

BAGGAGE

Written By

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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 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 occasion...

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 - DAY

BILLY BUNKER (45), Armani suit, alligator-skin shoes, diamond pinky ring, paces back and forth like an agitated cat.

A Bluetooth headset rests atop his thinning hair.

Everything about him screams wealth and ego - other than what's on his wrist: A cheap and very worn --

MICKY MOUSE WRISTWATCH - CIRCA 1990.

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 fucking thing before the first table read.

(listening)

Well, he ain't exactly Brad Pitt now, 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... Please, just get her
back.

Billy slumps in his oversized chair - props his feet on the corner of his desk. As he waits --

His eyes are numb, disinterested as he scans one wall filled with pictures of him with the Hollywood elite. Then --

He smiles as his focus shifts to another wall - crammed with framed photos of Billy with HEATHER MONROE (22), a blonde beauty. The wall looks like a shrine to their relationship.

DARLENE (O.S.)
She's on the line now.

Billy perks up like a kid on Christmas morning - taps his Bluetooth headset.

BILLY
Hey, you.

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
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 blissful, oblivious 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...

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

BILLY

Love you too... Hello...?

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - LOBBY AREA - MOMENTS LATER

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

BILLY

My flight still on schedule?

DARLENE

Departs at six-thirty. Traffic will
be especially congested. Plan
accordingly.

Darlene slides an envelope towards Billy.

DARLENE

Here are some 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 - 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.... Hey, good news.
Heather and I are getting married.

This gets Sebastian's attention.

BILLY

I finally found the right ring. I'm
picking it up 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 MICKEY MOUSE WATCH.

BILLY
Gotta go.

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

Billy eagerly watches as an --

Impeccably dressed, silver-haired SALESMAN places a velvet jewelry box on a glass counter.

SALESMAN
As promised, we finally found it.

The Salesman opens the lid revealing a -
BLUE DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING.

SALESMAN
An exquisite choice, Sir.

Billy plucks the ring from the box, holds it up to the light - admires the twinkle.

BILLY

Perfect...

(handing the ring back)
Worth the six months I spent
looking for it.

SALESMAN

She must be a very special lady.

BILLY

(re: the ring)
This really shows that... Right?

SALESMAN

It certainly demonstrates how much
you value her.

BILLY

I still gotta find the right
words... You're kind of in the
engagement business. 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

They must come from your heart,
Sir. Not mine... They'll come.

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

A TV plays as Billy, clad only in his underwear, 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 darts over to a credenza, grabs pen and paper and writes --

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

BILLY
That's fucking perfect!

Billy folds the note, sets it inside the Tiffany Jewelry Box holding the blue diamond.

He tosses the jewelry box on the bed, Billy not noticing that it bounced into the suitcase.

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

Billy sets the Chelsea Garden suitcase on the scale as a BALD CLERK (30) feverishly taps the keys of a computer.

Billy runs a hand through his thinning hair - 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, hoisting his phone aloft - desperately looking for a signal.

He bumps other passengers as he hustles across the floor.

BILLY

Excuse me... Emergency...

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 Porter reaches an overhead sign: UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE.

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

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.)
Unclaimed baggage is stored here
for sixty days. After that...

INT. CARGO TRUCK - REAR 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 maneuvers through the parking lot - circles around to the rear of the building.

A metallic door screeches open, revealing a --

WAREHOUSE

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

The TRUCK DRIVER hops out from the cab, strolls to the rear - raises the truck's cargo door.

Emmett approaches the truck along with --

COLTON FENDERS (65), grizzled, unruly gray hair. 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.

Emmett checks his clipboard.

EMMETT

Correct.

Emmett turns his head towards the interior of the warehouse.

EMMETT

Sorry, Jenna - looks like overtime.

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), hair pulled back in a ponytail, comfy sweater - no frills. A creative, intelligent, woman who's somehow content with a menial job - sorting lost luggage.

Jenna meticulously inspects each item as she removes them from the suitcase, then tosses them into the applicable bin --

- A MAN'S WATCH tossed into a bin labeled: *RESELL*.

- A pair of WORN TENNIS SHOES into a bin labeled: *CHARITY*.
- A TATTERED PAPERBACK BOOK into a bin labeled: *RECYCLE*.

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.

LATER THAT DAY - CLOSING TIME

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

Emmett wipes sweat from his brow.

EMMETT
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 Emmett.

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

EMMETT
Of course you would.

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

JENNA
Emmett, 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.

Furnished only with a desk, a computer and a 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...
More than a hundred of them.

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But this one will be the only one
that changes her life...

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. In it, 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 turn sad.

JENNA
Suicidal...?

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.

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
Or sad... I think she said no.

Jenna dabs a tear in her eye - this stuff really gets her.

MARY ANN
C'mon - get some dinner with me.
You spend too much time writing.

JENNA
Instead of...?

MARY ANN
Living.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Jenna, leans back in her chair, contemplates as she stares at
her computer screen. On it --

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

Jenna takes a long look at the contents of the Chelsea suitcase spread out on the folding table.

She leans forward - taps the keyboard.

JENNNA (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 a
 promise...*

INT. LOS ANGELES - HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

Billy's eyes flutter - just coming to.

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

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.

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

EMMETT
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 Emmett.

EMMETT
(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 Emmett 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.

Emmett picks up the Chelsea suitcase.

EMMETT
(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 scoop 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.

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 hustles in, checks the monitor readings.

NURSE
Everything okay, Mr. Bunker?

Billy ignores her - taps the HEATHER call icon on the phone.

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 - then buries his head in his hands.

NURSE
Sir...?

BILLY
(sobbing)
She was my life.

The concerned Nurse looks to Sebastian for guidance.

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

BILLY
(still sobbing)
Now she's a whore.

NURSE
(at Sebastian)
They're going to keep him here a
few more days for observation.

SEBASTIAN
I don't envy them.

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, tosses it in his shopping cart.

JEWELRY COUNTER

A SALESLERK stands at attention behind a glass counter as a WOMAN ogles Billy's blue diamond engagement ring.

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 towards --

BILLY'S OFFICE

Whistling a cheery tune, he places the potted plant near the window, fluffs its leaves. Then --

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

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)

The prodigal son has returned.

Sebastian's at the door, coffee cup in hand.

BILLY

Perfect. I needed to talk to you.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, me too. There's a prob --

BILLY

No, no - me first.

Billy darts over, gently 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 bearhugs Sebastian, nearly spilling his coffee.

SEBASTIAN

What did you do with Billy Bunker?

Billy breaks the embrace.

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. 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. And I'm going to get Heather back. Nothing can stop me.

SEBASTIAN
Her marriage...?

BILLY
Just a small bump in the --

Billy freezes as he eyes the wall that once contained the framed photos of him with Heather. They've been taken down.

BILLY
What the fuck happened to my pictures?

SEBASTIAN
I had Darlene take them down... I just thought that the last thing you needed to see was --

BILLY
Have her put them back up. I know you meant well, but that's my future fiancé.

SEBASTIAN
Ethan Hunter's current one...

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

No worries. I'll call the airline.
Now, what did you want to tell me?

Sebastian hesitates, fumbles with his coffee cup.

SEBASTIAN

We're a bit strapped for cash.

BILLY

That's impossible. We were rolling in it before I --

SEBASTIAN

My Best Friend's Funeral - bombed.

BILLY

How bad...?

SEBASTIAN

Think nuclear... And we've got two other projects way over budget, a lawsuit for a copyright claim on --

BILLY

Is there any good news?

SEBASTIAN

Netflix wants us to produce a series. Five million up-front... If they greenlight it.

BILLY

Problem solved. Anything I can do?

SEBASTIAN

Come up with a series.

BILLY

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, briefcase in hand, looms at Darlene's desk.

DARLENE

Paramount at two and you're meeting
 Jacobs 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 his office.

SEBASTIAN

(leaving - at Darlene)
 Oh, I almost forgot. He wants the
 pictures back up on his wall.

BILLY'S OFFICE

Pacing like a caged lion.

BILLY

God damn incompetent thieves.

He stops - takes deep relaxing breaths.

BILLY
 No... New Billy... New Billy...
 Find your peace... Find your
 peace.... It's just a suitcase.

Billy returns to his desk - taps his computer keyboard.

The GOOGLE SEARCH BAR fills with: *Chelsea Garden Suitcase.*

Billy taps the enter key bringing the search results to the screen. The first two links are ads for suitcases. The third link is entitled --

BAGGAGE STORIES - UNREQUITED.

Billy clicks it... His eyes widen as he reads it.

BILLY
 What the fuck!?

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Colton sweeps dust from the concrete floor as Jenna sorts items at the baggage table.

Emmett's on a wall-mounted, landline phone.

EMMETT
 (into phone)
 I'm sorry, Sir. There's really
 nothing I can do.
 (listening...)
 Screaming at me is not going to
 change anything.

Emmett extends the receiver away from his ear.

BILLY (V.O.)
 (filtered - thru phone)
 That's my fucking suitcase! Mine!!!
 And I'll fucking --

CLICK - Emmett ends the call, cradles the receiver.

JENNA
 Who was that?

EMMETT
 Some nutjob from L.A.

A HONK of a car horn draws everyone's focus 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.

EMMETT
Jenna... Um.... Just wondering -
you ever get a chance to ask Mary
Ann if she'd be interested in going
out with me?

JENNA
Not yet. I will. Promise.

COLTON
Jesus Christ.

EMMETT
What?

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

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

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 Emmett sometime?

Dead silence. Emmett cowers like an embarrassed schoolboy.

MARY ANN (O.S.)
Not so much... Okay?

COLTON
Not a problem.
(at Emmett)
See - how hard was that?

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

EMMETT
It seemed incredibly hard...

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT RESTAURANT - 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 FREEWAY (TRAVELLING) - DUSK

Billy in the backseat, phone to his ear - several printed
pages from Jenna's blog in his lap.

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

PHONE CALL INTERCUT - BILLY AND SEBASTIAN

SEBASTIAN
Say again...?

BILLY
Scottsboro - just outside the
Appalachian Mountains. Think blind
albinos playing banjos.

SEBASTIAN
You're not making any sense.

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

SEBASTIAN
Why not just call them?

BILLY
I did fucking call them! They hung
up on me!

SEBASTIAN

Wait... How do you know they have your luggage in the first place?

BILLY

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

SEBASTIAN

I'm lost.

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

We can just have Legal send a --

BILLY

Not a chance! This is personal now. Those were private thoughts... I've been violated.

SEBASTIAN

Violated is a little strong...

BILLY

And I'm going to get my ring back from those fucking thieves and put it on the finger of the woman I love!

Billy ends the call.

SEBASTIAN
 You can't just take off. We've got
 the Netflix project.... Billy...?

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS CABIN - NIGHT

The Red-eye flight - cabin lights all dimmed. Billy, sleep mask on, reclines in a luxurious seat.

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
 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 eyeballing a CLERK tapping 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.

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

Raining cats and dogs.

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

Other cars and semi-trucks zoom by Billy with ease - folks used to driving in sub-optimal conditions.

A HONK of a car horn from behind Billy. Billy glances at the rearview mirror. All he can make out is 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 grimaces at the rearview mirror - blue and red flashing lights.

NISSAN VERSA - SHOULDER OF THE HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A PATROL OFFICER looms outside 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
Kind of...

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 Emmett.

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

BILLY
Jenna Atkins.

EMMETT
Pardon?

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

EMMETT
You know Jenna...?

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

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
I'm pretty God damn sure you do.

EMMETT
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 storms towards the bowels of the store. Jenna and
Emmett hustle behind him.

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!
(turns towards Jenna)
All sold, huh?

CUSTOMERS start to gather to see what the ruckus is about. Emmett removes a walkie-talkie radio from a hip-holster.

EMMETT
(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 insane!? 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...

BILLY
And what!?

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 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?

EMMETT

That's enough.

JENNA

Only if you want it.

Billy raises the suitcase.

BILLY

I'm taking it.

EMMETT

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 suitcase?

EMMETT

Barney...? Our Sheriff's name is
Buford.

BILLY

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

EMMETT

(to Jenna)

You know a Bubba or Huck?

Jenna shakes her head. Billy lifts the suitcase again.

BILLY

I'm taking this. Where's the ring?

Security guard, BOBBY JOE (25), a huge man, thick as a
refrigerator, creeps up behind Billy. 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.

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

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. It had
your phone and wallet inside. I
thought you might need them.

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

Buford forcefully flicks his finger against Billy's ear.

BILLY
Ow!

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

JENNA
No bail. Emmett'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 fumbling through the plastic jail bag containing his personal items.

BILLY
Why are you doing all this?

JENNA
What...?

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

JENNA

Guilt, I suppose... If I hadn't written that story on my blog, you wouldn't have come out here in the first place. I guess I felt responsible in some way.

BILLY

Some way? How about every way?

JENNA

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.

Billy reaches in the plastic bag - retrieves his diamond pinky ring - slips it on. Next -- His MICKEY MOUSE WATCH.

JENNA

(re: the watch)

What's the story with that?

BILLY

There's no story.

JENNA

Has to be... Armani suit, diamond ring - You don't strike me as the type to wear a cheap watch.

BILLY

It's not cheap.

JENNA

I've sold a dozen of them - all under twenty bucks. They're cheap.

Billy glares out the window at the quaint small-town buildings peppering main street.

BILLY

It's just a memento.

JENNA

Of...?

BILLY

A Disney film I worked on.

JENNA

Hmm...

BILLY

I'm starving. Can we grab a bite?

EXT. DAIRY QUEEN - OUTDOOR PATIO - DAY

Billy munches a burger as Jenna sips a shake.

BILLY

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 blue diamond
engagement ring.

Jenna hands a folded piece of paper 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 quite sure 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... 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 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... Unrequited.

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... Like a luggage purgatory...
(eyes still on the Center)
By the way, Your strategy... It sucks.

JENNA

Pardon?

BILLY

Blogs are so dated. Modernize...
Get on Instagram, Tik Tok --

JENNA

I just want to write.

BILLY

Maybe even a YouTube channel. You know, get your face out there.

Billy gives Jenna the once over.

BILLY
It's not like you're ugly or
anything.

JENNA
Thanks...?

BILLY
Or a podcast maybe.

JENNA
You are a very odd man.

Billy checks his Mickey Mouse watch.

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

JENNA
I've got to get back to work.

BILLY
I meant for me.

JENNA
Right. Of course... Scooter's -
downtown.

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

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

BILLY
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
I don't really know you that --

BILLY
(heads to his car)
Take care of yourself.

INT. DOWNTOWN SCOTTSBORO - SCOOTERS BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Typical small-town sports bar. A BARTENDER wipes down the
counter waiting for an order 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...

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 your 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. There
 are 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 a producer.

JENNA

Really...? He seemed... I don't know, way too rough around the edges for that.

Mary Ann turns her laptop towards her, feverishly taps the keys, finds BILLY BUNKER'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... Totally a self-made man... Been involved in a ton of movies.

JENNA

Any with Disney...?

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.

SCOOTERS BAR - A LITTLE LATER

Billy, red in the face, veins popping - phone to his ear.

BILLY
 (into phone)
 They canceled my fucking flight!
 Just now!
 (listening)
 The redeye - tomorrow night.
 (listening)
 No, I'm good. Darlene's working on
 finding me a nice hotel.
 (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
 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!

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... Be calm... Be reasonable...
 Be at peace....

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
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.

Billy tosses his phone on the bed... A defeated man. Then --
It rings. He leaps for it, hits the answer icon.

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 - wants to scream - takes a deep breath
instead.

HEATHER (V.O.)
(filtered - thru phone)
Sssh. I'll handle it.

BILLY
I called because 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
Stupid!? You're the stupid one, you
low-IQ, glamour-boy motherfucker!

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

BILLY
Then put him on!
(a moment passes)
Hello...? Hello!?

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - STORE - DAY

Billy strolls in, scans 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
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

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... Look, I just want company... Someone to kill the time with. How about you?

Jenna motions towards the customers in the busy store.

JENNA

You see that I'm working - yes?.

BILLY

What about dinner?

JENNA

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

BILLY

Bring her. 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
There's Docks'... But it's pricey.

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 Emmett sip cocktails and nibble on appetizers as they wait for dinner to arrive.

MARY ANN
Nicolas Cage?

BILLY
I know him. Nice guy.

MARY ANN
Steve Carrell?

EMMETT
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
Are we going in alphabetical order?

MARY ANN
Tom Cruise?

BILLY
I guess we are.

EMMETT
You know who would really be good
in movies?

JENNA
Emmett, I'm pretty sure he does.

EMMETT

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

BILLY

Streep.

EMMETT

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?

EMMETT

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

MARY ANN

That's so sweet, Emmett.

BILLY

We ordered a like a half-hour
ago.

A BIT LATER

A WAITRESS clears their plates from the table.

BILLY

Who's ready for dessert?

MARY ANN

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

Emmett 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 beginning to dot the sky.

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

BILLY

So tell me, 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

Not sure I get it.

JENNA

Hemingway was at a pub with some writer friends, all of them lamenting the lack of story ideas. He berated them and bet them each ten dollars 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

Your turn to share.

BILLY

What do you want to know?

JENNA

(points at Billy's wrist)

About the watch.

BILLY

I told you --

JENNA

You never worked on a Disney film.

BILLY

How would you know that?

JENNA

Google. You do know you're famous - right?

Billy bites his lip - knows he's caught.

BILLY

The watch is a reminder.

JENNA

Of...?

BILLY

I was a foster kid... Got bumped around from home to home... When I was fourteen, I was placed with a new foster family... The first one that I really liked.... Mom, Dad - two sons of their own.

JENNA

What happened to your parents?

BILLY

Car accident - when I was six. Doesn't matter. Anyway, one Saturday, I had to do a full day of detention... Truancy. When I get back home the house is empty. A few hours later the whole foster family comes bounding in - happy as fucking clams... They spent the day at Disneyland.

JENNA

They gave you the watch?

BILLY

I stole it. From their real son.

A raised eyebrow from Jenna.

BILLY

They wouldn't admit it, but I know they waited to go on a day that I couldn't possibly go with them... That made me realize two things. First, they didn't love me.

JENNA

I'm sure they --

BILLY

They returned me to social services a month later.

JENNA

Oh...

BILLY

Like they were dropping off a fucked-up dog at the pound.

JENNA

The second thing?

BILLY

I decided I would never let anyone treat me unfairly again... So, I stole the watch from their son.

(holds up watch)

And I look at it every day to remind me. *Don't ever let anyone fuck with you.*

JENNA

Is that why you're so...?

BILLY

What?

JENNA

Angry.

BILLY

I don't know... I've been working on that... 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... Or was it irritable bowel syndrome?

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

BILLY

Maybe it's just a self-discipline thing... I probably just needed to get punched more often.

JENNA

Or hugged.

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

BILLY

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

JENNA

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 as he checks his watch.

JENNA

You got a flight to catch. We should really get going.

Jenna walks towards the patio rail.

JENNA
 (calling out)
 Mary Ann, are 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.
 (turns toward Billy)
 I know better than anyone.

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

INT. AIRPLANE - FIRST CLASS SECTION - NIGHT

Quiet - while most passengers sleep, Billy sips a cocktail as he reads Jenna's blog stories on his laptop.

BILLY
 Perfect...

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - LOBBY - DAY

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

BILLY
 Lookie 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's at 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 - 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.)

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, plops an inch-thick stack of papers on his desk: 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 love gone right - love gone
wrong. That sort of thing.

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 her stories are not --

BILLY
I know. I know.

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

BILLY
I'm going to 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 tugs on the corner of Billy's coat coaxing him to take a seat - he does.

SEBASTIAN
 (under his breath)
 New Billy...

EXECUTIVE
 It is a brilliant premise. I'll
 give you that. But the sample
 stories you submitted... How do I
 put this...? I hated them.

BILLY
 Hated...?

SEBASTIAN
 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?

SEBASTIAN
 Billy...?

Billy bites his lip as he hesitates... Finally --

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 broadly.

EXECUTIVE
 Get me ten episodes - scripted. If
 I like them, we have a deal.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - TRAVELING ON SUNSET BLVD - DAY

Sebastian drives. Billy mindlessly gazes out the passenger
 window - lost in thought.

SEBASTIAN

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

BILLY

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

Fine - fifty. But as part of the deal, she takes down her blog and surrenders naming rights. Deal?

Billy nods.

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - LOBBY AREA - DUSK

Billy emerges from his office - lumbers towards Darlene.

He notices Sebastian's darkened office.

BILLY

He already leave?

DARLENE

Daughter's softball game.

BILLY

That's nice...

DARLENE

Don't say things you don't mean.

BILLY

I do in fact think that it would be nice to watch somebody I love - do something they love. Why is that so hard for you to believe?

DARLENE
Because I've known you for more
than a decade.

Darlene plops a LEGAL FOLDER on the counter.

DARLENE
That's the Jenna Atkins contract.
I've already set it up on DocuSign.
I just need an email address.

BILLY
Her email's on her blog site...

Billy starts for the door - stops, returns.

BILLY
Better yet, I'll handle it.

DARLENE
Because...?

BILLY
To explain to her what it is. She's
a bit... Quirky. This one requires
a soft touch.

DARLENE
Something you clearly lack.

Billy snatches the legal folder and paces back to --

BILLY'S OFFICE

Brings up the front page of the *BAGGAGE STORIES* blog site.

Billy gazes at Jenna's image as his mouse pointer hovers over
her email link - just below it.

BILLY
Just do it... Do it... No.

Billy spins his chair around. His eyes land on the photos of
Heather enshrined on his wall.

BILLY
Grow up...

Billy stands, marches back towards the --

LOBBY AREA

DARLENE
Did you send it?

BILLY
 (heading for the door)
 I'm headed to LAX. Book me a flight
 on the redeye to -

DARLENE
 You're going out there?

BILLY
 This needs to be done face to face.

DARLENE
 (sarcastic)
 Like you can do on Zoom?

BILLY
 (exiting)
 Just book the flight.

Billy stops as his hand reaches the door handle.

BILLY
 Do me a favor... Take down the
 pictures of Heather while I'm gone -
 the ones in my office.

DARLENE
 Wow. What changed?

BILLY
 She did.
 (turns towards Darlene)
 And I did.

EXT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - THE NEXT DAY

A haggard, travel-wearied, Billy reaches for the door handle.

COLTON (O.S.)
 She ain't in there.

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

BILLY
 What's that?

COLTON
 Jenna ain't here. Her and Emmett
 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 Emmett, 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 approaches with four beers - sets them on the table.

BILLY

Thanks.

Billy raises his beer in a toast motion.

BILLY

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

Emmett, 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'm here to offer you fifty-thousand dollars for the rights to the concept and name.

MARY ANN

Oh, My God!

EMMETT

Fifty thousand!

Mary Ann and Emmett clink bottles with Billy.

Jenna lowers hers.... Silent tension.

BILLY

I thought you'd be ecstatic.

JENNA

Just the rights to the name?

BILLY

You say that like it's a bad --

JENNA

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 what's the problem?

JENNA

I'm supposed to be happy that someone is willing to pay me not to write.

More silence. More tension.

Billy leans back, takes a sip of his beer as Emmett 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 Emmett)
Could you have them box the cake?

Emmett 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.

Jenna and Mary Ann storm off.

BILLY
What the fuck happened just now?

EMMETT
Seems obvious to me - you just shit
all over her dreams.

BILLY
I was going to give her fifty-
thousand dollars.

EMMETT
You're not a very perceptive,
fella, are you?
(at a Waitress)
Can I get a box for the cake?

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A creative session in process.

SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER

Pastries and coffee on a conference table.

HOLMES and JANSSEN (40s), but dressed like college kids,
stand next to a whiteboard - story ideas listed 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.

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

(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

We've already got Holmes and Janssen under contract.

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's going away - again.

BILLY

What a temper, huh?

DARLENE

I've experienced worse.

BILLY

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. 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 hustles 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 shoots Bobby Joe a sneer that could kill.

JENNA

Why should I trust you?

BILLY

Come outside with me for a minute.

Billy heads for the door, waving for Jenna to follow.

EXT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Billy strides towards a Nissan Versa, key fob in hand. A tentative Jenna follows.

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, I suppose...

Jenna hands Billy the piece of paper.

JENNA
That's my home address. 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, the 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. Emmett 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
I'm 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.

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
Not yet. 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...
(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)
 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.

(to Mary Ann - Idol style)

You're going to Hollywood!

Mary Ann SHRIEKS with joy as she bearhugs Billy.

BILLY

Easy now...

MARY ANN

I got to go pack.

An excited Mary Ann scurries 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.

Tension in the air...

SUPER: A FEW DAYS LATER

BILLY

Anything...?

JENNA

Hold your horses... You remember my story about 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

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.

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? Classical...?

BILLY

Cartoons.

JENNA

Your point?

BILLY

Some writers only write what they like. We call them broke writers.

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
 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 - BOOTH - NIGHT

The remnants of burgers, fries and two beers on the table.

Billy eyeballs Jenna as she studies a glamorous PICTURE OF
 HEATHER MONROE on Billy's smartphone.

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

JENNA
 (heavy sarcasm)
 No...

Jenna takes one last glance at the picture - inadvertently
 raises her eyebrows as she slides the phone back to Billy.

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?

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's nearly 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 paces to the --

BEDROOM

Goes to the closet - ponders over a shirt.

SEBASTIAN

I'm going to email you the scripts from Holmes and Janssen... Billy, they're really 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 gazes at Jenna as she taps her keyboard. Then --

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

JENNA
Done! Ten episodes.

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.

EXT. BACK PORCH - NIGHT

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 something about this place. I can't quite put my finger on it. I don't feel the anger when I'm here.

JENNA

I don't think geography is your problem.... Or your solution.

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 better than anyone.*

JENNA

I remember.

BILLY

What did you mean?

JENNA

That 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.

(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)

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 meant for shipping. Then the...

Jenna stares at the storyboard, wipes a tear.

JENNA

Weddings rings, watches - are 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 footlocker?

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

Anger - from unprocessed grief. Maybe like you with your parents...?

BILLY

What did you do? I mean how did --

JENNA

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

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

A sleepy-eyed Jenna, clad in a bathrobe, emerges from the bedroom. She stretches and yawns then notices --

BILLY'S MICKEY MOUSE WATCH on the coffee table - a folded note next to it. Jenna opens the note, smiles as she reads.

BILLY (V.O.)

I don't need this anymore. Thought you could sell it at your store... Talk soon.

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.

Billy snatches it, smiles as he strolls away, the wheels on his suitcase rolling smoothly behind him.

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 strolls into --

BILLY'S OFFICE

HEATHER (O.S.)

Hello Billy.

BILLY

Jesus Christ!

Billy jolts back as he spots Heather in a corner chair.

DARLENE (O.S.)

Were you surprised?

Billy glares towards the lobby.

BILLY

What do you want?

HEATHER

We need to talk.

BILLY

Do we? Do we really?

HEATHER

It's important.

Billy points at the wall that once held all the photos of him with Heather - now barren.

BILLY
Not to me. Not anymore.

Billy plops in his desk chair.

BILLY
Besides, all I got was fucking
voicemails when I needed to talk to
you about important things.

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 wow... Hi, Heather.

Heather gives him a dainty little wave.

SEBASTIAN
I heard you were cast for that
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 Mary Ann, pulling a suitcase, head towards a car.

MARY ANN

And I saw Tom Hanks on the lot -
with a uniform on... Maybe they're
making a sequel to Saving Private
Ryan.

Jenna 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

An email...

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

Heather's long gone. Billy taps the keys of his computer.

BILLY

No... No!

SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE

Billy bursts in just as Sebastian takes a sip of coffee.

BILLY

You fucking hit reply all!

A surprised Sebastian jerks back, spills coffee on his shirt.

SEBASTIAN

Look what you did... Damn it...

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 - SAME TIME

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 Jenna'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 RESTAURANT - 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....

Billy pockets his phone - scans the area and spots --

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

BILLY
(at the Valet)
Is there a Kardashian inside?

INT. CHATEAU MARMONT RESTAURANT - DUSK

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

HEATHER
Would you like a drink?

BILLY
Get to the point. Why am I here?

Heather plays with the stem of her wineglass - hesitates.

HEATHER
I'm writing an autobiography.

BILLY
An autobiography!? About your one
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
A lifetime of wisdom. Heather, no
one is going to be interested in --

HEATHER
I've already gotten the advance -
three-hundred thousand dollars.

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

HEATHER
My publisher needs you to sign a
release. You're chapter four,
five... Part of chapter eight.

BILLY
I'm not signing anything.

HEATHER
There aren't any legal issues for
you. Just maybe some, you know...

BILLY
I don't.

HEATHER
Embarrassment...

Billy's jaw tightens like a vise - fighting off an explosion.

HEATHER
They want me to be very candid. And
I think I owe that to myself.

BILLY
Fuck off, Heather.

Billy stands, storms towards the door.

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

Billy freezes... closes his eyes, shakes as hands - exhales.

He pivots, returns to the booth, motions for Heather to give him the release forms.

She slides them towards Billy.

BILLY
(as he signs the release)
Embarrass me to your heart's
desire... God knows I deserve it.

Heather's tears evaporate as quickly as they came.

HEATHER
Thank you. Now, time for the buzz.

She stands, starts towards the entrance doors.

BILLY
Buzz...?

HEATHER
For the book, of course. I told the
press we'd be here... You taught me
that... Remember?

The moment Heather opens the door, she's greeted by a throng of REPORTERS and CAMERA OPERATORS.

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
I remember...

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

Jenna enters from the den.

MARY ANN
You done writing?

JENNA
Reading... Some really great
scripts.

MARY ANN
About...?

JENNA
Grit, grime and crime.

MARY ANN
Not exactly your wheelhouse.

JENNA
It doesn't seem so.
(heads off to kitchen)
And I should have known better.

Mary Ann continues her scroll through the channels.

JENNA (O.S.)
I need a drink. You wanna --

MARY ANN
Holy crap!

Jenna reenters the living room. Spots Mary Ann, mouth agape - staring at the TV. On the screen --

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

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

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.

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... Rinse and repeat.

INT. JENNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

Exasperated, she picks it up.

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

Why didn't you tell me you had other writers working on the --

BILLY

They were supposed to be just a back-up plan.

JENNA

Like me?

BILLY

No. Your stories were special. They moved me. Honest.

JENNA

Honest...?

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

JENNA

What do you know about honesty?

BILLY

Jenna, I'm sorry. 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 scripts.

BILLY

What...?

JENNA

Don't call me anymore. Don't come out. Please - promise me that.

BILLY

What about --

JENNA

Promise me!

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

INT. UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE CENTER - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jenna, Emmett 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 Emmett)

Can I use this one?

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

Billy at his desk, deeply immersed with whatever's on his computer screen.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Billy couldn't quite return to his.

DARLENE (O.S.)

A package came for you... Postdated last month.

Darlene enters, a small postal mail pouch in her hand.

DARLENE

Must have got lost...

Billy doesn't respond - lost in whatever is on his screen.

DARLENE

Sports or Porn?

Billy shakes his head... Darlene nears, looks over his shoulder at the screen. On it, a story from Jenna's Baggage Stories blog site entitled --

MY HUSBAND'S FOOTLOCKER.

BILLY

It's... Heartbreaking.

DARLENE

Send the link to me... I love that kind of stuff.

Darlene drops the mail pouch on Billy's desk.

BILLY

You do?

DARLENE

Everyone does.

(exiting)

How does a producer not know that?

Billy opens the mail pouch. Inside, covered in bubble-wrap, his MICKEY MOUSE WATCH and a handwritten note.

Billy reads the note:

JENNA (V.O.)

*This is not something that should
be sold by me... It is something
that should be returned by you.*

SEBASTIAN'S OFFICE

Billy taps the door jamb.

BILLY

I'm heading out. I got an errand to run.

SEBASTIAN

You're ready for tomorrow?

(off Billy's nod)

You sure? It's a five-million-dollar day.

BILLY

Positive.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - DUSK

Billy at the entrance door facing a very confused CHUBBY MAN (47), now holding Billy's Mickey Mouse watch.

CHUBBY MAN

How did you even know where I lived?

BILLY

I kept track.

CHUBBY MAN

Because?

BILLY
 For the last thirty-five years I
 planned on punching you... Sorry I
 stole your watch.

The confused man's gaze stays on Billy as he saunters away.

INT. NETFLIX OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

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

EXECUTIVE
 The scripts are solid.

The Executive slides a contract towards Billy and Sebastian.

EXECUTIVE
 All that's left is your signatures.

SEBASTIAN
 And a wire transfer.

EXECUTIVE
 It's been arranged.

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 I have to mortgage everything I own.
 (at the Executive)
 It's the wrong fucking genre, you stupid - fucking - 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.

INT. HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STUDIO - LOBBY AREA - DAY

Billy strides in - eyeballs Darlene.

BILLY
I need you to book a flight.

DARLENE
Scottsboro?

BILLY
(heading towards office)
Yup.

DARLENE
Econo Lodge?

BILLY
No.

DARLENE
Return flight...?

BILLY (O.S.)
To be determined.

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.

Bobby Joe spots him, but just 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...

Emmett approaches as now more Customers gather.

BILLY
(thru store speakers)
Wears glasses.
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
Sometimes wears her hair in a
ponytail. If anyone has seen
someone fitting --

Jenna appears.

BILLY
Jenna.

JENNA
(at Bobby Joe)
Tase him.

Bobby Joe goes for his holster.

BILLY
No! No! Just give me a minute.

Bobby Joe looks towards Jenna.

JENNA
Keep the taser ready.
(at Billy)
One minute.

Billy hesitates - struggling to find the right words.

JENNA
Speak!

Rumbles from the customers - a confrontation is afoot.

BILLY
Okay... You're probably wondering
why I'm back.

JENNA
Nope.

BILLY
Really?

JENNA
The only question I need answered
is why you ever came 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 BILLY

You needed a distraction! 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
Heather...?

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. I'm impulsive as fuck. 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. And you were right. It's not geography. ... It's 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, Emmett 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, Emmett 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.

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.)
But Billy and Sebastian sold the
rights to Baggage Stories to
Lifetime for ten million...
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, Emmett 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 title:
MY LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD: THE HEATHER MONROE STORY.

She chucks it in the recycle bin.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Not exactly a bestseller.

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 what the future holds.
 Life, just like the destiny of
 airline luggage, can be...
 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.