

BAGGAGE

Written By

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FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK - JFK AIRPORT - MAIN BAGGAGE AREA - NIGHT

Weary PASSENGERS mill around an empty baggage carousel.

The carousel conveyor HUMS to life. A metal chute belches out a potpourri of luggage.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
You know what they're all
thinking...

The throng of Passengers crowds in, like ants to sugar.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
For the love of God, have my bag.

A FAT MAN worms his way to the front of the carousel, elbowing a bohemian-clad COLLEGE KID in the process.

FAT MAN
Excuse me.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
What he really meant was - move
aside, I'm more important than you.

The Fat Man grabs his suitcase, swings it around, and nails the College Kid on his shin.

COLLEGE KID
Really, dude?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
What he really meant was eat a
salad you fat piece of shit... His
thoughts - not mine.

One by one, the passengers grab their luggage and scurry off.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The airlines handle more than four
billion pieces of luggage annually.
Passengers and luggage are reunited
99.5% of the time. Quite a feat.

The last Passenger grabs his bag.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Unfortunately, that still means
more than twenty-five million bags
are lost... Forever.

One SPECIAL SUITCASE, crafted from ivory-stained leather, adorned with gold-plated latches and a cherry wood handle circles alone on the carousel.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A Chelsea Garden, custom-made suitcase, sold only by Harrods of London. Retail price, just a tad under three-thousand dollars.

A LUGGAGE PORTER pushes a large canvas cart stuffed with suitcases towards the carousel.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Generally, a passenger loses his luggage. However, on rare occasions...

The Luggage Porter grabs the Chelsea Garden Suitcase and drops it in the luggage cart.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Luggage loses its passenger.

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - PRODUCER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Large and plush, decorated to serve ego more than function.

BILLY BUNKER (45), Armani suit, Rolex watch, diamond pinky ring paces back and forth like an agitated cat.

A Bluetooth headset rests atop his thinning hair.

SUPER: ONE DAY EARLIER

BILLY

The most he's getting is three points - and that's on the back end. Let's not bankrupt the thing before the first table read.

(listening)

Well, he ain't exactly Brad Pitt, is he?

(listening)

Gotta go. Got another call.

Billy taps the side of his headset - gets nothing.

BILLY

(calling out)

Darlene, she's not there.

DARLENE (O.S.)
 She was on the other line. You're
 the one who took the other call.

BILLY
 (muttering)
 The other call pays for your
 fucking salary.

DARLENE (O.S.)
 What was that?

BILLY
 Nothing.

Billy slumps in a leather chair - props his alligator leather shoes on the corner of his desk.

As he waits, Billy gazes at a framed photo of HEATHER MONROE (22), a blonde beauty, perched on the corner of his desk.

BILLY
 Come on. Answer the God-damn phone.

INT. MEXICO - CABO SAN LUCAS - ACTOR TRAILER - SAME TIME

Heather, perspiring, face flushed with passion presses her phone to her ear.

HEATHER
 Hey...

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - BILLY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Billy cradles Heather's photo in his hands.

BILLY
 Hey, you. I've been trying to reach
 you all day.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BILLY AND HEATHER

ETHAN HUNTER (30), Hollywood handsome, rises up against Heather's backside. He wraps a muscular forearm around her waist, kisses her neck.

HEATHER
 Sorry... Been in... Production...
 You know how that is.

BILLY
 Yeah, I know. It can be rough.

Heather bites her lip as Ethan's hands make their way under her shirt.

BILLY
I'm leaving for New York tonight.
Just wanted to make sure you're
still coming.

Ethan nibbles on Heather's ear as he cups her breasts.

HEATHER
Oh, God... Yes.

A smug smile crosses Billy's face.

BILLY
That's my girl.

Heather closes her eyes, overtaken by seduction.

BILLY
You still there?

HEATHER
I got to go... Love you.

Heather, in the throes of passion, lets the phone slip from her hand.

A blissful, oblivious smile crosses Billy's face.

BILLY
Love you too... Hello...?

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - LOBBY AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Billy strides towards a reception desk manned by DARLENE (50), African-American, the take no prisoners guardian of the office.

BILLY
Got my tickets?

Darlene slides an envelope towards Billy.

DARLENE
Your flight departs at six-thirty.
Traffic will be especially
congested. Plan accordingly. There
are also luggage tags --

BILLY

No tags. I'm not going to advertise
Billy Bunker all over my suitcase.
Some fuck would steal --

DARLENE

They would not and, you know my
rules regarding foul language.

BILLY

Sorry... Sebastian in?

SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

A tap on the door jamb.

BILLY

I'm going home to pack. Any word
from Clooney?

SEBASTIAN JONES (40), the polar opposite of Billy, casual
clothes - best described as understated, chews on the tip of
a pen as he stares at his computer screen.

SEBASTIAN

He wants twenty million.

BILLY

The fuck. He hasn't had a real hit
in a decade.

SEBASTIAN

You're the one that wanted him.

BILLY

Yeah, yeah. Good news. Heather and
I are getting married.

This gets Sebastian's attention.

BILLY

I'm picking up her ring today.
She's going to meet me in New York.

SEBASTIAN

So, you haven't asked her yet?

BILLY

Not technically.

SEBASTIAN

Then how do you know that --

BILLY
Just be happy for me.

Billy points to a framed photo of Sebastian's perfect family perched near his computer - a WIFE and two ADORABLE CHILDREN.

BILLY
All I want is what you have. Is that so wrong?

SEBASTIAN
No, that would be ideal. But what I have is an age-appropriate wife and two kids who need braces. Heather on the other hand is twenty-five years younger than you and --

BILLY
Twenty-three.

An inadvertent eyeroll from Sebastian. Billy notices.

BILLY
See! See! Right fucking there. Judgment!

SEBASTIAN
Concern.

Billy glances at his watch.

BILLY
Gotta go.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS - TIFFANY'S JEWELRY STORE - DAY

An impeccably dressed, distinguished SALESMAN places a velvet-lined jewelry case on the counter for Billy's consideration.

Billy points at a sparkling BLUE DIAMOND engagement ring in the center of the case.

BILLY
That one.

SALESMAN
An exquisite choice, Sir.

The Salesman plucks the ring from the case, hands it to Billy. He holds it up to the light - admires the twinkle.

SALESMAN
She must be a very special lady.

BILLY
 (re: the ring)
 This really shows that, right?

The Salesman nods.

BILLY
 I still gotta find the right
 words... Any thoughts?

SALESMAN
 Pardon?

BILLY
 You know...

Billy, suddenly sheepish, looks around, makes sure no other
 customers are within earshot.

BILLY
 What can I say to seal the deal?

SALESMAN
 That precious gem certainly already
 demonstrates how much you value
 her. The right words will come.

Billy nods, removes a charge card from his pocket.

INT. MALIBU - BILLY'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

A TV plays as Billy places three, perfectly pressed shirts
 inside the Chelsea Garden suitcase centered on the bed.

ACTOR ON TV (V.O.)
*I don't want to live a life without
 you in it.*

Billy's eyes light up. He skips over to a credenza, grabs pen
 and paper and writes --

I don't want to live a life without you in it.

BILLY
 Fucking perfect!

Billy folds the paper, returns to the bed and retrieves a
 Tiffany Jewelry Box from the Chelsea suitcase.

He places the note next to the BLUE DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING,
 snaps the box closed and tucks it inside the suitcase.

INT. LAX - DELTA FIRST CLASS CHECK-IN COUNTER - DUSK

Billy sets the Chelsea Garden suitcase on the scale as he hands a BALD CLERK (30) his ticket.

The Bald Clerk taps the keys of a computer.

Billy runs a hand through his thinning hair. He glances at his hand, a few wispy detached hairs cling to his fingers.

BILLY

Fuck me...

BALD CLERK

Is there something wrong, Sir?

The Bald Clerk notices the stray hairs. He taps his dome.

BALD CLERK

You get used to it.

Billy whips the hairs off his fingers.

BILLY

Do you? Do you really?

The Bald Clerk hands Billy a boarding pass.

BALD CLERK

I'm afraid you don't.

Billy stares at the Bald Clerk's shiny head - grimaces as he takes in his own inevitable future.

BALD CLERK

Gate thirty-seven.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - DELTA VIP LOUNGE - DAY

Just a few folks - where the wealthy wait for their flights. A muted FLAT SCREEN TV on the wall streams news of the day.

Billy, slumped in a chair, feet up on a table like he owns the place, uses his phone camera to inspect his hairline.

BILLY

Arrrg...

Billy glances at the TV as he reaches for his cocktail.

BILLY

What...?

ON THE SCREEN

A paparazzi photo of a bikini-clad Heather Monroe taken at a Cabo resort.... In the groping arms of Ethan Hunter.

The scroll underneath reads: ETHAN HUNTER'S SECRET AFFAIR.

Billy rises, wobbles towards the TV - like a moth to light.

BILLY

No...

The TV broadcast changes to the SPORTS SEGMENT.

BILLY

No. Go back. Go back!

Billy looks at his phone - no reception.

BILLY

Fuck!

MAIN TERMINAL

The VIP doors burst open.

Billy storms out, desperately hoisting his phone aloft looking for a signal.

He elbows his way across the floor, oblivious to the personal space of the traveling peasants.

He reaches the other side. Nearby, a MAINTENANCE WORKER replacing ceiling lights steadies a towering metal ladder.

Billy hits the call icon on his phone, puts it to his ear.

BILLY

Come on... Come on. Answer...

He lowers the phone, glares at the screen.

BILLY

Answer the fucking phone.

MAINTENANCE WORKER (O.S.)

Watch out!

A wild-eyed Billy turns towards the voice.

BILLY

Fuck off you --

BAM! The falling ladder nails Billy on the top of his head.

His eyelids flutter as he collapses to the floor like a vanquished boxer - OUT COLD.

INT. NEW YORK - JFK AIRPORT - MAIN BAGGAGE AREA - NIGHT

A LUGGAGE PORTER pushes a cart stuffed with suitcases, among them, the Chelsea Garden suitcase.

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Poor Billy. But I warned you...

The Luggage Porter continues through a terminal towards an overhead sign: UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Sometimes, luggage does indeed lose its passenger.

INT. DELTA TERMINAL - BAGGAGE SERVICE COUNTER - MORNING

Irritated PASSENGERS queue up at the lost luggage counter.

A BAGGAGE CLERK pretends to care about the needs of a BUSINESSMAN.

BUSINESSMAN
Could you please check again? It's red. You can't miss it.

BAGGAGE CLERK
I assure you, we don't have it.

STORAGE ROOM BEHIND THE COUNTER

In plain view, a RED SUITCASE along with dozens of other suitcases stacked in piles, including the Chelsea Garden.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Lost luggage will be stored at the airport for five days.

INT. DELTA - CENTRAL LOST BAGGAGE WAREHOUSE - DAY

A vast metallic warehouse. Two-thousand pieces of luggage stacked on shelves. Among them, the Chelsea Garden suitcase.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And stored here for another sixty days. After that...

INT. CARGO TRUCK - STORAGE AREA - DAY (TRAVELING)

Full of SUITCASES. They jiggle about as the truck travels - the Chelsea Suitcase prominent among them.

SUPER: SOMEWHERE IN ALABAMA, TWO MONTHS LATER

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The last leg of the journey. But these bags are not headed for some luggage-themed isle of misfit toys.

EXT. ALABAMA - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY 72 - DAY

The Cargo Truck travels down a highway cutting through the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains.

Greenery and blue skies as far as the eye can see.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Or to be discarded in a landfill.

A FREEWAY SIGN reads: UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER, NEXT EXIT.

EXT. SCOTTSBORO ALABAMA - DOWNTOWN - DAY

The Cargo Truck lumbers down the main drag of the quaint town of Scottsboro, population: 14,000.

Small town, USA. Quaint, old-timey brick buildings intermixed with a few more modern structures. The truck continues to --

EXT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - DAY

A modern retail outlet-style store the size of a city block in the middle of nowhere.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They end up here.

A large orange sign in the shape of a suitcase reads: UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER.

Two AMERICAN FLAGS perched on both sides of an arched entrance snap in the breeze.

CUSTOMERS stream through the entrance doors.

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - STORE - DAY

Filled with SHOPPERS and STORE CLERKS clad in yellow aprons. It looks no different than your standard Sears or Target.

There are separate departments for CLOTHING, CAMERAS, SPORTING GOODS, ELECTRONICS, GLASSES, COSMETICS, JEWELRY, and of course - LUGGAGE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The only retail outlet on the planet stocked exclusively with the contents of lost luggage.

EXT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - DAY

The Cargo Truck lumbers through the parking lot and circles around to the rear of the building.

It backs up as a metallic door screeches open, revealing a --

WAREHOUSE

DWIGHT SEWERS (45), the Center's Manager, holds a clipboard. His hair inexplicably parted in the middle.

The TRUCK DRIVER hops out of the cab, strolls to the rear, and pulls a metal chain raising the truck's cargo door.

Dwight approaches the truck along with --

COLTON FENDERS (65), grizzled, unruly gray hair and overgrown mustache. He's only working because Social Security isn't quite enough to support his bar tab.

They all peer into the truck cargo area. Some of the bags have fallen in transit. In the middle - the Chelsea Suitcase.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Baggage Center buys all of the airline's unclaimed baggage, unopened and sight unseen, for pennies on the dollar. Think Storage Wars, but for lost luggage.

COLTON

That's a shitload of suitcases.

TRUCK DRIVER

Four-hundred and twenty pieces.

Dwight checks his clipboard.

DWIGHT

That's correct.

Dwight turns his head towards the interior of the warehouse.

DWIGHT

Looks like overtime, Jenna.

JENNA (O.S.)

Not a problem.

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Luggage neatly stacked on floor-to-ceiling shelves.

In the middle, a folding table with an open suitcase perched on top. The contents of which are being sorted by --

JENNA ATKINS (40), glasses, freckles, hair pulled back in a ponytail, comfy sweater - no frills.

Next to her table, THREE BINS. One labeled RECYCLE, one labeled CHARITY and one labeled RESELL.

As Jenna removes the contents of the suitcase, she tosses the items into the appropriate bin --

- A MAN'S WATCH tossed into the RESELL bin.
- A PAIR of obviously used tennis shoes into the CHARITY bin.
- A TATTERED PAPERBACK BOOK into the RECYCLE bin.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Nothing is wasted.

Jenna grimaces as she holds a pair of torn, and obviously, used underwear by the waistband - tosses it in a trashcan.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Nothing may be an exaggeration.

Dwight, Colton and the Truck Driver enter, each lugging suitcases from the Truck.

LATER THAT DAY - CLOSING TIME

Dwight and Jenna remove items from suitcases and toss them in the appropriate bins - like a well-oiled machine.

Dwight wipes sweat from his brow.

DWIGHT

Two more and we'll call it a day?
 (off Jenna's nod)
 Colton, two more please.

Colton shuffles over and plops a non-descript vinyl suitcase in front of Dwight.

COLTON

I'd like to get out before happy
hour is over.

DWIGHT

Of course you would.

Colton plops the Chelsea Garden Suitcase in front of Jenna.
Her eyes widen with delight.

JENNA

Dwight, can I use this one?
Please...? It's perfect.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Walls covered with photos of items from lost suitcases -
arranged like crime scene photos.

The only furniture, a desk with a computer next to a long
folding table.

A tired Jenna lugs in the Chelsea Garden Suitcase.

She sets it on top of the folding table - then retrieves a
digital camera from the desk drawer.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jenna wanted to write the great
American novel. Instead, she crafts
blog stories about lost baggage.

Jenna focuses the camera on the Chelsea suitcase and snaps
several pics.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To be more precise, about the
owners of lost baggage.

Jenna clicks open the gold-plated latches of the suitcase,
takes a hopeful breath, then slowly opens the lid.

She removes three tailored dress shirts, sets them on the
table and snaps a pic.

Jenna lowers her camera, caresses the cuffs of the shirts.
All monogrammed with gold initials: "BB".

JENNA

Wealthy...

Next up, a small leather case. Jenna opens it revealing gold
nail clippers, an ivory comb and other expensive grooming
products. She focuses her camera - takes a pic.

JENNA
Hygiene or vanity...?

Next out of the suitcase - a bottle of Rogaine shampoo.

JENNA
Vanity.

Jenna clicks a pic. She then removes dress slacks covering --
The TIFFANY RING BOX.

JENNA
Wow.

She slowly opens the box revealing the BLUE DIAMOND RING.

JENNA
Oh, my...

With the folded note tucked next to it. She unfolds the note.

JENNA
(reading)
*I don't want to live a life without
you in it...*

Jenna places her hand on her heart. Her eyes go sad.

JENNA
Suicidal...?

She raises her camera - takes a pic of the ring.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I'm home.

JENNA
Back here...

MARY ANN SUMMERS (35), clad in a waitress apron, strolls in.

MARY ANN
You want to grab some dinner before
my rehearsal?

JENNA
(focused on the table)
No... thank you. I need to write.

Mary Ann approaches the table.

MARY ANN
What ya got?

JENNA

I'm not sure yet... But there's a story here for sure.

Mary Ann points at the blue diamond.

MARY ANN

Oooh, Mary Ann likey. Very romantic.

Jenna hands Mary Ann the folded note.

JENNA

I don't know... Maybe sad. I think she said no.

As Mary Ann reads the note, her smile fades to a pout.

MARY ANN

Darn, I was hoping for a happy one.
(returning the note)
It's been too long since you've written one of those.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Jenna, leans back in her chair, taps her lower lip as she focuses her eyes on the computer screen. On it --

A blog page entitled: BAGGAGE STORIES. Underneath that banner, a PICTURE OF JENNA and links to dozens of stories.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She wrote one story based on worn cowboy boots and another about a Rolex watch stopped at exactly midnight. There was a story about a suitcase filled with diapers and another about one containing a torn wedding dress. Jenna has written more than a hundred stories.

Jenna takes a long look at the suitcase contents spread out on the table next to her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But this one is the only one that will change her life.

Jenna leans forward - taps the keyboard.

JENNA (V.O.)
 (as she types)
*He had always gotten what he
 desired and always without
 struggle. The type of man that has
 not been scarred by failure or
 tempered by humility. Everything in
 life came too easy for him...*

INT. LOS ANGELES - HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

Billy Bunker, in bed - comatose.

JENNA (V.O.)
Until it didn't.

The rhythmic BEEP-BEEP-BEEP of a patient monitor reports
 Billy's heartbeat - stable.

JENNA (V.O.)
*Unrequited love can destroy a man.
 Even a man who seemingly has
 everything.*

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - DEN - SAME TIME

Jenna unfolds Billy's note, gently sets it in front of her.

JENNA (V.O.)
 (as she types)
*I don't want to live a life without
 you in it... Sometimes that's just
 an empty threat.*

INT. LOS ANGELES - HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

Billy's eyes flutter - just coming to.

JENNA (V.O.)
But sometimes... It's a promise.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - DEN - THE WEE HOURS

Jenna arches her back, achy and tired - been at this awhile.
 On her computer screen --

A blog page banner: BAGGAGE STORIES. Just underneath:

- A picture of the Chelsea Suitcase.

- a story entitled: "UNREQUITED."

Jenna stands - stretches. Then begins the chore of repacking
 the contents of the Chelsea Suitcase.

INT. LOS ANGELES - HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

Billy awakens - slowly becomes aware of his environment.

BILLY
What the fuck...?

Billy frantically searches for some button to press.

BILLY
Can I get some fucking help?

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The opened metallic door provides a view of the parking lot.

Dwight stands near a counter brewing coffee. He looks towards the lot - spots Jenna lugging the Chelsea suitcase.

DWIGHT
Morning... Coffee?

JENNA
God, yes. Thank you.

Jenna plops the Chelsea suitcase on the concrete floor as she accepts a steaming cup of Joe from Dwight.

DWIGHT
(re: the suitcase)
He was a rich prick - yeah?

Jenna takes a sip of coffee, looks off - thinks.

JENNA
Heartbroken.

The SQUEAK of old brakes. Jenna and Dwight look towards the parking lot. Colton's car just pulling in.

Colton stumbles out and immediately vomits on the asphalt.

JENNA
Good morning, Colton.

Colton wipes the vomit residue with his sleeve, gives a friendly wave towards Jenna.

She waves back. Colton's vomiting obviously not an unusual event.

Dwight picks up the Chelsea suitcase.

DWIGHT
(heading off)
Time to get this ready for retail.

INT. LOS ANGELES - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Billy propped up in bed, greedily scoops out the last dabs of a pudding cup as he glances at a wall-mounted TV.

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)
It's alive...

Billy smiles, widens his arms.

BILLY
Billy Bunker's back baby!

Sebastian saunters in, pulls up a chair next to the bed.

SEBASTIAN
Apparently no brain damage.

BILLY
I feel great. Hey, I need to borrow
your phone.

SEBASTIAN
Because...?

BILLY
I can't find mine anywhere.
(lowering his voice)
I think they fucking stole it.

Sebastian removes Billy's phone from his pocket.

SEBASTIAN
I kept it for you.

BILLY
Gimme. I need to call Heather.

Sebastian hands Billy his phone.

SEBASTIAN
Why...?

BILLY
(scrolling thru contacts)
Because she's my fiancé. Christ,
who got whacked on the head, me -
or you?

SEBASTIAN
What have they told --

BILLY
You know, I had this weird dream
last night. I was trying to get a
hold of Heather. For some reason,
she was in Mexico - some fancy
resort. Which is weird, cause when
I took her there she hated it.

Billy is just about to hit the HEATHER icon.

SEBASTIAN
What have they told you?

BILLY
About...?

SEBASTIAN
Three months ago, you were standing
outside the VIP area at LAX. A
metal ladder fell on your head --

BILLY
Three months?

SEBASTIAN
And put you in a coma.

BILLY
Three fucking months!?

SEBASTIAN
They weren't sure you'd even
survive and if you did whether you
would return to normal.

BILLY
That's impossible.

SEBASTIAN
Which I suppose in your case
wouldn't exactly be a bad thing.

BILLY
Heather...?

SEBASTIAN
Is now married to Ethan Hunter.

Billy's face reddens. His jaw clenches.

An ALARM goes off on his medical monitor. Billy's pulse and blood pressure are rocketing up.

BILLY
That fucking...

A NURSE bursts in, goes to the monitor to check the readings.

NURSE
Everything okay, Mister Bunker?

Billy takes a deep breath, taps the HEATHER call icon on the phone and puts up a - just a sec - motion with his left hand as he puts the phone to the ear with his right.

HEATHER (V.O.)
(filtered - thru phone)
You've reached Heather. At the tone, please leave a message.

A BEEP through the phone.

BILLY
Whore! Whore!

Billy hurls his phone against the wall.

NURSE
Sir...?

Billy buries his head in his hands - sobs.

BILLY
She was my life.

The concerned Nurse looks to Sebastian for guidance.

SEBASTIAN
Don't worry. It's pretty normal.

NURSE
They're going to keep him here a little longer for observation.

SEBASTIAN
I don't envy them.

BILLY
(sobbing)
She's a fucking whore.

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - STORE - DAY

Filled with excited CUSTOMERS on a browsing adventure.

Some buying - some just looking. The store is as much a tourist attraction as it is a shopping center.

MEN'S CLOTHING

Jenna folds slacks. Nearby a YOUNG BUSINESSMAN removes Billy's dress shirts from a rack. He examines them - impressed. Then he sees the monogrammed "BB".

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN
(fist pump)
Yes!

This garners Jenna's attention. The Young Businessman points at the BB monograms on the cuffs.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN
BB. I'm Bruce Becker.

JENNA
Ahh... Lucky find.

MEN'S GROOMING

An ELDERLY MAN examines Billy's leather grooming case, complete with the gold-plated nail clippers and ivory comb. He tosses it in his shopping cart.

JEWELRY COUNTER

A SALESCLERK stands at attention behind a glass counter as a WOMAN inspects Billy's blue diamond engagement ring with a professional magnifying lens.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
All of Billy's items were quite popular. With one notable exception.

LUGGAGE AREA

A swarm of CUSTOMERS peruses through dozens of suitcases, all sizes and colors. Among them, the Chelsea Garden suitcase.

A MALE CUSTOMER inspects the price tag on the Chelsea. A shocked - *what the fuck* - look consumes his face.

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - LOBBY AREA - DAY

Billy strolls in, a briefcase in one hand, a potted plant in the other. He spots Darlene.

BILLY
I'm back. Did you miss me?

DARLENE
Were you gone?

BILLY

Ha! I love that about you.

Billy strides on towards --

BILLY'S OFFICE

He whistles a cheery tune as he places the potted plant near the window, fluffs its leaves.

Billy turns, adjusts the framed photo of Heather Monroe on his desk to make sure it's in clear eyeshot.

He takes a seat at the desk, boots up his computer, cracks his knuckles - ready for work.

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)

The prodigal son has returned.

At the open door - Sebastian, coffee cup in hand.

BILLY

Perfect. I needed to talk to you.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, me too. We need to --

Billy stands, waving his hand.

BILLY

No, no - me first.

Billy walks over, places his hands on a very confused Sebastian's shoulders.

BILLY

I need to thank you. For ensuring I got the best medical care. For running the business in my absence. You've been a true friend.

Billy embraces Sebastian. Sebastian does his best not to spill his coffee.

SEBASTIAN

What did you do with Billy Bunker?

Billy breaks the embrace, taps Sebastian on the shoulders.

BILLY

He's gone. I am a changed man.

Billy skips back to his desk. Sebastian is speechless.

BILLY

I had a lot of time to think in that hospital bed. You know, really dig into Billy Bunker. And I can tell you, I wasn't in love with what I saw.

SEBASTIAN

Inexplicable.

BILLY

I'm going to really change. It's time. More therapy, sign up for some anger management classes. You know, Heather always thought I had a problem in that area.

SEBASTIAN

I didn't think that was a mystery.

BILLY

And I'm going to become more spiritual. Let the small things go. Water under the bridge.

(looking at Heather's pic)

And that's how I'm going to get her back. Nothing can stop me.

SEBASTIAN

Her marriage...?

BILLY

Just a small bump in the road.

SEBASTIAN

Uh-huh.

BILLY

Speaking of marriage, what did you do with my suitcase? I had her engagement ring in there.

SEBASTIAN

Suitcase?

BILLY

You know. My Chelsea Gardens. Ivory leather, brown straps.

Sebastian shakes his head.

BILLY

Don't fret. I'll call the airline. What did you want to tell me?

SEBASTIAN

While you were out, we contracted with Netflix to produce a series. Five million up-front... If they greenlight it.

BILLY

Great. What do you need me to do?

SEBASTIAN

Come up with a series.

BILLY

See, old Billy would have said why the fuck didn't you think of one when I was in a coma.

SEBASTIAN

New Billy?

BILLY

Is on it.
(picks up his phone))
Right after I track down my suitcase.

Sebastian gives Billy a toast motion with his mug - exits.

LOBBY AREA - DARLENE'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Sebastian waits as Darlene taps her keyboard.

DARLENE

Spielberg's rep said they can squeeze you in at three... Jacobs can meet you for cocktails at five.

BILLY (O.S.)

Because I was in a fucking coma!

SEBASTIAN

(to Darlene)
It's the new Billy.

BILLY (O.S.)

You rotten motherfuckers!

Billy bursts from his office.

BILLY

Delta, fuck me in the ass airlines, only keeps lost luggage for sixty fucking days. My suitcase is gone. Like it just fucking vaporized!

DARLENE

Perhaps a luggage tag would have helped?

Billy vibrates with anger - storms back into --

BILLY'S OFFICE

And paces like a caged lion.

BILLY

God damn incompetent thieves.

He stops, takes some deep relaxing breaths.

BILLY

No... New Billy... New Billy...
Find your peace... Find your
peace.... It's just a suitcase.
Just filled with material things.

A last big exhale and Billy returns to his desk. One crack of the knuckles, and his fingers land on the computer keyboard.

The GOOGLE SEARCH BAR fills with: *Chelsea Garden Suitcase, Ivory colored, brown leather straps.*

Billy taps the enter key and the search results appear on screen. The first two links are ads for suitcases. The third link is entitled: *BAGGAGE STORIES - UNREQUITED.*

Billy clicks the third link.

BILLY

What the fuck!?

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - WAREHOUSE - DUSK

Colton sweeps dust from the concrete floor out to the parking lot - too lazy to use a dustpan.

Jenna and Dwight at the baggage sorting table - finishing up. A HONK of a car horn draws Jenna's attention to the --

PARKING LOT.

Mary Ann pops out of a sedan - shoots Jenna a friendly wave.

WAREHOUSE

JENNA

(at Mary Ann)

Be there in a sec.

A large canvas duffel bag draws Jenna's attention.

JENNA

(to Dwight)

Can I borrow this one? I haven't done a duffel bag in a while.

DWIGHT

Sure... Hey, just wondering if you had a chance to ask Mary Ann if she'd be interested in going out?

JENNA

Not yet. I will. Promise.

COLTON

Jesus Christ.

DWIGHT

What?

COLTON

You're forty-fucking five and you have to have a girl ask another girl if she's interested in you?

DWIGHT

I just thought it would be prudent to get some intel.

JENNA

I really don't mind asking her.

COLTON

Intel? This ain't a CIA plot.
(shouting out to the lot)
Hey, Mary Ann.

MARY ANN (O.S.)

Yes?

COLTON

Would you be interested in going on a date with Dwight sometime?

Dead silence. Dwight cowers like an embarrassed school boy.

MARY ANN (O.S.)

Not so much... Okay?

COLTON

Not a problem. Thanks anyway.

(at Dwight)

See, that wasn't so hard, was it?

Colton slaps a dejected Dwight on the shoulder - walks away.

DWIGHT
It seemed incredibly hard.

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT'S - BAR AREA - DUSK

Swank. A meeting place for the Hollywood elite. Sebastian, off to the side of the bar, phone to his ear.

SEBASTIAN
(into phone))
You're headed where?

INT/EXT. LIMOUSINE ON 405 FREEWAY (TRAVELLING) - DUSK

Billy in the backseat, phone to his ear. He has several printed pages from Jenna's blog in his hand.

BILLY
(into phone)
I'm catching the redeye to Bumfuck,
Alabama.

PHONE CALL INTERCUT - BILLY AND SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN
Say again...?

BILLY
It's called Scottsboro - just
outside the Appalachian mountains.
Think blind albinos playing banjos
on the porch.

SEBASTIAN
You're not making any sense.

BILLY
They got my suitcase. There's this
lost baggage center there.

SEBASTIAN
How do you know they have yours?

BILLY
Cause this gal named...
(looks at printouts)
Jenna Atkins writes stories about
what they find there. She posts
them in a blog - Baggage Stories.

SEBASTIAN
I'm not following.

BILLY

She wrote a story about my
suitcase! My shirts! My ring! My
fucking note to Heather!

SEBASTIAN

You wrote Heather a fucking note?

BILLY

Christ, not a fucking note. A love
note. A note that she shouldn't
have ever read.

SEBASTIAN

Heather shouldn't have read -- ?

BILLY

No! Jenna Atkins! Pay attention!

SEBASTIAN

Sure... Got it.

BILLY

Those were private thoughts... I
feel violated.

SEBASTIAN

Maybe we could have Legal take a --

BILLY

Got to go. Billy ends the call.

SEBASTIAN

You can't just take off. We have
the Netflix project.... Billy...?

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS CABIN - NIGHT

The Red-eye flight. The cabin lights are dimmed. Billy
reclines in a luxurious seat, sleep mask covering his eyes.

He BOLTS UP, removes his sleep mask to discover --

Two identical TWIN GIRLS (7), in blue dresses, staring at him
as they rap on his knee with their curled-up little fists.

BILLY

(startled)

Jesus fucking Christ.

TWIN GIRL ONE

Do you know where our Mommy is?

BILLY

What?

Just then, MOMMY comes out of the first-class bathroom.

MOMMY

What are you girls doing? Don't
bother that nice man.

Mommy comes over, clasps the twins' hands.

MOMMY

Sorry, Sir.
(tugging the girls away)
Come on girls.

TWIN GIRL ONE (O.S.)

He used a bad word.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT nears as Billy fumbles for his mask.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Can I get you anything, Sir?

BILLY

No. I just want to sleep.
(re: Mommy)
Maybe get her some leashes for the
Grady Twins over there.

Mommy overhears this - shoots Billy a wicked sneer.

BILLY

It's from The Shining.

MOMMY

I know where it's from.

INT. HUNTSVILLE ALABAMA AIRPORT - CAR RENTAL COUNTER - DAY

A haggard Billy looms at a counter as a CLERK taps the keys of a computer terminal.

BILLY

A Lincoln if you have one.

CLERK

We don't.

BILLY

Cadillac...?

CLERK

I have a Nissan Versa - economy.

BILLY
Yeah, that's just like a Cadillac.

The Clerk looks up - total disdain on his face.

CLERK
Do you want a car or not?

INT/EXT. NISSAN VERSA - MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY (TRAVELING) - DAY

Raining cats and dogs.

Billy white knuckles the steering wheel as he attempts to get a clear view of the road between the slapping wiper blades.

Meanwhile, other cars and semi-trucks are passing Billy with ease - folks used to driving in these sub-optimal conditions.

A HONK of a car horn from behind Billy. Billy looks at the rearview mirror. All he can make out are the headlights.

BILLY
Go around me you fucking hillbilly.

HONK-HONK

BILLY
That ain't going to make me drive any fucking faster.

HONK-HONK-HONK

Billy rolls down his window, shoots his arm out and gives the car behind him a stiff bird.

BILLY
Suck on that, mother-fucker!

A moment passes.

BILLY
Yeah, I thought so.

Then - POLICE SIRENS. Billy eyes the rearview - blue and red flashing lights.

SHOULDER OF HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A PATROL OFFICER, covered in rain gear stands next to Billy's open passenger-side window scribbling out a ticket.

BILLY

You're really going to give me a ticket for driving too slow? In a fucking rainstorm?

PATROL OFFICER

Not really.

The Officer rips off the ticket, lets it float into the passenger seat.

PATROL OFFICER

More because you flipped me off.
Enjoy the rest of your day now.

EXT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

The clouds have parted.

Billy, briefcase in hand, marches through the crowded lot towards the front of the --

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - STORE - DAY

Filled with CUSTOMERS. Billy bursts in - spots Dwight.

DWIGHT

Welcome, Sir. Please let any of our clerks know if they can be of assistance in finding anything.

BILLY

Jenna Atkins.

DWIGHT

Pardon?

BILLY

I need to find Jenna Atkins. She works here - right?

DWIGHT

You know Jenna...?

Billy sets his briefcase down on a counter, opens it, removes the printed pages from Jenna's blog - waves them at Dwight.

BILLY

She knows me.

Jenna approaches from another part of the store.

BILLY

There you are! I've come to get my things back.

JENNA

I'm afraid I don't understand.

BILLY

Oh, I'm pretty God damn sure you understand.

DWIGHT

Careful, cowboy.

BILLY

A Chelsea Gardens suitcase. My monogrammed shirts. My blue diamond engagement ring.

(waving the blog pages))

You wrote about them. Remember Unrequited?

JENNA

You read my blog?

BILLY

Where's my stuff?

JENNA

Sold, most of it anyway. You know, you had some very nice items.

BILLY

I'm not looking for an appraisal.

JENNA

Sorry, I didn't mean --

BILLY

I'm getting my stuff back!

Billy storms off into the bowels of the store. Jenna and Dwight follow.

JENNA

I'm truly sorry.

Billy waves her off as the group makes their way to the --

LUGGAGE AREA

A ton of suitcases for sale, all stacked in neat rows on the floor. Standing out among them... Billy's Chelsea Suitcase.

BILLY

There it is.

(pointing - ANGRY)

There it fucking is!

(turning towards Jenna)

All sold, huh?

CUSTOMERS start to gather to see what's going on. Dwight removes a walkie-talkie radio from a hip-holster.

DWIGHT

(into radio)

I need security in the luggage area, stat.

Billy marches towards his prized suitcase, grabs it, notices a price tag hanging off the Cherrywood handle: "\$500."

BILLY

(at Jenna)

Are you crazy? This is a handcrafted Chelsea Gardens suitcase. I paid three-thousand dollars for it and you're giving it away for five hundred?

JENNA

It doesn't have any wheels. People really like that feature and, um...

BILLY

Yeah?

JENNA

You'd have to be kind of crazy to pay that much for... You know - it's just a suitcase after all.

BILLY

Crazy?

JENNA

But if you want to spend that much, we would be more than happy to sell it to you. But remember - there are no wheels.

BILLY

Sell it to me? You want to sell me my own fucking suitcase?

DWIGHT

That's enough.

JENNA
Only if you want it.

Billy raises the suitcase.

BILLY
I'm taking it.

DWIGHT
That would be shoplifting, Sir.
Don't make me call the Sheriff.

BILLY
Is Barney Fife going to come arrest
me for stealing my own stuff?

DWIGHT
Barney...? No, our Sheriff's name
is Buford.

BILLY
Buford? Of course it fucking is.
He's probably got Bubba and Huck in
his jail cell right now.

DWIGHT
(to Jenna)
You know a Bubba or Huck?

Jenna shakes her head. Billy lifts the suitcase again.

BILLY
I'm taking this. Where's my ring?

Security guard, BOBBY JOE (25), a huge man, thick as a
refrigerator, creeps up to Billy from behind. He places his
meaty hand on Billy's shoulder.

Billy turns around - shocked.

BILLY
Jesus Christ! Inbred!

BOBBY JOE
I'm going to need that suitcase.

Billy stumbles back, clinging to his suitcase.

BILLY
It's mine.

Bobby Joe removes a taser gun from his holster.

BILLY
 You going to shoot me for stealing
 my own suitcase?

Bobby Joe reflects for just a moment.

BOBBY JOE
 Yup.

Bobby Joe points and fires the taser, striking Billy in the
 dead center of his torso.

Billy, eyes wide open in shock (literally), vibrates like he
 was struck by lightning.

BILLY
 My.... Fucking.... Suitcase...

Billy slumps to the floor.

JENNA
 Oh my.

The CUSTOMERS clap as if cheering the end of a bullfight.
 Bobby Joe gives them a feigned tip of the cap.

BOBBY JOE
 (to Dwight)
 I called Buford. He's on his way.

INT. SCOTTSBORO SHERIFF STATION - JAIL CELL - DAY

Billy crumpled on a metal bench.

BUFORD (O.S.)
 Good news.

BILLY
 Did Aunt Bee bring a pie?

SHERIFF BUFORD (50), cue-ball bald, a little hefty, inserts a
 key into the cell door.

BUFORD
 Looks like you have a guardian
 angel. God knows why. You know, you
 being such a dick and all.

Buford opens the cell door.

BUFORD
 Come on. Let's go.

JAIL PROCESSING COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Buford escorts Billy into the room where Jenna, holding Billy's briefcase, waits.

JENNA
 (re: briefcase)
 You left this at the store. I thought you might need it. And, maybe a ride back to your car.

BILLY
 I'm surprised you didn't sell it.

Buford forcefully flicks his finger against Billy's ear.

BILLY
 Ow! That hurt!

BUFORD
 Jenna's being nice. Just grab your wallet and pay your bail.

JENNA
 Dwight's not going to press charges.

BUFORD
 Because?

JENNA
 I asked him nicely.

INT/EXT. JENNA'S CAR - DOWNTOWN STREET (TRAVELING) - DAY

Jenna at the wheel. Billy in the passenger street, sneering at the small-town buildings.

BILLY
 Why are you doing this?

JENNA
 What?

BILLY
 Bringing my stuff to the station. Driving me back to my car.

JENNA
 A bit of guilt, I guess... If I hadn't written that story on my blog, you would have never come out here in the first place. I guess I felt responsible in some way.

BILLY
Some way? How about every way?

JENNA
No. I was responsible for you
coming here. You were responsible
for your behavior once you arrived.

Billy starts to speak - hesitates. The woman has a point.

BILLY
Fair enough.

Jenna gives Billy a warm smile, continues on.

BILLY
I'm starving.

EXT. DAIRY QUEEN - OUTDOOR PATIO - DAY

Billy and Jenna at a redwood table underneath an umbrella.
The remnants of burgers, fries and shakes in front of them.

BILLY
(munching)
You know, this ain't half bad.

JENNA
You're surprised?

Billy shrugs his shoulders - he kind of is.

JENNA
I have something for you.

Jenna reaches in her purse.

BILLY
Please tell me it's a twelve-
thousand-dollar engagement ring.

Jenna pulls out a folded piece of paper - hands it to Billy.

JENNA
It's the note I found in the ring
box - *I don't want to live in a
world without you.* I saved it...
I'm not sure quite why.

Billy stuffs the note in his pocket as he eyeballs Jenna.

BILLY
Let me ask you something. Why did
you think it was a suicide note?

JENNA

In fairness, in my story, you don't actually kill yourself. You just contemplate if you should.

BILLY

Christ - come on. Spill it.

JENNA

You're not going to like it.

Billy rolls his hands in a - *get on with it* - motion.

JENNA

Alright... For starters, it was the Rogaine and --

BILLY

Say what now?

JENNA

Not just the Rogaine. It was the expensive grooming kit, the over-the-top engagement ring. It just struck me that, here's a wealthy man that is worried about something as pedestrian as his hairline. A man so worried about how people view him, that he literally has to wear his wealth on his sleeves.

BILLY

I think you meant figuratively.

JENNA

Pardon?

BILLY

Wealth on his sleeves - you said literally.

JENNA

I was referring to your monogrammed shirts. You literally wear your wealth on your sleeves. Like an advertisement.

Billy sheepishly pulls down the sleeves of his suit coat over the cuffs of his monogrammed shirt.

JENNA

Not to mention a three-thousand-dollar suitcase. And remember - this is just my imagination...

(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)

It just felt like here is a man
compensating for something.

BILLY

Hey, I got no problems in that
department.

JENNA

I wasn't referring to that
department. But it is kind of weird
that it was your first thought.

BILLY

Then...?

JENNA

I just thought that, if this man
truly felt loved, the deep-down
kind, why all the displays of
wealth? Why the concern for
appearance? Why was he fighting the
natural aging process? There must
have been a creeping doubt inside
him. Maybe he didn't think he was
good enough for her. And maybe, she
told him so. I imagined that's why
he wrote the note. So... that's the
story I wrote.

BILLY

(kind of weepy)
You're so wrong.

Billy turns away, killing the tears.

JENNA

Are you crying?

EXT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - PARKING LOT - DUSK

Jenna and Billy exit the car. Billy opens the back door,
retrieves his briefcase.

He takes a long glance at the Baggage Center.

BILLY

What a weird place... Kind of like
a luggage purgatory.

Billy checks his watch.

BILLY
I got six hours till my flight.
Where can you get a drink around
here?

JENNA
Scooter's is nice - downtown. But I
can't. I have to --

BILLY
I meant for me.

JENNA
Yes, of course.

A clumsy silence - Billy not quite sure if he should give her
a handshake or a hug. He extends his hand - handshake it is.

BILLY
Thanks for everything.

JENNA
Oh, wait. I almost forgot.

Jenna points her key fob at her trunk. BEEP - the trunk pops
open revealing.... Billy's Chelsea Gardens suitcase.

JENNA
I convinced Dwight to give it back
to you... You know, you're the only
person ever that has come here
looking for their stuff.

Jenna grabs the suitcase, hands it to a stunned Billy.

BILLY
Thanks... I'm not used to people
being nice to me. I've been told
I'm a bit of a dick.

JENNA
Oh...

BILLY
You could say you know I'm not.

JENNA
Could I.... Really know...?

Billy raises the suitcase, nods in appreciation.

BILLY
Take care of yourself.

Billy meanders off to his car.

JENNA

I didn't say you are one either.

Billy shoots Jenna a thumbs up as he continues the trek towards his car.

INT. DOWNTOWN SCOTTSBORO - SCOOTERS BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Typical small-town sports bar. A BARTENDER wipes down the counter as --

Billy, phone to his ear, stares at the screen of notebook computer: *DELTA AIRLINES BOOKING PAGE*.

BILLY

(into phone)

It's B as in Bunker. Like Archie.

(listening)

From the TV series!

(muttering)

So fucking stupid...

(listening)

Oh, no - sorry, I was talking to someone else. I'm trying to confirm my ticket for tonight.

Meanwhile back at --

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jenna dries dishes as an excited Mary Ann looks on.

MARY ANN

The Billy Bunker?

JENNA

I wasn't aware that there was a the Billy Bunker. But that's his name.

MARY ANN

Wait a minute.

Excited, Mary Ann hustles off. Meanwhile, back at --

SCOOTERS BAR & GRILL

Billy nurses a cocktail as he stares at the screen of his computer... now displaying a picture of Jenna on her *BAGGAGE STORIES BLOG PAGE*.

COLTON (O.S.)
You're that slicker that got tazed
today, ain't' ya?

Billy's head swivels on Colton - at the other end of the bar.

BILLY
Why don't you mind you're own --
(to himself)
Jesus Christ, what's wrong with me?

Billy takes a deep breath, forces a smile.

BILLY
Yeah, that was me.
(feigning vibration)
Tazed like a mother-fucker.

Colton raises his beer bottle in a toast motion. Billy reciprocates with his cocktail glass.

BILLY
Wait - how'd you know?

COLTON
I work there.

BILLY
Huh. What are the odds? Guess this
is pretty much a one-horse town.

COLTON
Naw, we got like hundreds. They're
ranches all over.

BILLY
Kill me now, Lord.

COLTON
(re: Billy's computer)
What ya looking at?

Billy pauses for a sec, then turns the screen towards Colton.

BILLY
What do you know about her?

COLTON
Jenna?

Billy nods.

COLTON
Buy me a beer?

Billy waves Colton over. Meanwhile, back in --

JENNA'S KITCHEN

Mary Ann's laptop pointed at Jenna. On the screen, a glamour shot of BILLY BUNKER from his IMDB PAGE.

MARY ANN

See. He's produced like a ton of movies and TV shows.

JENNA

Really...? He seemed... I don't know, just too rough around the edges to be successful at anything.

MARY ANN

That's what makes him so fascinating.

Mary Ann turns her laptop towards her, feverishly taps the keys, finds BILLY BUNKER'S WIKIPEDIA PAGE.

Meanwhile - back at --

SCOOTERS BAR

Colton now sits on the barstool next to Billy. Both eying Jenna's BLOG and PICTURE on the laptop.

BILLY

(re: Jenna's image)
She's a widow?

COLTON

Yup. Husband was killed in Kabul -
About ten years or so ago.

Colton stands, chugs back the last of his beer.

COLTON

Gotta go. Thanks for the beer.
(motions at laptop)
Her stories ain't half bad.
(leaving)
Ya ought to give them a read.

JENNA'S KITCHEN

Jenna and Mary Ann still focused on Billy's WIKIPEDIA PAGE.

MARY ANN

He started at the very bottom and worked his way up - one rung at a time. No film school. No fancy degrees.

JENNA

What does it say about his family?

Mary Ann turns the laptop toward Jenna.

MARY ANN

His parents were killed when he was seven - car accident. He spent most of his youth bouncing between Foster homes and Juvenile detention.

SCOOTERS BAR

Just Billy at the bar now, phone to his ear. His laptop screen displays: *BAGGAGE STORIES - UNREQUITED*.

BILLY

(into phone)

Because I need one more day... I'll catch the redeye tomorrow night.

(listening)

Darlene's working on finding me a nice hotel right now.

(listening)

Thanks, Sebastian. Talk soon.

EXT. ECONO LODGE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Billy, phone to his ear, lumbers towards a pedestrian structure painted the ugliest yellow tint imaginable.

BILLY

Thanks, Darlene. It's a shithole.

(scanning the hotel)

Painted the color of urine.

DARLENE (V.O.)

(filtered thru phone)

That's all that was available. You've arrived in the middle of Scottsboro's annual Bassmaster Series fishing tournament. Apparently, it's quite the thing. Should I check to see if they still have tickets available?

BILLY

No!

Billy ends the call just as he reaches the lobby doors. He closes his eyes, shudders in disgust then enters the hotel.

INT. ECONO LODGE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

What you would imagine for thirty-nine dollars a night. Billy paces back and forth on the worn carpet.

BILLY

Okay, one more time. Be calm... Be calm... Be calm.

Billy takes a deep breath, taps a contact icon on his phone.

HEATHER (V.O.)

(filtered - thru phone)

You've reached Heather. At the tone, please leave a message.

A BEEP through the phone. Billy takes a seat on the bed.

BILLY

Hey, it's me.... Again. I know - a little persistent... I've left you like a dozen messages now. Call when you get a chance. We --

HEATHER (V.O.)

(filtered - thru phone)

Why do you keep calling, Billy?

BILLY

Heather. I can't tell you how good it is to hear your voice.

ETHAN (V.O.)

(filtered - thru phone)

Is that him again!?

Billy closes his eyes - takes a deep breath.

HEATHER (V.O.)

(filtered - thru phone)

Sssh. I'll handle it.

BILLY

I wanted to tell you that I'm working on the anger management stuff and --

ETHAN (V.O.)
 (filtered - thru phone)
 What is he, stupid?

Billy's jaw clenches, his face reddens.

BILLY
 Stupid!?

Billy stands up - screams into the phone.

BILLY
 You're the stupid one, you low-IQ,
 glamour-boy mother-fucker!

HEATHER (V.O.)
 (filtered - thru phone)
 Billy, he can't hear you.

BILLY
 Put him on then.
 (a moment passes)
 Hello...? Hello!?

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - STORE - DAY

Billy enters, scanning the area for Jenna - no luck.

His eyes eventually land on the cold stare of the enormous security guard - Bobby Joe.

BOBBY JOE
 Lookie who's back.

Bobby Joe reaches for his Taser.

BILLY
 No! I come in peace.

JENNA (O.S.)
 Billy?

BILLY
 (turning to Jenna)
 Hey.

THUMP - the end of Bobby Joe's Taser hits a cardboard box right next to Billy. Billy jumps back in fear.

BILLY
 Jesus.

A chuckling Bobby Joe rolls back the Taser wire.

BOBBY JOE
Just messin with ya. Don't be such
a pussy.

Bobby Joe walks away as Jenna nears.

BILLY
(re: Bobby Joe)
Boy's lucky I didn't kick his ass.

JENNA
Yes, I'm sure he's quite
relieved... I thought you were
going home.

BILLY
Ah, yeah - that. My flight got
canceled. I'm stuck here till
midnight. So what do I do?

JENNA
Pardon?

BILLY
What is there to do in Scottsboro?

JENNA
You're asking me because...?

BILLY
You're the only one I know. Well, I
know Colton, but I'm already pretty
sure what he'd recommend.

Billy makes the traditional drinking gesture with his hand.

JENNA
Hmm. There's a bass fishing --

BILLY
Hard pass.

JENNA
There's a rock zoo just ten miles
from here.

BILLY
Rock zoo?

JENNA
Rocks - painted like animals. You
know, Zebras, turtles --

BILLY
I'd rather eat a bullet.

JENNA
What do you want?

BILLY
Company. Just someone to kill the
time with. Can you...?

Jenna motions towards the customers in the busy store.

JENNA
You can see I'm working - yes?.

BILLY
Never mind. I'll figure something
out. What about dinner?

JENNA
I can't. I promised I'd have dinner
with Mary Ann... My roommate.

BILLY
Bring her with you. Dinner - on me.
Bring anyone else you want. I don't
care. What's the best restaurant in
town?

JENNA
Applebee's, I suppose.

BILLY
That's impossible.

JENNA
No, we have one.

BILLY
Not what I meant.

JENNA
Oh, wait - I have a better idea.

EXT. DOCKS' STEAKHOUSE - DUSK

A charming wood-framed restaurant nestled next to a pier on a
country river. Twinkling nightlights adorn an outdoor patio.

INT. DOCKS' STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

Billy, Jenna, Mary Ann and Dwight sip cocktails and nibble on
appetizers as they wait for dinner to arrive.

MARY ANN
Nicolas Cage?

BILLY
Yes. I know him too. Nice guy.

MARY ANN
Steve Carrell?

DWIGHT
These wings are great. You all sure
you don't want some?

BILLY
I did two pictures with Steve.
Great family man.

MARY ANN
George Clooney?

BILLY
Of course. Are we going in
alphabetical order?

MARY ANN
Tom Cruise?

BILLY
I guess we are.

DWIGHT
You know who would really be good
in movies?

JENNA
Dwight, I'm pretty sure he does.

DWIGHT
(points wing at Mary Ann)
This one here. She's obviously got
the looks and she can act like
Meryl Street.

BILLY
Streep.

DWIGHT
I've seen all of her plays.

MARY ANN
Really...? I don't remember you
being at my plays.

BILLY
 (looking around)
 Where's our food?

DWIGHT
 I kind of hide in the back row. You
 know, don't want to bother you.

MARY ANN
 That's so sweet, Dwight.

BILLY
 We ordered like a half-hour
 ago.

A BIT LATER

A WAITRESS clears their plates from the table.

BILLY
 Who's ready for desert?

MARY ANN
 I couldn't eat another bite.
 Actually, I think I'd like to
 stretch my legs. Dwight, you want
 to take a walk on the pier?

Dwight bolts up like he was shot.

MARY ANN
 (at Jenna/Billy)
 What about you guys?

BILLY
 You all go ahead. Think I'll have
 some coffee.

JENNA
 How about on the patio?

EXT. DOCKS' STEAKHOUSE - PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

Smooth country air. Evening stars just beginning to dot the
 night sky.

Billy and Jenna sip coffees as they watch Mary Ann and Dwight
 stroll on the pier off in the distance.

BILLY
 I don't know what causes it. But
 I've been working on it off and on.
 Been to a half-dozen therapists.

JENNA
 What do they say?

BILLY

The last one diagnosed me with something called intermittent explosive disorder.

JENNA

Hmm.

BILLY

Or was it irritable bowel syndrome?

A laugh from Jenna. Billy looks around, takes in the scenery.

BILLY

My last therapist said that anger is something we punish ourselves with for other people's mistakes.

JENNA

Or perhaps our own.

This rattles Billy - she's hit a sore spot.

JENNA

Just saying...

BILLY

You think someone with a bad personality can be a good person?

JENNA

That came out of left field... Okay, sure. Why not? I know the inverse is true. There are a lot of people with good personalities that are horrible people.

BILLY

Name one.

Jenna thinks.

JENNA

Ted Bundy. He was supposed to be a charmer.

BILLY

Basically, you're saying you'd prefer me over Ted Bundy?

JENNA

I didn't say that.

That yields a tip of the coffee cup and a smile from Billy.
Jenna checks her watch.

BILLY
Your turn. Tell me about you.

JENNA
Like what?

BILLY
Why do you like to write?

JENNA
I don't know. I guess it's the
challenge of bringing an idea to
life. Like with Ernest Hemmingway.

BILLY
Go on.

JENNA
Hemmingway was at a pub with some
writer friends, all of them
lamenting the lack of story ideas.
He berated them and bet them ten
dollars each that he could come up
with a solid story in just six
words. They all take the bet.
Hemmingway removes a pencil from
his pocket, thinks a moment, then
writes down..
(with reverence)
For Sale. Baby shoes. Never worn.

Jenna picks up a napkin, dabs a tear, then looks off.

JENNA
It gets me every time I think about
it. That poor mother. That's how
the lost luggage is to me...
Someone's story.

Billy gazes at Jenna - he's a bit taken in.

JENNA
(standing)
You have a flight to catch. We
should really get going.

Jenna walks towards the patio rail.

JENNA
(calling out)
Mary Ann, you ready to go?

MARY ANN (O.S.)

Coming.

JENNA

Billy, you can beat the anger stuff. It's possible.

BILLY

I don't know...

JENNA

It's possible. Believe me.
(turning toward Billy)
I know.

A quizzical look from Billy as Mary Ann and Dwight return.

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS SECTION - NIGHT

Quiet - most passengers asleep, except for Billy.

He sips a cocktail as he reads Jenna's blog stories on his laptop. His eyes suddenly widen.

BILLY

Of course...

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - LOBBY - DAY

Darlene at her station focused on her computer. Billy bursts in - a ball of energy.

BILLY

Look who's back!

DARLENE

You were gone again?

BILLY

You know, just once you might act like you're happy to see me.

DARLENE

You want me to fake it? Is that what you're accustomed to?

BILLY

Hardly...

Billy looks towards Sebastian's office.

BILLY

He in?

DARLENE

He is not. He has a meeting at Netflix.

BILLY

What for?

DARLENE

To meet with people from Netflix.

BILLY

You're just a peach.

(heading off)

Send him in when he gets back.

BILLY'S OFFICE - TWO HOURS LATER

Billy, Bluetooth headset on, leans back in his chair.

BILLY

You can put wheels on it?

(listening)

Great. I'll drop it by. Thanks.

Billy ends the call just as Sebastian looms in the doorway.

SEBASTIAN

You're finally back. Did you get all the crazy out?

BILLY

No one thinks I'm crazy.

Sebastian calls out to the office area.

SEBASTIAN

Darlene, is Billy crazy?

DARLENE (O.S.)

Not exactly... I'd go with manic.

BILLY

Ha! See!?

SEBASTIAN

That's a victory for you?

Billy shrugs his shoulders - maybe. Sebastian takes a seat.

SEBASTIAN

Netflix is pushing. We need to settle on a pitch - soon.

Billy opens a drawer, retrieves an inch-thick stack of papers: PRINTOUTS OF JENNA'S BLOG STORIES.

BILLY
Baggage Stories. Tales of the
contents of lost luggage.

Sebastian thumbs through the printouts.

BILLY
From her blog. They're not bad.

SEBASTIAN
High praise indeed... Genre?

BILLY
Mostly human interest stuff. Love
gone right - love gone wrong. That
sort of thing.

Sebastian tosses the printouts back on the desk.

SEBASTIAN
Not what Netflix is looking for.

BILLY
It's a fucking killer premise.

SEBASTIAN
That's like telling a vegetarian
it's a great steak.

BILLY
What?

SEBASTIAN
They don't want it. They're looking
for crime, thriller - touch of
horror. Sure, lost luggage angle is
fresh. But the genre's not --

BILLY
I know. I know.

Billy drums his fingers on the desk - wheels are spinning.

BILLY
Can you see if Holmes and Janssen
are available?

SEBASTIAN
For...?

BILLY

Plan B.

INT. NETFLIX OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

An EXECUTIVE and four young NETFLIX STAFFERS sit on one side of a comically large conference table. Their focus on --

A BAGGAGE STORIES POSTER mock-up perched on a tripod.

Sebastian, feverishly tapping the keys of his laptop, sits on one side of the poster as --

Billy, pitching his heart out, stands on the other side.

BILLY

Our Host slowly opens the lost suitcase revealing the mysterious contents. And then, the story unfolds.

CRICKETS as the Executive strokes his chin - contemplates.

SEBASTIAN

We're in touch with Christopher Walken's people. We think he'd be perfect for the Host.

More CRICKETS. Even the Staffers are getting fidgety waiting for the Executive to weigh in.

BILLY

One mystery suitcase each week. This is a can't miss series.

More CRICKETS. Billy's jaw tightens, his eyes narrow - hating to be ignored. Finally --

The Executive turns towards his Staff.

EXECUTIVE

Walken...?

YOUNG FEMALE STAFFER

A bit dated. We need a younger, more vibrant host - you know, an Ethan Hunter type.

Billy vibrates like a rocket just before liftoff.

SEBASTIAN

(under his breath))
New Billy...

EXECUTIVE
 (at Billy)
 It is a brilliant premise.

Sebastian exhales in relief as Billy takes a seat.

EXECUTIVE
 But completely the wrong genre. The
 sample stories you submitted. How
 do I put this...? I hated them.

BILLY
 You hated her?

EXECUTIVE
 Who...?

SEBASTIAN
 Them. He said he hated them. The
 stories.

Billy bites his lip - thinks.

BILLY
 Yes... The stories. We agree. They
 were just proof of concept. To give
 you a sense of the series
 framework. We're not using them.

EXECUTIVE
 And instead?

BILLY
 Holmes and Janssen have agreed to
 come on board.

YOUNG FEMALE STAFFER
 (at Executive)
 They wrote the Strange and Twisted
 series for Hulu. Very talented.

BILLY
 Think... Baggage Stories meets The
 Twilight Zone.

The Executive leans back - smiles as he nods.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - TRAVELING ON SUNSET BLVD - DAY

Sebastian at the wheel. Billy mindlessly gazing out the
 passenger window - lost in thought. Sebastian notices.

SEBASTIAN

You look like someone just died. We smashed it out of the park. We should be celebrating.

BILLY

Just tired is all.

Sebastian shakes his head - drives on.

BILLY

I was thinking, we should at least compensate her for the concept.

SEBASTIAN

We don't pay for concepts. You know better than --

BILLY

Just take it out of my end then!

SEBASTIAN

Alright - relax. We'll compensate her... How much were you thinking?

BILLY

Fifty...

SEBASTIAN

That's pretty rich.
 (off Billy's glower)
 Fine - fifty. But as part of the deal, she takes down her blog and surrenders any rights to the name.

Billy nods.

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - LOBBY AREA - DUSK

Darlene stationed at her desk. Billy, stretching and yawning, lumbers out from his office.

BILLY

What a day.

Billy notices Sebastian's darkened office.

BILLY

He already leave?

DARLENE

Daughter's softball game.

BILLY

Nice...

Darlene plops a LEGAL FOLDER on the counter.

DARLENE

Legal sent that over. It's the Jenna Atkins contract. I've already set it up on DocuSign. I just need an email address.

BILLY

Don't have one. I'll call her.

Billy snatches the folder - heads back towards the office - quickly stops - turns.

BILLY

I really think this needs to be done face to face.

DARLEE

I could arrange a Zoom --

BILLY

No. I mean in person. She's very... tricky.

DARLENE

(sarcastic)

Is she the Mata Hari?

BILLY

(lumbering away))

Book me on the red-eye.

EXT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - DAY

Dead tired from a sleepless red-eye flight, a haggard Billy reaches for the door handle.

COLTON (O.S.)

She ain't in there.

Billy turns, spots Colton leaning up against the store wall several feet away, smoking the last remnants of a cigar.

BILLY

What's that?

COLTON

Jenna. She ain't here. Her and Dwight took Mary Ann to lunch for her birthday.

BILLY
You know where?

COLTON
Nope.

BILLY
Fuck... Wait - where's the
Applebee's?

INT. APPLEBEE'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Billy enters, scans the tables - spots Dwight, Mary Ann and Jenna in a corner booth.

He says something to a nearby WAITRESS, drops a hundred-dollar bill on her tray. Then heads towards the booth --

Arriving there just as Mary Ann blows out a birthday candle.

JENNA
Billy...?

BILLY
Hey ya'll.

JENNA
What in the world are you doing
here?

BILLY
(taking a seat)
Don't be silly. I came back for
Mary Ann's birthday of course.

Dead silence - WTF?

The Waitress Billy spoke to moments earlier comes by with four beers - sets them on the table.

BILLY
Thanks, doll.

Billy raises his beer in a toast motion.

BILLY
To Mary Ann on her birthday.
(re: the other beers)
Come on.

Dwight, Mary Ann and Jenna - still confused, raise their beer bottles and clink them against each other.

BILLY
And now, a toast to Jenna.

JENNA
Me...?

BILLY
Netflix wants to create a series
based on your Baggage Stories blog.
I am here to offer you fifty-
thousand dollars for the rights to
the concept and name.

MARY ANN
Oh my God!

DWIGHT
Fifty-thousand! Good Lord.

Mary Ann and Dwight clink bottles with Billy.

Jenna lowers hers.... Silence - tension.

BILLY
I thought you'd be ecstatic.

JENNA
Just the rights? They don't want my
stories?

BILLY
Not so much. Look, I tried my best
to convince them that --

JENNA
Did you?

Billy, mouth open - not sure what to say.

BILLY
Yeah... Of course...

Jenna looks off - fights tears.

BILLY
They want to make it more of a
crime thriller - slash - horror
genre. You really don't write --

JENNA
I know what I write.

BILLY
Then...?

JENNA

I don't quite understand why
someone would pay me not to write.

More silence. More tension.

Billy leans back, takes a sip of his beer as Dwight and Mary Ann squirm in their seats - uneasy.

BILLY

C'mon. It's fifty grand. How is
that not a win for you?

JENNA

We had this talk. You know how
important writing is to me.
Remember the Hemmingway story?

BILLY

Yeah, I meant to tell you that
wasn't exactly true.

JENNA

What are you talking about?

BILLY

(oddly proud)

The Hemmingway story is actually an
urban myth. *For Sale. Baby shoes.*
Never worn. It was from a 1906
newspaper ad - Hemmingway would
have been just seven at the time.
So, either that bet in the bar
never took place, or, more than
likely, it did and Hemmingway
simply plagiarized the line.

Another long pause.

JENNA

What is wrong with you?

BILLY

Me? What...?

Jenna stands, tossing her napkin on the table.

JENNA

Keep your money, Mr. Bunker.
(at Mary Ann)
Can we leave?

BILLY

What happened!? I just thought you should know the truth.

MARY ANN

Of course, Jenna.

(to Dwight)

Could you have them box the cake?

Dwight nods. Jenna and Mary Ann exit the booth - storm away.

BILLY

(calling out)

You know we can just make the series without you.

JENNA (O.S.)

I don't care.

Billy watches as Jenna and Mary Ann slip through the door.

BILLY

What the fuck happened just now?

DWIGHT

I'm not the brightest guy, but it seems to me that you just shit all over her dreams.

BILLY

I was going to give her fifty-thousand dollars.

DWIGHT

You're not really very perceptive, are you?

(at a Waitress)

Can I get a box for the cake please?

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A creative session in process.

SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER

Pastries, coffee, and notebook computers on a conference table.

HOLMES and JANSSEN, both in their forties, but dressed like college kids sit next to a whiteboard. Several story ideas already written on it.

Sebastian's attentive. A bored Billy, tosses wadded-up paper balls into a distant wastebasket.

HOLMES

So, we open up each episode with a story narrator setting the premise.

JANSSEN

The Twilight Zone vibe.

BILLY

Hate it.

SEBASTIAN

It was your idea - remember?

BILLY

I've changed my mind. It's too derivative.

SEBASTIAN

What isn't? Christ, there are more CSIs than I can count.

BILLY

Maybe we should just fucking do CSI Baggage Stories.

Holmes stands, writes CSI with a marker on the whiteboard, retakes his seat.

BILLY

Jesus. I wasn't being serious!

SEBASTIAN

What is wrong with you?

BILLY

Everything. Kind of surprised you don't know that.

(at Holmes/Janssen)

Give us the room for a minute.

Holmes and Janssen look towards Sebastian like their heads were connected. Sebastian gives them a nod.

They stand, leave - closing the door behind them.

SEBASTIAN

What the hell is going on?

Billy tosses another paper ball at the wastebasket.

BILLY

I want Jenna Atkins to write
Baggage Stories.

SEBASTIAN

No. We've got a boatload of money
riding on this. She's just a
blogger.

BILLY

She's a writer who happens to blog.

SEBASTIAN

You said she's not interested in
the direction we're taking this.

BILLY

I'll get her interested.

SEBASTIAN

No.

BILLY

I'll help her write it.

SEBASTIAN

No. Not to mention, we've already
got Holmes and Janssen under
contract. Your idea - remember?

BILLY

Let them write. Give me two weeks
with Jenna. I promise, if her stuff
isn't better than theirs - you win.
But if her stories are --

SEBASTIAN

No!

LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Sebastian storms in. Billy in tow.

SEBASTIAN

(at Darlene)

Billy is going away again.

Sebastian paces towards his office.

DARLENE

Seeing the Mata Hari?

Billy nods. Then -- BAM! The slam of Sebastian's door.

BILLY
What a temper, huh?

DARLENE
I've experienced worse.

BILLY
You know, that's what I've always
liked about you - honesty laced
with sarcasm.

Billy heads for his office.

BILLY
I'll need a room for two weeks.

DARLENE
The Econo Lodge?

Billy shoots back a thumbs up.

INT. LAX AIRPORT - DELTA DEPARTURE GATE - NIGHT

Billy politely smiles and waves a MOTHER with two CHILDREN to step in line in front of him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
For the first time in a long time,
Billy Bunker wasn't angry at
anybody or anything.

CUE SONG: "COUNTY ROADS" BY JOHN DENVER - BEGIN MONTAGE

FIRST CLASS AIRPLANE CABIN: Billy, earbuds in, looks out his window at the sun rising above a distant mountain range.

HUNTSVILLE AIRPORT CAR RENTAL COUNTER: Billy slides a signed rental contract counter towards the Clerk and gives him an exuberant thumbs up before heading off.

NISSAN VERSA (TRAVELING), MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY: Billy gleefully sings along with "Country Roads" as he taps the steering wheel with the beat of the song.

Billy smiles and waves at a PATROL CAR as he passes it. Then -

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - SHOULDER - DAY

The sound of a record SCRATCH as the "Country Roads" song abruptly ends as we see --

The Nissan Versa parked on the shoulder. A Patrol Car, with flashing blue lights, parked behind it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
All good things come to an end.

PASSENGER SIDE OF THE NISSAN VERSA

The same Patrol Officer that gave Billy his first ticket stands outside the passenger window writing another ticket.

BILLY
Now you're giving me a ticket for
driving too fast?

The Officer rips off the ticket, lets it float into the passenger seat.

BILLY
Seriously, dude?

The Officer places his hand on the door window frame, leans down and glares at Billy.

PATROL OFFICER
Ya know, I'm not the one driving
the car. You really ought to do
some self-reflection.

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - STORE AREA - DAY

Billy hustles in, scanning the store for Jenna - no luck.

He looks towards an empty CASHIER COUNTER, spots a store microphone. Billy skips over, grabs the microphone.

BILLY
(via store speakers)
Can I have your attention please?

The CUSTOMERS stop shopping, shoot Billy quizzical looks.

AT THE JEWELRY COUNTER

Jenna, sorting jewelry, freezes as she hears --

BILLY (O.S.)
(via store speakers)
Anyone who has the desire to write
a television series please come to
the front of the store.

JENNA
Can't be...

BACK AT THE CASHIER

BILLY
 (via store speakers)
 I repeat, anyone with a desire to
 be a writer --

Bobby Joe the Security Guard approaches, raises his hand.

BOBBY JOE
 I dabble a little --

BILLY
 (cupping the mic)
 Not a fucking chance, Opie.
 (via store speakers)
 To be a writer of a television
 series, please come immediately to
 the front of --

JENNA (O.S.)
 Billy...?

Billy swivels around - spots Jenna.

BILLY
 You should be the one writing the
 Baggage Stories series. And...
 (nearing Jenna)
 We got two weeks to prove it.

JENNA
 We...?

BILLY
 I live and breathe television. I'll
 be your coach - teach you the
 difference between writing stories
 for a blog and writing them for TV.

JENNA
 Why two weeks?

BOBBY JOE
 They probably got a tight
 production schedule.

A surprised Billy and Jenna both look at Bobby Joe - where'd
 that nugget come from?

BILLY
 What Opie said.

JENNA
I don't know...

BILLY
I've rented a conference room at
the Econo Lodge. We can work there.

BOBBY JOE (O.S.)
That's a nice place.

BILLY
Seriously, dude?

A dejected Bobby Joe saunters off.

JENNA
Why should I trust you?

BILLY
Come outside for a minute.

JENNA
What...?

BILLY
(headed for the door))
Just come.

EXT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Billy strides towards the Versa, key fob in hand. A tentative Jenna follows. BEEP-BEEP - the rear trunk latch releases.

Billy opens the trunk and removes the Chelsea suitcase. Except now - it has a pair of recently installed wheels.

Billy holds up the suitcase like it was a prized trophy - spins the caster wheels with his hand.

BILLY
See? I'm a changed man.

Jenna chuckles - can't believe Billy's efforts.

BILLY
Gets even better.

Billy lifts a newly installed telescopic bar on the front of the case - extends it creating a pull handle.

JENNA
Oh, my...

Billy pulls the suitcase in circles in the parking lot.

BILLY

You were so fucking right. It just needed wheels.

Billy stops circling - looks Jenna dead in the eyes.

BILLY

I'm offering you the brass ring.
Grab it for Christ's sake.

Jenna sucks in her lower lip - thinks. Then grabs a pen and pad of paper from the pocket of her work apron.

BILLY

Sorry. Didn't mean to yell. It's just that I hate to see you pass on this type --

JENNA

(as she writes)
Do you like lasagna?

BILLY

What?

JENNA

Lasagna. Do you like it?

BILLY

Yeah, sure I suppose.

Jenna hands Billy the piece of paper.

JENNA

That's my home address.

BILLY

Okay...

JENNA

Be there at seven. We'll discuss it then.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Billy, Jenna and Mary Ann at the table. Plates of lasagna and salad in front of each of them.

BILLY

This is pretty damn good.

JENNA

Glad you liked it.

Billy wipes his chin with a napkin.

BILLY
So, first thing we need to do is
settle on a writing schedule.

MARY ANN
This is so exciting.

Billy gives Mary Ann a quizzical look - why would she care?

JENNA
I'm pretty open. Dwight told me to
take all the time I need.

MARY ANN
Have you decided which stories
we're going to work on first?

A shake of the head from Billy - totally confused.

BILLY
I don't mean to be rude, but --

JENNA
Mary Ann, would you mind clearing
and rinsing the plates. I want to
show Billy the storyboards.

BILLY
You have storyboards?

MARY ANN
No problem. I'll be right with you.

Mary Ann gathers some dirty plates - heads to the kitchen.

JENNA
(standing)
Come with me.

Jenna leads Billy through a small hallway into the --

DEN

And flicks on the lights revealing two-dozen Baggage
storyboards on the walls. Billy takes them in.

BILLY
Jesus Christ - Color me impressed.

JENNA
We need to talk about Mary Ann.

BILLY

Thank God. I thought it was just me. We got to find a way to get her out of here.

JENNA

I promised her she could help with this. I hope that's not a problem.

BILLY

Say what now?

JENNA

She's dreamed of being an actress her entire life. Actually, I've seen a few plays of hers and --

Billy rolls his hands in a - *get on it with it* - motion.

JENNA

When I told her about the project, it was like the air just left her. My dream was coming true and hers was still so far out of reach. I had to ask her to be a part of this. Please...?

BILLY

Ah, fuckity fuck.

Billy paces a bit before removing his phone from his pocket. He taps a contact icon, puts the phone to his ear.

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sebastian answers his phone.

SEBASTIAN

You give up already?

INTERCUT: PHONE CALL BETWEEN BILLY AND SEBASTIAN

BILLY

Did you cast the teacher in Summer Never Comes yet?

SEBASTIAN

No. We have some table reads scheduled for Thursday. Why?

BILLY

I discovered an actress out here that would be great for the role. She's gotten rave reviews at the...

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
 (cups his phone)
 Where...?

JENNA
 The junior college.

BILLY
 (back into phone)
 The Scottsboro Playhouse. Very
 prestigious.

SEBASTIAN
 What does she look like?

Mary Ann bounces into the room. Billy scans her, head to toe.

BILLY
 Average looking. Maybe could lose a
 few pounds. Perfect for the part.

Jenna slaps Billy's arm.

JENNA
 She's pretty!

BILLY
 (cupping the phone)
 Ouch!
 (to Mary Ann)
 You're a Scottsboro ten.

Mary Ann blushes, beams with pride.

SEBASTIAN
 And her name?

BILLY
 Mary Ann...
 (to Mary Ann)
 What's your last name?

MARY ANN
 Real name or stage name?

BILLY
 You have a stage name?

MARY ANN
 Margaret.

BILLY
 Your stage name is Mary Ann
 Margaret!?

Mary Ann nods.

BILLY
 (into phone)
 Mary Ann Margaret.

SEBASTIAN
 Huh... Got a ring to it.

END INTERCUT

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Billy steps away, turns his back to Jenna and Mary Ann.

BILLY
 I want to send her out for a read.
 (listening)
 C'mon, man - do me a solid here.
 (listening)
 You'll let Darlene know?
 (listening)
 Thanks. You're the best.

Billy ends the call, removes his wallet from his pocket and retrieves a business card and a wad of cash.

He hands the business card to Mary Ann.

BILLY
 First thing tomorrow call Darlene Rogers at that number. She'll make all of your travel arrangements.

MARY ANN
 I don't understand.

Billy gives her the wad of cash.

BILLY
 This should cover any incidental expenses you have. Keep whatever's left. You can pick up a copy of the script when you see Darlene in L.A.

JENNA
 What have you done?

BILLY
 Mary Ann has a table read for a supporting character in a piece of shit movie that's headed straight for streaming.

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
 (to Mary Ann - Idol style)
 You're going to Hollywood!

Mary Ann SHRIEKS with joy as she bearhugs Billy.

BILLY
 Jesus Christ. Easy now.

MARY ANN
 I got to go pack.

Jenna, a little teary-eyed, watches Mary Ann scurry off.

JENNA
 I can't believe you just made that
 happen.

BILLY
 Go help her pack. We'll start fresh
 again tomorrow.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - DEN - DAY

Jenna, squints at her computer screen with very tired eyes.

Billy slumped in a corner chair, mindlessly tosses a wadded ball of paper in the air.

BILLY
 Anything...?

JENNA
 Hold your horses... You remember
 the story with the Santa suit?

BILLY
 The suitcase had a Santa suit, an
 Elf costume and a Make A Wish
 brochure. Your story was about a
 dying girl whose Make a Wish was to
 go to the North Pole.

JENNA
 Yes - exactly. What do you think?

BILLY
 Great story. Made me cry.

JENNA
 And...?

BILLY
 We need grit, grime and crime.

Jenna returns to her keyboard - her fingers rigid and tense.

JENNA

This was a bad idea.

BILLY

Let's shake it up. Tell me about any luggage you didn't use for a story. Anything out of the ordinary?

JENNA

Let me think... We found a Muppet once. A real one - from the movie.

BILLY

No good. Intellectual property.

JENNA

We had a suitcase with a painting of a severed head.

BILLY

Now that has potential.

JENNA

I think it was John the Baptist.

BILLY

That doesn't have potential. Don't want to step on the Christians.

Jenna flutters her lips as she stares at her computer.

BILLY

Remember - grit, grime and crime.

JENNA

I don't write that!
(waves at storyboards)
I write those. You knew that.

Billy stands, approaches the storyboards on the wall. His eyes land on one entitled: *FAMILY REUNION*.

Beneath the title, pics of the suitcase contents: a BALL OF YARN, KNITTING NEEDLES, a KNITTED BABY BLANKET and a BOOK.

BILLY

I don't remember this one.

JENNA

Doesn't matter. You'd hate it. It's about a mother's desire to heal her relationship with her estranged daughter.

BILLY

You got that from a ball of yarn?

JENNA

Look at the title of the book.

Billy moves closer to the storyboard, focuses in on the book.

BILLY

(reading)

Done With The Crying: Mending Estranged Relationships.

JENNA

The story's about a woman and her daughter - bad blood between them all their lives. The daughter gets pregnant. The mother knits a baby blanket... A peace offering.

Billy makes an exaggerated fist pump.

BILLY

That's fucking it.

JENNA

We can use it?

BILLY

God, no.

JENNA

Then what was...

(feigning a fist pump)

That?

BILLY

I figured out your problem.

JENNA

You can't imagine my relief.

BILLY

We've been wasting time trying to adapt your stories based on the things you found in suitcases.

JENNA
Wasn't that kind of the point?

BILLY
When we should start by just
changing the things you found.

Billy pulls out a pen, goes to the storyboard.

BILLY
What if...

Billy strokes a large X over the self-help book.

JENNA
Hey!

BILLY
We got rid of the book and replaced
it with...
(writing on the board)
Divorce papers... And what if...

Billy draws an arrow towards the tip of the knitting needle.

BILLY
Right there was a very tiny speck
of red?

JENNA
Paint?

BILLY
Blood.

JENNA
Eww...

BILLY
An angry jilted woman was on the
flight fleeing because she murdered
her divorce-seeking husband.

JENNA
With a knitting needle?

Billy makes a forceful stabbing motion.

BILLY
Right through his eyes.

JENNA
The story title is Family Reunion.

BILLY
Right. But what if you changed it
to... Till Death Do Us Part???

JENNA
Hmm.

BILLY
Now you try one.

Jenna walks towards the storyboards on the wall - taps the one she created from Billy's Chelsea Gardens suitcase.

BILLY
Not that one.

JENNA
(ignoring Billy)
We keep the suicide note...

BILLY
You know it wasn't a suicide note.

JENNA
My turn. My rules.
(thinking)
So we have a suicide note, a blue
diamond engagement ring... And,
rather than it being in a Tiffany's
box it's... It's...
(turns towards Billy)
On a severed finger...?

Billy's eyes widen like saucers.

BILLY
Yes!

LIVING ROOM - HOURS LATER

Billy slumped on the sofa, eyes closed, pressing his fingers against his temple - headache from a long day's work.

BILLY
You did good work today.

KITCHEN

Jenna stares into an open refrigerator - nothing garnering her interest.

JENNA
I hate what I'm writing.

BILLY (O.S.)
All writers do. It's an
occupational hazard.

JENNA
So much gore.... There has to be
room for some real stories.

BILLY (O.S.)
There's not.

Jenna enters the --

LIVING ROOM

JENNA
There has to be.

BILLY
What's the most popular form of art
in the world?

JENNA
What does that have to with --

BILLY
Just guess. What do you think?

JENNA
I don't know... Impressionist?

BILLY
Cartoons. It's why newspapers are
filled with them rather than
reprints of Monet's.

JENNA
Your point?

BILLY
Some writers only write what they
like. We call them broke writers.
Some writers write what people
want. We call them rich writers.
Right now people want --

JENNA
Grit, grime and crime...

Billy nods. Jenna looks back towards the kitchen.

JENNA
How does a burger and a beer sound?

INT. SCOOTERS BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Bobby Joe and Colton at the end of the bar watching a hockey game with the Bartender.

Billy and Jenna stroll in.

BOBBY JOE
Hey, Jenna.

COLTON
Billy boy!

BILLY
I'll buy all your drinks as long as
you promise to stay there.

COLTON
Hell yeah!

BOBBY JOE
Throw in some burgers?

Billy reaches in his pocket, finds a credit card, flings it towards the Bartender who snatches it out of the air.

BILLY
I don't care how much. Just keep
them there.

AT A CORNER BOOTH - LATER

Two beers in front of Billy and Jenna. To the side, two plates with the last remnants of their burger and fries.

Jenna's looking at a glamorous PICTURE OF HEATHER MONROE on Billy's smartphone.

BILLY
Heather Monroe - although that's
not her real name.

JENNA
(heavy sarcasm)
No...

One more look at the picture and Jenna slides the phone back to Billy - inadvertently raising her eyebrows.

BILLY
What?

JENNA
Nothing.

BILLY
You had that look on your face.

JENNA
What look?

BILLY
One of those God-damn judgment
looks. Spill it.

Jenna takes a sip of beer - hesitates.

JENNA
You never thought you were a bit
over your skis?

BILLY
Meaning?

JENNA
She's twenty-something and gorgeous
and you're... I really don't want
to do this.

BILLY
I'm what!?

JENNA
Much older and... Average looking.

BILLY
Average?

JENNA
It's not an insult. I'm average.
Maybe even more so. Wait a minute,
not sure you can technically be
more average. You know since
average by definition means that --

BILLY
I get it.

A clumsy moment of silence.

JENNA
It could be why you took the
rejection so hard. It eroded your
self-esteem.

BILLY
I have a boatload of self-esteem.

JENNA
You have a veneer of self-esteem.

BILLY
 You think I have no self-esteem
 just because I had my heart broken
 by a twenty-two-year-old!?

JENNA
 No.

BILLY
 Then?

BILLY JENNA
 I think you have no self-esteem
 because you felt the need to be
 with a twenty-two year-old in the
 first place.

Billy slumps back in his seat - takes this in.

BILLY
 She was almost twenty-three.

INT. ECONO LODGE - HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Billy, bath towel wrapped around his waist, phone to ear -
 stares at his reflection in the mirror.

He uses a fingertip in a failed attempt to smooth out
 crowfeet wrinkles around his eyes.

SUPER: THIRTEEN DAYS LATER

BILLY
 (into phone)
 How would you describe me?

SEBASTIAN (V.O.)
 (filtered thru phone)
 A bit of an ass.

BILLY
 I mean physically.

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sebastian at his desk, a pile of scripts in front of him.

SEBASTIAN
 (into phone)
 Why?

INTERCUT BETWEEN SEBASTIAN AND BILLY

BILLY
Jenna said I was average looking.

SEBASTIAN
Probably just being kind.

BILLY
Fuck off. Billy enters the --

BEDROOM

Goes to the closet - ponders over a shirt.

SEBASTIAN
I'm going to email you the scripts
from Holmes and Janssen. They're
real solid.

BILLY
Jenna's going to knock the last one
out today. Hers will be better.

SEBASTIAN
We both need to agree.

BILLY
Yeah. Yeah. Anything else?

A long pause as Billy ponders over slacks.

SEBASTIAN
You don't want to talk about it?

BILLY
It?

SEBASTIAN
Christ...

BILLY
What?

SEBASTIAN
I just assumed you heard. There was
a press release.

BILLY
You got fucking cancer or
something?

SEBASTIAN

No. At least I don't think so.
Although I'm due for a physical
pretty --

BILLY

I will fly out now and choke you to
death if you don't get to the
fucking point.

SEBASTIAN

Ethan and Heather broke up. It was
all over TMZ.

Billy plops down on the bed - wheels are spinning.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - DEN - DUSK

Billy hovers over Jenna as she taps her keyboard.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Nearly two weeks together and
they're about to knock out their
tenth episode of Baggage Stories.
Something about a tattoo gun kit
and handcuffs... Just thinking
about it gives me the creeps.

Jenna stands up from the desk, raises her arms in triumph.

JENNA

Done!

She and Billy exchange a high-five and then a hug - one that
lingers just a moment too long.

JENNA

(breaking the embrace)
I didn't think I could do this.
Thank you for all --

BILLY

We should get the scripts emailed
to Sebastian. I want him to have
read them by the time I land.

JENNA

Yeah... right.
(re: her computer)
Help yourself.

Jenna arches her back to relieve the strain as Bill takes a
seat at the desk - logs in to his email account.

BILLY
 (as he types)
 Dear Fuck Face. I am attaching the
 best grit, grime and crime scripts
 you will ever read.

JENNA
 (with glee)
 You got to copy me on that.

Billy nods.

BILLY
 (as he types)
 Written by the newest literary
 sensation... Jenna Atkins. See you
 soon. Billy.

EXT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Classic Southern wooden back porch overlooking an unfenced,
 unmanicured backyard.

Billy and Jenna gently rock in wooden chairs as they sip iced
 teas and look out at a million sparkling stars.

BILLY
 I wish I didn't have to leave
 tomorrow.... There's just something
 about this place. I can't quite put
 my finger on it. I don't feel the
 anger when I'm here.

JENNA
 Tell me, Billy Bunker, why are you
 an angry man?

BILLY
 You've been playing shrink since
 I've met you. You tell me.

JENNA
 Unprocessed grief.

BILLY
 Christ, I was kidding.

JENNA
 Fair enough.

A moment of anticipatory silence.

BILLY

Well, you can't stop now. You've crossed the Rubicon.

JENNA

You went straight from your parents dying to a foster home.

BILLY

How do you know --

JENNA

Google. You do know you're famous?

Billy gives her the - *get on with it* - motion.

JENNA

More often than not, chronic anger is the residue of unresolved grief. You were very young. No family to help. No comfort. Then dumped right into --

BILLY

You're way off.

JENNA

Okay...

Billy rocks with a bit more vigor - anxious.

BILLY

When we were at that restaurant - the one on the lake. You said... What was it...? *Billy you can beat the anger stuff... Believe me. I know.*

JENNA

I remember.

BILLY

What did you mean by... I know?

JENNA

I meant I'm an expert in the area.
(standing)
Come with me.

INT. JENNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Typical, other than a single STORYBOARD on the wall entitled: *FALLEN*. At the top, an AMERICAN FLAG, folded in a triangle, military-style, encased in a cherry wood frame. Beneath it:

- A PURPLE CROSS
- A FRAMED PHOTO OF PETER ATKINS - IN A MARINE UNIFORM
- A FRAMED PHOTO OF PETER WITH HIS COMRADES IN KABUL
- PETER'S DOG TAGS
- SEVERAL PHOTOS OF PERSONAL ITEMS (WATCH, RING, ROSARY)
- A LETTER FROM PETER TO JENNA

Jenna approaches the storyboard, glides her hand over it.

JENNA

Have you ever wondered how the military packs up the personal belongings of fallen soldiers?

Billy shakes his head.

JENNA

It's a very ceremonial process. Almost like a religious ritual. It's all done at a base in Arlington. They start with the clothing. Each item is cleaned, I mean really cleaned. They remove every speck of blood and soil. Then they're pressed and folded. Then wrapped tightly with layers of packaging paper and bubble wrap - like it was fine China. After that, it's placed into a footlocker. One that is meant for shipping. Then the jewelry...

Jenna stares at the storyboard, wipes a tear from the corner of her eye.

JENNA

Weddings rings, watches, all placed into these small decorative pouches, inscribed with the soldier's service branch. Other personal items, you know, Bibles, letters, family photos, things like that, are all placed at the top of the footlocker so that they're the first things the families see. They go through all that care and protocol because they really want the families to know that they cared about their loved ones... You know what my first thought was when I opened the box?

BILLY

I can't imagine.

JENNA

I thought, you bastards. You should have cared as much about keeping my husband alive as you did about his fucking personal belongings. I was angry. At everyone and everything. For a very, very long time.

Silence as Jenna stares at the storyboard. Finally, she turns around - faces Billy.

JENNA

Unprocessed grief.

BILLY

What did you do? I mean how did --

JENNA

I put it all down on paper. Just let all the rage out.

BILLY

Not sure I understand.

JENNA

My husband's footlocker was my first baggage story.

BILLY

I would have remembered reading --

JENNA

I never posted it. Actually. I never planned on writing another. Then, I moved to Scottsboro. Got a job at the Baggage Center. And well, here we are.

BILLY

Let me read it.

JENNA

You don't need to read my story.

Jenna leans in, gives Billy a gentle kiss on the cheek.

JENNA

You need to write your own.

Billy returns Jenna's kiss. But his lands on her lips.

DISSOLVE TO.

OVER BLACK

The ROAR of a jet engine throttling down for a landing.

INT. LOS ANGELES - LAX AIRPORT - BAGGAGE AREA - MORNING

A Chelsea Garden suitcase slides down a metal chute to an awaiting carousel.

A BUSINESSMAN grabs the suitcase, hoists it to the floor.

BILLY (O.S.)
I believe that's mine. Check the tag.

The Businessman does. It reads: *BILLY BUNKER, 213-555-1212*

BUSINESSMAN
My mistake.

BILLY
That's why I always use a tag.

Billy grabs the bag, extends the custom-made handle, points at the bottom of the suitcase.

BILLY
Bet yours doesn't have wheels.

Billy smiles - strolls away, his suitcase rolling smoothly behind him. The Business Man watches with envy.

BUSINESSMAN
Nice...

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - LOBBY - DAY

Darlene at her console, laser-focused on her computer.

The lobby door opens and in strolls Billy. He waits for Darlene to look up - no dice. He gives her a WHISTLE.

DARLENE
Yes, I see that you're back.
(sarcastically)
I missed you with all my heart.

BILLY
That's better.

Billy heads for his office.

DARLENE
I have a surprise waiting for you.

BILLY
Rats and roaches no doubt.

Billy enters --

BILLY'S OFFICE

HEATHER (O.S.)
Hello, Billy.

BILLY
Jesus Christ!

Billy jolts back as he spots Heather sitting in a corner chair. She appears nervous - tentative.

DARLENE (O.S.)
Were you surprised?

Billy sneers towards the lobby.

BILLY
What do you want?

HEATHER
We need to talk.

BILLY
Do we? Do we really?

HEATHER
It's important.

BILLY
Important? Why didn't you just say so? I had no idea it was important.

Billy plops in his desk chair, shows his phone to Heather.

BILLY
All I got was fucking voicemails when I needed to talk to you about things that were important.

Sebastian appears in the doorway. He can only see Billy. Heather, sitting in the corner, is out of his view.

SEBASTIAN
You get my email - about the scripts?

Billy points towards the corner. Sebastian leans his head in.

SEBASTIAN
Oh... Hi, Heather.

Heather gives him a dainty little wave.

SEBASTIAN
I heard you were cast for that TV
pilot about the female Navy Seals.

BILLY
Dude, seriously?

Sebastian taps his forehead - he gets it.

SEBASTIAN
See me when you can.

Sebastian gives Heather a little wave bye-bye and leaves.

HEATHER
We do need to talk. Can you meet me
at Chateau Marmonts, say five-ish?

BILLY
Say fuck no-ish.

HEATHER
Billy, please. I promise - I won't
ever bother you again.

EXT. HUNTSVILLE ALABAMA AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jenna and an exuberant Mary Ann, pulling her luggage, make
their way towards Jenna's car.

MARY ANN
Oh, and I also saw Matt Damon on
the lot. I thought maybe they're
making a sequel to The Martian. You
know, because of all the rover
stuff in the news now.

An incredulous Jenna looks at Mary Ann as she pops open the
trunk of her car.

JENNA
Not really a sequel-type movie.

Mary Ann plops in her suitcase as Jenna checks her phone.

JENNA
Sebastian Jones...?

MARY ANN
What's that?

JENNA
Nothing... Just an email.

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - BILLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Heather's gone. Billy taps the keys of his computer - cracks his knuckles and looks at his screen.

BILLY
No... No!

LOBBY
Billy marches past Darlene to --

SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE

And bursts in.

BILLY
You fucking hit reply all!

SEBASTIAN
What?

BILLY
Jenna was cc'd on the email I sent you. She got your response.

Sebastian swivels around - checks his computer.

SEBASTIAN
Huh... You're right. You probably shouldn't have copied her on yours.

LOBBY - SAME TIME

Darlene at her console minding her business.

BILLY (O.S.)
Arrrrggghhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!

Billy storms out from Sebastian's office back towards his.

BILLY
I need you to get her on the phone.

DARLENE
Heather?

BILLY
Jenna!

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Jenna sips from a wine glass as she ponders an opened email on her computer screen. It reads:

*TO: Billy Bunker, Jenna Atkins
FROM: Sebastian Jones.
SUBJECT: Baggage Stories*

Attached are the scripts from Holmes and Janssen. Give them a read. Sorry - they're much better than Atkins's.

Jenna clicks on the attachment - opens one of the scripts. Just as she does --

Her phone vibrates. Jenna glances at the Caller ID: "BILLY."

She swipes END CALL, returns to the computer.

EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT'S - VALET AREA - DUSK

A silver MERCEDES pulls up. A VALET approaches and opens the driver-side door. Billy, staring at his phone, steps out.

BILLY
C'mon, pick up.... Damn it.

Billy pockets his phone - scans the area.

Two REPORTERS are perched next to an ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY NEWS VAN. Just feet away - a TMZ REPORTER and a CAMERAMAN.

BILLY
(at the Valet)
Did a Kardashian die inside?

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT'S - BAR AREA - DUSK

Heather, dressed to the nines, in a corner booth. Billy arrives, slides in.

HEATHER
Would you'd like a drink?

BILLY
I've had a horrible day. Get to the point. Why am I here?

Heather plays with the stem of her wineglass - hesitates.

HEATHER
I'm writing an autobiography.

BILLY

That's rich. An autobiography?
What? About your year in Hollywood?

HEATHER

And other stuff... Don't be mean.

BILLY

What could you possibly have to
write about? You're twenty-fucking-
two.

HEATHER

Twenty-three now.

BILLY

Oh, well there's a lifetime of
wisdom then... Heather, no one is
going to be interested in --

HEATHER

I've already gotten the advance.

BILLY

Say what now?

HEATHER

Three-hundred thousand dollars.

Billy's jaw drops - speechless. Heather places a MANILA
FOLDER on the table and slides it towards Billy.

HEATHER

My publisher wants you to sign a
release. You're chapter four - and
part of chapter eight.

BILLY

I'm not signing anything.

HEATHER

Billy, there aren't any legal
issues for you. Just maybe... Some,
embarrassment.

BILLY

Embarrassment?

HEATHER

It's going to be very candid. You
know, personal details.

Billy grabs Heather's wine glass, gulps it all back.

BILLY
Fuck off, Heather.

Billy stands, heads for the door.

HEATHER
Why do you make everything so hard?
(weepy)
Please, stop hating me.

Billy freezes... turns back towards Heather.

A big exhale and he's back at the booth, motioning for Heather to give him the release forms.

She slides them across the table, along with a pen. Billy scribbles his signature on the form in lightning speed.

BILLY
Embarrass me to your heart's
desire. God knows I deserve it.

Heather's tears evaporate as quickly as they came.

HEATHER
Thank you.

Heather stands, strolls towards the entrance doors.

The moment she opens the door, she's greeted with a throng of Reporters and Cameramen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Alas, it was Heather who alerted
the media to be there... Buzz for
the book.

REPORTER ONE
Heather, is it true that you and
Billy Bunker are getting back
together?

HEATHER
Please, it's a private matter.

REPORTER TWO
What about Ethan?

HEATHER
No comment.

REPORTER ONE
When will your book --

The door closes as Heather exits outside into the midst of the media swarm.

BILLY
You clever, clever, girl.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary Ann slumped on the couch, mindlessly scrolling through channels on the TV.

MARY ANN
You sure you don't want to go to dinner with me and Dwight?

DEN

Jenna at the computer - closes the script she was reading.

JENNA
I'm not really up for it. Okay...?

MARY ANN (O.S.)
Not a problem... Holy crap!

Jenna heads for the door and enters the --

LIVING ROOM

Spots Mary Ann, mouth agape - staring at the TV.

ON THE TV --

A split screen. Heather Monroe on one side, Billy Bunker on the other. The BANNER underneath reads: "REUNITED???"

That screen fades to a shot of Heather exiting the front door of Marmonts.

REPORTER ONE (V.O.)
Heather, is it true that you and Billy Bunker are getting back together?

HEATHER (V.O.)
Please, it's a private matter.

Jenna picks up the remote - clicks off the TV.

MARY ANN
What?

JENNA
I've been such a fool...

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - BILLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Everyone's gone - after hours.

Billy, slumped in his chair, phone in his lap - eyes closed.
He raises his phone, robotically hits the call button.

JENNA (V.O.)
(filtered - thru phone)
This is Jenna. I can't come to the
phone right now. Please leave --

Billy taps the end call icon - immediately followed by
tapping the call icon.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenna propped up in bed, focused on the ringing phone on her
nightstand. Caller ID: BILLY.

She picks it up - takes a deep breath.

JENNA
I don't want to talk to you.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BILLY AND JENNA

Billy jumps up from his chair.

BILLY
I swear to God, if you hang up, I'm
taking the next flight out --

JENNA
You lied to me. You didn't tell me
you had other writers working on
the series.

BILLY
Lie's a bit strong.

JENNA
What!?

BILLY
I never specifically said there
weren't other writers.

JENNA
You really give yourself liberties,
don't you?

BILLY
 Jenna, it wasn't a choice. They
 were already under contract --

JENNA
 Then why get me involved at all?

Billy paces - hesitates.

BILLY
 Because your stories were special.
 They moved me. Honest.

JENNA
 But we really didn't use my stories
 - did we?

BILLY
 No...

Jenna presses her phone to her chest, wipes a tear from her
 eye - contemplates hanging up - doesn't.

JENNA
 Was I just a backup plan for you?

BILLY
 I'm sorry, Jenna. You weren't
 supposed to get that email. Truth
 is, Sebastian and I are still
 debating which scripts --

JENNA
 I don't care about the damn
 scripts.

BILLY
 What?

JENNA
 I need to go. Don't call me
 anymore. And for God's sake, don't
 come out. Please - promise me that.

BILLY
 What about --

Jenna ends the call - buries her head in her hands.

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jenna, Dwight and Colton opening luggage at the center table.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

Jenna opens a suitcase. Buried beneath several items of men's clothing she finds an antique porcelain doll.

JENNA

Hmm.

(at Dwight)

Can I use this one?

Dwight nods. Jenna puts the doll back in the suitcase, closes it and sets it aside.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jenna returned to her normal life.

INT. NETFLIX OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Netflix Executive and a panel of LAWYERS on one side of the table. Billy and Sebastian on the other.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As Billy returned to his.

EXECUTIVE

The scripts looked real solid. I believe we are good to go.

The Executive slides a contract towards Billy and Sebastian.

EXECUTIVE

All that's left is your signatures.

Sebastian scribbles his signature on the contract, moves it towards Billy. His pen hovers over the contract, then --

Billy slides it back.

BILLY

I can't.

SEBASTIAN

Billy...?

Billy stands.

BILLY

Sorry, Sebastian. I'll make it up to you. I promise. Even if it's out of my own pocket.

(at the Executive)

It's the wrong fucking genre, you moron.

Billy heads for the door.

EXECUTIVE

You know we can make the series
without you.

BILLY

That's what lawsuits are for...

A fit-to-be-tied Executive and a dumbfounded Sebastian stare
at the door as it closes behind Billy.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Perhaps Billy didn't return normal
after all.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT.

Jenna at her computer. The contents of the suitcase with the
antique porcelain doll next to her.

She cracks her knuckles, stretches her back - starts typing.

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - BILLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Billy's lip quivers as he reads a story on his computer from
Jenna's Baggage Stories blog titled: *MY HUSBAND'S FOOTLOCKER*.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jenna finally posted her story.

MOMENTS LATER

Billy stands in the frame of his opened office door looking
towards the Lobby.

BILLY

Darlene...

LOBBY DESK

Darlene looks up from her computer, spots the red-eyed Billy.

DARLENE

Scottsboro...?

BILLY (O.S.)

Yes please...

EXT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Billy chuffs like a locomotive towards the front door.

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - STORE AREA - DAY

Billy makes a beeline straight to the cashier counter and grabs the store microphone.

BILLY
 (thru store speakers)
 Attention, attention. Can I have
 your attention please?

Various CUSTOMERS look towards Billy. Bobby Joe appears from around the corner.

BILLY
 Hey, Hulk - I'll just be a sec.

Bobby Joe nods like this is now normal.

BILLY
 (thru store speakers)
 I'm looking for an incredibly
 stubborn and pig-headed forty-year-
 old woman. She has freckles...

Dwight approaches as now more Customers gather.

BILLY
 (thru store speakers)
 Wears glasses. Sometimes wears her
 hair in a ponytail. If anyone has
 seen someone fitting --

Jenna appears.

BILLY
 Jenna.

JENNA
 (at Bobby Joe)
 Taze him.

Bobby Joe goes for the his holster.

BILLY
 No! No! Just give me a minute.

Bobby Joe looks towards Jenna - she nods an okay.

BILLY
 Why did you give up?

JENNA
 That's not really the right
 question, is it, Billy?

Rumbles from the customers - a confrontation is afoot.

BILLY
What...?

JENNA
The real question is why did you
ever come out here in the first
place?

BILLY
To get my luggage...?

JENNA
Not what I fucking meant!

BILLY
No need for that kind of language.
There are customers here.

Billy points at the Customers. They wave him off.

JENNA
Tell everyone. Why you came out
here. Why you wanted to write with
me. Say it!

BILLY
Because... Really? You want to do
this here? In front of everyone?

JENNA
You came out here because --

JENNA
You needed a distraction!

BILLY
I think I love you!

Dead silence - you could hear a pin drop.

EXT. BAGGAGE CENTER - DAY

Billy paces as Jenna, leans against the exterior wall.

BILLY
Okay, okay, you're right. I
shouldn't have just blurted that
out in the store. I'm sorry.
(off Jenna's nod)
What did you mean - distraction?
From what?

JENNA
Heather Monroe.

BILLY

What?

JENNA

I get it. She broke your heart and you were grasping at straws. But I can't be anybody's straw and I'm far too old to be the girl in any port.

BILLY

Please, start making sense.

JENNA

I saw the report on TV. As soon as you got back to L.A, you were together again.

BILLY

No - no. We met because she's writing a book - needed me to sign a waiver. She lured me to that restaurant as a publicity stunt.

Dead silence as Jenna takes this in.

JENNA

Oh...

BILLY

Wait. You thought that we --

JENNA

Maybe.

BILLY

Aha!

JENNA

What?

BILLY

I just caught you caring about me.

Jenna looks off - she was caught.

BILLY

Listen. I know I rush things. It's my nature. But there could be something here - right?

(nearing)

I swear to God the only time I have felt content in the last three decades is when I am out here...

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
 with you. Maybe I'm an idiot. Maybe
 that's not love. But I want to find
 out and I don't give a fuck about
 your baggage.

JENNA
 That's unfortunate.

BILLY
 Why...?

JENNA
 I could care about yours.

BEGIN MONTAGE - A NEW LIFE

- SCOOTERS BAR & GRILL

Jenna, Billy, Dwight and Mary Ann in a booth enjoying burgers
 and beers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Billy Bunker and Jenna Atkins
 decided to give it a chance. He
 came out to Scottsboro every other
 weekend.

Jenna reaches over, clasps her hand on Billy's.

- SCOTSBORO LAKE

Tons of RVs, boats and trailers pepper the perimeter of the
 lake. A large banner reads: *WELCOME TO THE BASSMASTER SERIES
 FISHING TOURNAMENT.*

Lakeside, Jenna and Mary Ann laugh as they watch Billy,
 Dwight and Colton struggle with launching a bass fishing boat
 into the water.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 He even took up fishing.

- ROCK ZOO

Jenna and Bill stroll hand in hand through the Rock Zoo,
 stopping to take in the very odd rock formations poorly
 painted to look like animals. They are pretty hideous.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 I have no explanation for this.

- SCOTTSBORO COMMUNITY THEATER

An old warehouse renovated into an art-deco-style community theater.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And he opened a community theater
there. Mary Ann, of course, was its
shiniest star.

INT. BILLY'S SCOTTSBORO HOME - NIGHT

A warm comfy place. Billy's arm wrapped around Jenna.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And bought a house. Even an Econo
Lodge can lose its appeal.

Billy points a remote at the TV.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Netflix sued Billy. Billy sued
Netflix. They settled out of court.
That cost Billy two million
dollars.

The TV comes to life. On the screen:

THE LIFETIME CHANNEL PRESENTS: BAGGAGE STORIES

Billy and Jenna snuggle closer as the show starts.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Billy and Sebastian sold the rights
to Baggage Stories to the Lifetime
channel for ten million dollars.

Sebastian was very pleased.

The lights in the room dim.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
As was Jenna. This time... They
were her stories.

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jenna, Dwight and Colton processing luggage at the center table.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Jenna still works at the center,
still looking for new stories.

Jenna opens a suitcase. Buried under a pile of folded maid uniforms - a hardcover novel.

Jenna holds up the novel and smiles as she reads the novel's title: *MY LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD: THE HEATHER MONROE STORY*.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Not exactly a best seller.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SCOTTSBORO - DAY

Billy and Jenna, hand in hand, stroll down the sidewalk each licking an ice cream cone.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Who knows if they will end up
together. Life is unpredictable.

Billy stops, removes a dab of ice-cream from the corner of Jenna's lips.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
What is certain, for the first time
in his life, unlike lost baggage...

Billy gives Jenna a kiss on the cheek - they stroll on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Billy Bunker did not feel
unclaimed.

FADE OUT.