other side."

JILL

Fuck...

She hears some pounding. She turns around expectantly.

SUPERINTENDENT (O.S.)

Jill? It's the Super. Are you
there? Hank, from work is here
again.

HANK (O.S.)

Jill? You in there?

SUPERINTENDENT (O.S.)

We're coming in. Hope you're
decent.

She glances at the floor.

JILL

How embarrassing.

Jill frowns intentionally.

JILL (CONT'D)

Now they'll be sorry.

The Super opens the door and looks in.

SUPERINTENDENT

Jill?

Hank pushes the door open wide and then they both see
Jill's body in the middle of the room.

SUPERINTENDENT (cont'd)

Jill!

HANK

Jill!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

There you are.

They stare at her body. Jill is eagerly waiting for their reaction.

SUPERINTENDENT

Oh my God!

HANK

Jesus Christ.

JILL

Good! You're sorry!

HANK

She piddled!

Jill cringes from embarrassment. The super looks up.

SUPERINTENDENT

Look what she did to the ceiling.

HANK

What was she thinking?

SUPERINTENDENT

Why'd she do that? Now I'll have to get someone to clean that up and redo the plaster.

HANK

I'm going to have to fill out a report.

Jill's jaw drops.

SUPERINTENDENT

I had one of these over on 18th. It took the cops four months to let me rent it out again.

They throw their hands up in futility. Hank studies the rope.

HANK

Not a bad noose. You ever try to make one?

SUPERINTENDENT

Yeah. Tricky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jill steps between them, as they stand there looking at her body.

JILL
You're supposed to be sorry, you bastards! All of you. You're supposed to be sorry!

HANK
Did you hear something?

They look at each other right through Jill standing between them.

SUPERINTENDENT
Like what?

HANK
She leave a note?

They look around the apartment.

JILL
Yes!

Jill looks around for her note. She spots Hank standing on it.

HANK
I don't see anything. You see anything?

SUPERINTENDENT
Nope.

JILL
You're standing on it you galoot.

SUPERINTENDENT
Well. We better call the cops.

HANK
We?

SUPERINTENDENT
I'm only here because you made me open the door. You wanna notify next of kin?

HANK
Hell no. Did she have next of kin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SUPERINTENDENT

I dunno. Don't you have that information on her job application?

HANK

Don't you have that on her lease?

SUPERINTENDENT

Hey. You called me. I didn't call you.

HANK

Oh come on.

SUPERINTENDENT

Maybe the cops will do it.

They walk out of the apartment with the note stuck under Hank's shoe and close the door as Jill stares at them.

HANK (O.S.)

How long does it take before they start to smell?

INT. HOUSE

There's a big family get together. A big Thanksgiving type dinner is being laid out. Tim is shuttling back and forth from the dining room to the kitchen helping his MOTHER. He seems nervous, trying to take her aside.

TIM'S MOM

Can't it wait? Bring the potatoes and the coleslaw if you can.

TIM

No Mother. It can't. I need to tell you something.

Tim picks up two huge bowls and thinks better of it carrying only one. He follows her to the dinner table and deposits the bowl. His mother returns to the kitchen passing him.

TIM'S MOM

What's so important that it can't wait until later, Dear?

TIM

It's sensitive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He follows her into the kitchen as she checks the ovens and then hands him some wine bottles.

TIM'S MOM

Open those.

Other family members wander in and out of the dining room and some poke their heads into the kitchen. Tim glances at them apprehensively.

TIM

I need to talk to you now.

Tim's mother passes someone poking their nose in as she carries the coleslaw to the table.

TIM'S MOM

Stay out.

(pause)

Okay Timmy darling.

She goes back into the kitchen where Tim's trying to open the first wine bottle and she leans against the sink.

TIM'S MOM (cont'd)

What is it?

Tim struggles with the corkscrew and finally sets it down.

He takes a breath and centers his mother in front of himself for her full attention. Some family members peer in through the two doors into the kitchen. Tim can't see them with his back to them.

TIM

Okay. Here goes.

Tim's mother looks at him pleasantly.

TIM (cont'd)

Mother. I know you're going to have a problem with what I'm going to say—

TIM'S MOM

I don't have a problem with it.

TIM

But I'm all grown up now—

TIM'S MOM

You're all grown up now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TIM
And it is my life—

TIM'S MOM
It's your life.

The family members at the doors have multiplied as they whisper and gesture to each other that something is up and to keep quiet.

TIM
Mom?

TIM'S MOM
You're gay.

TIM
...I'm gay.

He takes a big breath.

TIM (cont'd)
There. I've said it!

TIM'S MOM
Good for you. I know, Darling.

Tim's startled and then stares at her in shock.

TIM
What? You do?

TIM'S MOM
Of course dear. I've known your whole life.

She hugs him and pats his face pleasantly. But then she notices what a HUGE STRAIN it's been on him.

TIM'S MOM (cont'd)
Darling?

TIM
I've been so terrified.

TIM'S MOM
Of what?

TIM
I thought you wouldn't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He starts crying for real. She starts crying. The family watching this is suddenly "caught in the headlights." Some of them start crying.

TIM (cont'd)
...accept me.

She embraces him, weeping openly.

TIM'S MOM
Why would you ever think that?
Why would you ever think that?

She pulls back and grabs his face to look at him.

TIM
Your friends and your religious
beliefs and stuff... I dunno.

His tears subside.

TIM'S MOM
What kind of Christian would I be
if I rejected you?

TIM
Typical?

She rolls her eyes, nodding.

TIM'S MOM
I'm so sorry if I've ever done
something that made you think
that. I'll always accept you,
Dear.

Tim hears some other sobbing and turns around surprised. He sees everyone collected at the doors, on each of his flanks, gaping at him. Suddenly they barge into the kitchen for a group hug punctuated by oohs and aahs.

INT. FACULTY OFFICE

Mark is in front of Professor Goode's desk again.

PROFESSOR GOODE
Overslept? There are no
makeovers, Mark. It's not even
about your grades, which aren't
very good. It's purely a
financial aid thing. Even with
your academic record I can't pull
strings for a makeover. And at
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR GOODE (cont'd)
your level, you've received a lot of financial aid. There are a lot of other kids who need financial aid as well who haven't even started their college careers. You've had your chance, Mark.

MARK
What if I spoke to the professor, offered some help or something.

PROFESSOR GOODE
It doesn't work that way, Mark. This is the only place, except for registration, where we force students to comply to one strict schedule. Again, it's because of the money.

Mark tries to think of an alternative but can't.

PROFESSOR GOODE (cont'd)
This will probably default your student loans back to a regular schedule. I'm sorry I can't help you Mark.

MARK
But...

PROFESSOR GOODE
The only way to defer your loans would be to start a whole new international program.

EXT. STREET

Mark is crossing the street, depressed, lugging his backpack. The city is crazy. People are just amped.

People are having arguments on one side and joyous moments on the other. People are laughing, people are crying. It's a maelstrom.

As Mark tries to cross the street he spots a car with NEWLYWEDS. It's the same couple he saw on the subway spontaneously propose and accept.

Mark frowns at the "Just Married" painted on the rear window. Cars behind it are honking in celebration as they drive by.

Mark shakes his head at it and crosses the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOY

Are you a doctor?

Mark looks down, beside himself, at a BOY, 5, waiting to cross the street with his MOTHER. The child is staring at Mark's scrubs and his stethoscope, around his neck.

MARK

Kind'a.

Mark realizes he has his stethoscope around his neck.

BOY

Someday, I'm going to be a doctor.

Mark nods and smiles at the boy and then stops. He looks away.

MARK

Someday,... I'll be happy again.

The light turns green and they start to cross. Mark whips the STETHOSCOPE from his neck and hands it to the kid stopping in the street.

MARK (cont'd)

You'll need this.

The child takes it, checking with his mom. His mom hesitates and checks with Mark who nods at her.

MOTHER

Thank the nice man, Mark.

The kid's name is Mark too. The child smiles at Mark, overjoyed to have a real stethoscope.

BOY

Thank you.

MARK

You're welcome.

They continue on their way. A car horn blares at Mark repeatedly. He snaps out of it and sees it's a cab honking at him to get out of the street.

MARK (CONT'D)

The airport.

The cab driver waves at him to get out of the way, but Mark waves at him to stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAB DRIVER

Yahmon?

MARK

The airport.

CAB DRIVER

Yahmon! Jomp een.

Mark jumps in and the cab takes off.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE

The Diamond Vision screen switches from the regular series of advertisements to breaking news from a network.

NATIONAL NEWS ANCHOR

We're receiving news that the War Powers act and the line of succession has been enforced this morning. The Speaker of the House has been appointed as the President of the United States, pro tem. It's unclear what is wrong with the President and the Vice President to warrant the Speaker of the House to succeed them. But so far, the White House has announced that the succession has taken place.

The video cuts to a news conference in the White House press room. The SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, REPRESENTATIVE JOYCE HENDRIX, of Georgia steps up to the lectern.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

My fellow Americans, ladies and gentlemen, it is with great concern and seriousness that I confirm that, in accordance with the War Powers act, safe-guarding a consistent succession in the office of the President of the United States of America, that I have been appointed President of the United States, pro tem, in other words, on a temporary basis, until this crisis is resolved.

Reporters clamor questions at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE (cont'd)

I will take a few quick questions now.

REPORTER #1

Are you saying that you're the first Black female President of the United States, Representative Hendrix?

She pauses, digesting that thought for a moment, as she looks around the room and apparently the country, through the lens of the video camera.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

My father is African American.
My mother is Asian-Hispanic.

The reporters explode in even greater clamor.

REPORTER #2

Who's that next to you?

Everyone focuses on a WOMAN standing next to the new President.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

This is my life partner, Susan.

REPORTER #3

What's wrong with your hand?

She holds up her left hand which sports a brace.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

It's a congenital defect. I was born with it.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The cab with Mark races to La Guardia airport.

INT. FBI DETENTION FACILITY

The former President is ushered to a detention room, with bars, and left there by two FBI agents. He is in a state of shock. The agent guarding the door to the detention area has a portable RADIO set to a news station.

RADIO (FILTERED)

So she's a black, Asian,
Hispanic, handicapped lesbian!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLER (FILTERED)
Hail to the chief!

The former President starts weeping.

I/E. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT

Mark gets out of the cab, pays the driver and runs into the airport.

INSIDE

He looks at the departure monitors for the next flight to Paris.

A MOMENT LATER

He finds himself at the AIR FRANCE counter.

MARK
Hi! I need the next flight to Paris.

ATTENDANT
Oui, Monsieur.
(pause)
There ees one leaving een a hoff anower.

MARK
Great!

The attendant clicks some keys.

ATTENDANT
Zat weel be four tousand dollars please.

Mark gapes at her. He gulps and hands over a credit card.

MARK
Fine.

ATTENDANT
We hoff just had a cancelation. I can geeve zees to you for two tousand five hundred dollars.

Mark stares at her.

ATTENDANT (cont'd)
Oui Monsieur.

INT. CONCORDE - EVENING

Mark is sitting in his seat looking out the window at the clouds racing by. He looks up at the night sky and sees a bright orbiting dot.

INT. SPACE SHUTTLE

A female astronaut floats to a window and looks out at the Earth. It's STEPHANIE, Tara's coworker from New York. Over the Atlantic she sees a tiny contrail tracing across the ocean.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Brady is sitting in the Greenroom alone, waiting, on standby. A gorgeous groupie wanders into the Greenroom. She spots Brady.

GROUPIE

Are you a rock star?

He looks up from his funk. He notices how hot she is, but then shakes his head.

BRADY

No...

GROUPIE

Oh. I've always wanted to have sex with a rock star. Woo hoo!

He looks at her.

BRADY

I mean, yes! Yes I am...a rock star.

Her eyes light up.

GROUPIE

Cool!

I/E. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT/PARIS - NIGHT

Mark arrives and deplanes. He runs through the airport to the cab stand. It's Someday crazy here too. He jumps into a cab.

MARK

Douzieme arrondissement, s'il vous plait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cab takes off.

INT. RESTAURANT

Tara is working on her laptop at the same bistro where she had lunch with Don. She pauses to check her email. Nothing new has come in and she frowns wondering why. Fruitlessly she clicks repeatedly on the New Mail button.

Her phone rings and she answers it.

TARA

Yes?

MARK (O.S.)

Tara?

TARA

Hey? What are you doing? I was checking my email to see if you sent me anything.

MARK (O.S.)

Where are you right now?

TARA

I'm at that Bistro I told you about. Doing a little work.

MARK

At this hour?

TARA

Oui—

MARK (O.S.)

Where is it? What's it called?

TARA

It's called DeBussy. It's in the French Quarter. Why?

MARK (O.S.)

I'll call you back.

She hears him hang up and frowns at the phone.

INT. CAB

Mark is leaning onto the front seat conferring with his Algerian cab driver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARK
DeBussy, in the French Quarter?

CAB DRIVER
Oui, Monsieur.

MARK
Vite, vite.

Mark is happy and he slaps the cab driver on the back repeatedly. The cab driver is startled at first but infected by Mark's enthusiasm as he drives through Paris.

LATER

The cab pulls over on the corner within sight of the restaurant. Mark happily and giddily pays the cab driver.

CAB DRIVER
Bon chance!
(accented)
Good luck.

MARK
Thanks.

Mark climbs out and shuts the door.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Mark enters the restaurant and scans the diners. He checks his watch.

INSERT:

11:55 PM

He spots Tara at a table with her back to the door. The maitre d' sees him but Mark waves him off, pointing at Tara's table, and with classic Parisian insouciance the maitre d' lets him go.

Tara stops reading and thinks and seems forlorn. Mark walks up behind her.

MARK
Excusez moi. Est que je peut
m'asseoir ici, s'il vous plait?

She grimaces at his atrocious French and turns around.

TARA
What...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stares at him in disbelief. Finally she just lunges at him and hugs and kisses him. The maitre d' smiles as he watches them.

TARA (CONT'D)

What are you doing here? I thought you couldn't come? Ohmygod, it's so good to see you. I've missed you so much.

MARK

Me too. I just got off the plane.

She pulls back to look at him and give him a moment. She notices how ragged he looks and is a little concerned.

TARA

Are you okay? How...? Why...? What brings you?

MARK

You do.

She smiles. People walk by glancing at Tara and Mark. Mark looks at her and smiles.

MARK (CONT'D)

Ever since you've been away I've been miserable. I was the most miserable today, "Someday."

She blushes.

MARK (cont'd)

I met a little boy today, who wants to be a doctor someday. Professor Goode and them are all pushing me to be a doctor now. I love being a medical student, not a doctor. I haven't started my practice because I love learning.

She smiles at him, knowing this.

MARK (CONT'D)

That little boy made me think about what I want Someday. Someday, I want to be happy.

(pause)

Then I remembered, I've already been happy... every single day

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

Someday!

116.

CONTINUED: (2)

MARK (CONT'D)

I've spent learning about
medicine and being with you.

Tara is weeping over her smiles now.

MARK (CONT'D)

I love you Tara. I want to be
happy Someday.

(pause)

Will you marry me?

She starts sobbing now and hugs and kisses him for real
this time. Now they're both crying. After sobbing and
kissing and hugging the jaded Parisians applaud them and
razz them for making these jaded French cry too.

MARK (cont'd)

Will you marry me?

TARA

Of course.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. CHAPEL - DAY

A beautiful, modest, French countryside wedding is
underway. Mark's parents are resplendent. Tara's family
is sparkling. Professor Goode is beaming. Potter Ridgley
and others from Tara's work are there too.

Mark and Tara lean in, before everyone, and KISS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TARA'S OFFICE/PARIS - DAY

Tara is enjoying another French argument with a coworker...
with a huge smile on her face. Her coworker glares at her
for smiling. Tara hides it, momentarily.

INT. PARIS CAFE

Mark is working on a laptop, writing. The title of the
document he's working on is THIRD WORLD MEDICINE.

On the table next to the laptop is a French Berlitz CD set.

He's very HAPPY.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PALOMAR OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

The two astronomers, the MAN and the WOMAN, are going about their work.

She's looking at film transparencies of stars and laying them over each other and noticing a discrepancy. She does more and more checking and finally shows the Man her findings. His jaw drops.

He looks at her.

WOMAN

The Twelfth of Never?

FADE OUT.

THE END