

SCRIPT TITLE

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INT. THE NASHVILLE HOTEL, FLOOR 5 - DAY

BILLIE MAE, a pretty girl in her mid to late 20s, mid size in a cute summer dress, stands in front of a hotel room door, the numbers on the front reading 515. She knocks on the door, and a few seconds later, it opens. JOHN, early 30s, slightly taller than Billie Mae, in a white button-up and slacks, stands on the other side.

JOHN
Wh-wh-what? Hi?

BILLIE MAE
(chuckling)
Don't worry, you're not the first person to get tongue-tied 'round me.

JOHN
You're... You're Billie Mae Saunders! My wife loves your music!

BILLIE MAE
Well, that's good to hear. Tell your wife that I appreciate her listenin'.

John takes a deep breath.

JOHN
What are you doing here? Are you staying here, too?

BILLIE MAE
I am staying here. But it looks like I've lost Patrick somehow

JOHN
Who's Patrick?

BILLIE MAE
My husband.

JOHN
You lost your husband in a hotel?

BILLIE MAE
You see, we're not from here, but Patrick's brother lives up 'round here, and we were visitin' him.

JOHN
Okay?

BILLIE MAE

Well, Patrick and I got in a big 'ol fight, and he ran off. He does that sometimes, and he always ends up at a hotel somewhere nearby. So I'm lookin' for him.

JOHN

How did you end up at my door?

BILLIE MAE

I've just been knockin' on doors, hopin' someone would answer. You were the first person to open their door.

JOHN

Oh.

BILLIE MAE

So, what do you say? Will you help me?

JOHN

Like I said, my wife's a big fan. She'd be pretty disappointed if I said no. So, sure, I'll help.

BILLIE MAE

Oh, thank you!

John pats his back pocket, checking for his room's key card. Once he is sure that he has it, he steps out of the room, shutting the door behind him.

BILLIE MAE (CONT'D)

I think we can cover more ground if we split up. We can meet back here at your room in about ten minutes, and hopefully one of us will have Patrick.

JOHN

Sounds like a plan.

BILLIE MAE

Okay, great.

John watches Billie Mae walk away.

JOHN

(to himself)

Probably should've asked what this Patrick guy looked like...

John looks ahead at Billie, who is already knocking on doors. He turns around, finds an elevator, and goes up to the next floor.

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The elevator doors open, and John steps into the hallway. The doors shut behind him.

John turns left, picks a door, and knocks on it. He waits a few seconds, but nobody answers. He walks over to the next door, knocks, and once again, nobody answers.

JOHN
(to himself)
I'm beginning to see why she had a
problem finding him...

John continues down the hall, knocking on doors, not getting any answers. He reaches room 615. He knocks on the door. A few seconds later, it opens, and RICKY, early 50s, stands in front of him. He is unkempt and unshaven, wearing an unbuttoned white dress shirt and black slacks.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Um... Patrick?

RICKY
Who the hell is Patrick?

JOHN
I'm guessing not you?

RICKY
Get away from me.

John isn't able to reply because Ricky slams the door in his face. Undeterred, he continues down the hallway. He knocks on a few more doors, not getting any answers. He finally reaches room 619.

He knocks on the door, and a few seconds later, it opens.

PATRICK, mid to late 20s, stands in front of him. He doesn't seem all that surprised to see John.

PATRICK
Billie's lookin' for me, ain't she?

JOHN
Yes, sir. My room's on the floor
below this one, and we agreed that
we'd meet back there.

PATRICK

All right.

Patrick steps out of the room, shutting the door behind him. He and John walk down the hallway, toward the elevator.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Sorry she dragged you into this.
Billie's always findin' random
people to help her. I keep tellin'
her not to talk to strangers, but
she doesn't listen.

JOHN

I don't mind. I'm here from San
Diego on a business trip, and it
gave me something to do until I
have to head to the airport later.

It is silent for a few seconds as the two of them just walk.

PATRICK

I know what you're probably
thinkin', and I just gotta say that
I love Billie with all my heart.
We just argue sometimes, and I just
need some space to clear my head.
That's all.

They reach the elevator. John presses the button, and a few seconds later, the doors open. He and Patrick step into it, and the doors close.

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John and Patrick step out of the elevator. The doors shut behind them. They walk toward John's room, where Billie Mae is standing and waiting. She looks over and sees them, and she smiles.

BILLIE MAE

Patrick!

She runs toward Patrick, and he picks her up in a hug.

PATRICK

Darlin', I've been thinkin', and
I'm so sorry...

Billie Mae looks over at John, who is watching them with a smile on his face.

BILLIE MAE

John! Thank you so much! It would've taken me all day to find Patrick if it wasn't for you.

PATRICK

Hey, you said you're from San Diego, right?

JOHN

Yes, I did.

PATRICK

Isn't it kinda crazy that I happened to be in room 619? That's the area code for San Diego, ain't it?

JOHN

Oh, yeah. That is crazy. It's like fate led me to your door.

BILLIE MAE

It's like it was fate for you to help me! This is crazy.

John reaches into his back pocket, taking out his key card.

JOHN

As much as I'd like to stick around, I have a flight I need to catch.

BILLIE MAE

Oh, well, thank you so much!

JOHN

(smiling)

You're welcome, Miss Saunders.

PATRICK

Come on back to Nashville, all right?

JOHN

Oh, I definitely will.

John unlocks the door to his room. He enters it, and shuts the door behind him.

END