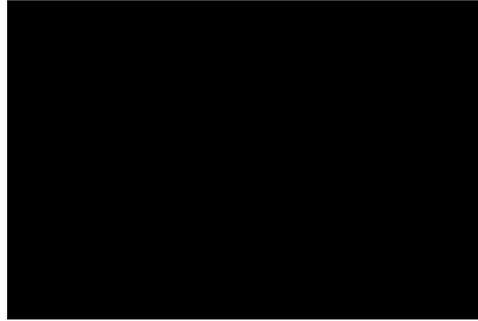


# “SATURDAY”

## Part 1



[https://youtu.be/0VEZd2T9\\_Dk](https://youtu.be/0VEZd2T9_Dk)

(Song By: Henry Lau of ‘Super Junior-M’)

3 2 1 Uh a relaxing holiday What’s up,

Exciting music, What’s up

Resembling the sweet you is so fantastic.

(Lyrics Sung By: Henry Lau of ‘Super Junior-M’)



### SOOMIN & HENRY – STILL ON THE TARMAC - INCHEON AIRPORT - CON’T

**CRAMMED** between the seats, breathing heavily, their bodies only inches apart, the two young people stared each other down (like prize fighters about to go head-to-head in the ring). Gulping noticeably, SooMin was reduced to a state of helplessness at the sight of Henry’s mischievous glare. *Was he baiting her? Punk!*



Blinking back into her oversized lenses, Henry wondered if her blue eyes were large because of that, or just naturally enticing? Up close her lips were perfectly formed, her nose just the right size, chin pointed.



*She’s a witch, that’s it! Here to make my life miserable. But, she does look strangely familiar. And, she squeals just like that ‘little girl’ who took a nose dive underneath me at ‘SM’ the other night. Hmmm . . . blue eyes, glasses, same mousy hair . . . whoahhh . . . it IS you! Shiittt . . . now I owe you an apology for sure!*

Was he seriously going to have to sit beside this little spitfire all the way to Korea? He'd purposed himself to apologize the next time they met, but since obviously she hadn't recognized him, he opted to keep his mouth shut instead.

"Excuse me . . ." The stewardess's quiet voice of reason disrupted the awkward silence causing them to break their hold and look away. "We'll be taxiing in a moment. I'll need you to take your seats, buckle up and turn off all your electronic devices. . . Thank you. Enjoy your flight." Smiling kindly, she continued up the aisle toward the front, conveying the same message to the other First-Class passengers.

"Out of my way," Grumbling under her breath, SooMin shoved Henry to one side, more embarrassed than ever. Hating the feeling of being out of control in the presence of someone so good-looking, he reminded her of the popular boys who continually bullied her at school.

"Moving . . . moving . . ." Chuckling, arms up in surrender he stepped back willingly. *How can you be so unattractive and still sort of adorable?*

"Is it safe to call you ASSHOLE?" Hissing in his ear she jumped barefooted over his large feet, tugging her belongings to the aisle seat before plunking down in disgust. Wishing the pillow was his head, she punched it into a barrier between them.

"Well, you could." Buckling his seat belt, Henry looked away casually, "But, I DO have a name."

"Of COURSE you do." Clasp her own belt she draped the thin blanket over her chilly, legs. *Let me guess? Let's add RUDE to MR. ASSHOLE.*

"Don't want to know?" Glancing up, he noticed she was still anxiously fidgeting about in the seat. Obviously their 'close' encounter had affected her more than he thought.

"I guess you're going to tell me whether I want you to or not, huh?" Snapping at him cattily, SooMin removed her glasses dropping them into the pouch in front of her. Folding both hands demurely in her lap, her eyelids fluttered closed. She was on this night flight to 'sleep', not deal with some asshole teenage boy, who thought his crotch in her face was more important than her feelings.

Watching her, Henry smiled. Without her ‘super-fly’ glasses, his initial observation was true. She was pretty cute. Nerdy, but cute. Following suit, he closed his eyes as well, muttering. “Name’s Henry. Henry Lau.”



**OPENING** one lid, SooMin peeked over, then back to the seat in front of her quickly . . . *Henry Lau? Wait a minute! ‘Super Junior-M’s’ newest member Henry Lau?* Outwardly remaining cool, her ongoing obsession with all things ‘Super Junior’ suddenly got the best of her. Unconsciously clutching the sides of the thin blanket, inwardly her freak-out began.

*Oh, SHIT. Shit, shit, shit. Deep breaths . . .* Her stomach in knots, berating her own alter ego Keis for verbally bullying him, she tallied up the hundreds of times she’d envisioned coming face-to-face with a member of ‘Super Junior’ and what she would say in the moment.

*What’s it like living with RyeoWook, Heechul and ahhh . . . Donghae? Obviously, you’re on your way to L.A. for the Festival Concert. Why are you flying alone? Where’s your manager? Where’s the rest of ‘Super Junior’? I really don’t hate you. I love Idols. But . . .*

Now confused at his boorish attitude, she had to accept the fact that it was based partially on her inability to give in and let him have his window seat. She should’ve known better. Considering her upbringing, it wasn’t her style to be so flippant or disrespectful to a total stranger (especially not an Idol stranger). That being said, what if she’d been an undercover reporter? Or the ‘relative’ of someone in ‘SM’?

*HAH, Henry Lau, I AM the relative of an ‘SM’ employee. Dayymmm, I could get you in so much freaking trouble right now. You need to start being nicer to me. Going around sticking your freaking crotch in my face. Wonder what Lee SooMan would say about that?*

Still seeing no outward acknowledgement that this girl knew who he was, Henry leaned on one elbow, his shoulder coming dangerously close to hers, shooting out his next question.

“So, ahhh, Keis . . . why are you headed to California? And, in First Class. Impressive.”

“None of your business,” she barked, her response swift and curt. *Don’t look at him, that’s what he wants. Play it cool. You’ve already said you’re Keis Wu, not Jang SooMin. If he’s heard of Father, I’m in deep shit.*

Facing her, Henry paused. With her eyes still squeezed shut, hands clasped tightly into the blanket on her lap she hadn't budged. It seemed she was going to play her hand all the way down to the last card. Her spunk in the face of adversity was beginning to amuse him. Regardless of knowing what she was up to, he continued giving out his personal itinerary.

“Okayyy, well, you know ‘SM Entertainment’s Festival Concert is coming up in L.A., right? I’m performing in it and tutoring for their Summer Workshop starting up in a few weeks”.

*Come on strange, witchy girl. Let’s see if you’ll fold and tell me about yourself . . . Damn, you look straight out of middle school. I think you’re embarrassed to tell me you’re a ritzy Chairman’s Daughter, demoted to a first-round Trainee headed to workshops too. That’s probably why I’ve never seen you before. Aren’t you going to at least acknowledge the fact that you were practicing the piano at ‘SM’ the other day?*

“A concert in L.A. huh? And, a summer workshop. Won’t you be busy,” she stated nonchalantly, running on years of restraint at the hands of her Father who’d taught her how to keep quiet, look bored and act uninterested.

“Uh huh . . . Is that where you’re going? You know about it then?” Henry reiterated engagingly, adding, “I’m sort of surprised there aren’t more people on this flight I recognize.”

“Humph, no.”

SooMin wondered what would happen now when they exited the plane headed to the same destination? Oh well, didn’t matter. She had Daddy Wu, and Seoky waiting for her. Surely, Idol Asshole was being met by a Manager or someone from ‘SM’, and that’s where they would part ways. Snickering inwardly at his persistent line of questioning, this was beginning to be somewhat of a fun little ‘game’ to play with him.

“Comonnn . . . You’re telling me you live in S. Korea and don’t know anything about the upcoming L.A. concert? You live under a rock or something?” Knowing she was lying through her teeth, Henry held back his imminent laughter, continuing to act as if he thought she was clueless.

“NO, I DON’T live UNDER a rock. Now you’re just being rude,” she uttered, suddenly backpedaling over her knowledge of ‘SM’ in general. “I mean of course I know of ‘SM’, just not about their schedule and shit like that. And, I don’t listen to KPOP.”

*Does that answer your question? I know you're special and all Henry, but can't you just quit with the interrogation techniques? Especially, since you don't remember me anyway.*

“Don't listen to KPOP, huh? Then I guess you wouldn't know I'm the newest member of 'Super Junior-M' either?”

This was where little girl Keis should've bolted toward him with the usual giddy, fangirl response, feeding his massive ego like every other female normally did. But instead . . . there was silence.

Still not budging, SooMin finally muttered, “Mmmm. That's nice.”

“Nice?” Disappointed, Henry leaned his head back in the plush leather seat. *You don't even realize who you're sitting next to, do you, you ridiculous girl? I know you're connected to someone important at 'SM', or you wouldn't be flying First Class and traipsing around the practice room halls alone late at night.*

### **1:30 A.M. – IN THE AIR SOMEWHERE OVER THE OCEAN**

**THE** food and drinks had both gone by long ago, passing over the sleeping young people. Henry, snoring quietly, ear buds still in his ears snorted, startling himself awake to the monotonous drone of the engine, reminding him he was still airborne.

Under the dim overhead lighting SooMin, legs hiked up beneath her, slid off to one side of the laid-back seat her head directly in line to his. Yawning he stretched the kinks out of both legs, taking a moment to study her face crammed into the crease of the small sleeping pillow. It was easier to figure her out while she wasn't being sarcastic and snippy.

“Hmmm,” he mused, hating to admit with her nice skin and long, curly eyelashes, she did look sort of adorable. Snickering to himself he remembered how she looked smashed against his crotch, in the 'perfect' position to take advantage of.

*Stop it Lau. Quit thinking with your dick. She's barely average. Look at her . . . no makeup, unpainted toenails, and she can't possibly have boobs underneath that ridiculously baggy sweatshirt.*

Curious as to why her mere presence toyed with his mind, he gazed down at the pad and pencil still resting in her lap. Giving into his curiosity he leaned over, straining for a better view of what seemed to be musical notes, and random illegible words.



“So, ‘Little Keis’, you ARE a musician, huh?” he whispered, noticing the print was written, light, darker, then bold . . . scratched out crazily and written over again, (almost as if frustration had gotten the better of her).

Scanning the notes, he hummed the melody and progression line silently, (surprised he could ascertain what the haunting tune sounded like). Whatever her true identity, she was a composer of some sort, who possibly played the piano. Amateur or not, he was mildly impressed.

But, she looked so young. Too young to be one of his conquests, and even though there WAS something endearing about her, she was already proving to be more trouble than she was worth. Looking away, he purposed himself not to get caught up in her quirky, nerdy personality.

