

**TUCKER BRONSON**

EMMA

(TO LOU) He used to use his elbows.

Those were some terrifying bunnies.

WE SEE LOU HAS OPENED A CABINET AND PULLS OUT A VERY OLD, WEATHERED NOTEBOOK. ON THE COVER IS WRITTEN "LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S JOURNAL, 1916."

LOU

Guys, check this out. The journal of the old lighthouse keeper...

A PICTURE DROPS OUT, AND SHE PICKS IT UP. IT'S A FADED SHOT OF A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN IN A PEA COAT, CIRCA 1916. SHE FLIPS IT OVER AND SEES A NAME. EMMA LOOKS ON.

LOU (CONT'D)

"Tucker Brackenridge."

EMMA

Well, hello, good looking!

LOU

Mama likey.

XANDER

Okay, calm down, you're drooling on the picture.

AS LOU READS THE JOURNAL, DISSOLVE FROM HER VOICE TO TUCKER'S.

**① START**

LOU / TUCKER (V.O.)

"April 17, 1916. 'Tis freezing today, but I am shielded from the biting wind by the warm embrace of my lovely wife..."

INSPIRED, LOU IMAGINES TUCKER'S LIFE AS SHE READS...

DISSOLVE TO:

**→  
CONTINUE**

**— BUNK'D — HOWARD MELTZER —**

ACT ONESCENE FOUR

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - 1916 - LOU'S FANTASY (FANTASY DAY 1)  
(LOU, TUCKER)

OLD-TIMEY LOU DARNS TUCKER'S SOCKS, AS SHE LOOKS ACROSS THE ROOM LOVINGLY TO SEE HIM FILLING LARGE COPPER CONTAINERS WITH A VISCOUS, OILY LOOKING SUBSTANCE.

TUCKER

Oh, Lou, love of my life, north star  
who guides me, beauty that has  
inspired no less than five classic sea  
shanties... I think only of you as I  
fill this lantern with oil, rendered  
from the blubber I cut from the whale  
I harpooned with my own two rugged,  
callous-y hands.

LOU

(ADORING) Oh, Tucker, you light up the  
lantern, and my life! I love you so  
much! You're the rugged, callous-y  
man of my dreams!

AS LOU AND TUCKER EMBRACE:

TUCKER

(ELATED) I feel another shanty comin'  
on!

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONESCENE FIVE

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - PRESENT DAY (DAY 1)  
(EMMA, LOU, XANDER, BRONSON)

LOU CLOSES THE JOURNAL, LOST IN THE REVERIE.

LOU

This Tucker was a real man's man, rugged  
yet caring, tough yet endearing.

EMMA

He would've been perfect for you.

LOU

Yeah, if he were alive today, we'd be  
soulmates.

XANDER

Gross, he'd be like a hundred and twenty!

LOU

That's okay. I like mature men. Too bad  
I'll never find my real-life Tucker.

JUST THEN, BRONSON, A RUGGED, CONFIDENT, HANDSOME WOODSMAN  
(THE SAME ACTOR WHO PLAYS TUCKER) EMERGES FROM THE STAIRS.  
LOU AND EMMA'S JAWS DROP AT HOW HANDSOME HE IS.

BRONSON

Oh, hello. I'm Bronson.

LOU

(TO EMMA) Mama really likey.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE SEVEN

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - LATER (DAY 1)  
(EMMA, LOU, XANDER, BRONSON)

LOU AND BRONSON SIT, FLIPPING THROUGH TUCKER'S JOURNAL. IT'S STARTING TO RAIN OUTSIDE.

LOU

3 So, the guy in the picture is Tucker,  
your great grandfather?

BRONSON

Yes. I come up here to remember him,  
be alone with my thoughts. Thoughts  
of the sea, and man's mortality.

LOU

Wow. Usually my thoughts are just  
about smoking ribs.

BRONSON

(FLIRTS) Maybe you can cook for me  
sometime.

LOU

(FLIRTS) Wait 'til you taste my secret  
sauce. I never give away the recipe.

Okay, you wore me down, it's ketchup.

ANGLE ON: EMMA AND XANDER WATCHING THEM COVERTLY.

EMMA

Bronson is perfect for Lou. He's  
rugged, old-fashioned, and hecka manly.

CONTINUE



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XANDER

(DISMISSIVE) He's not that manly.

EMMA

Are you kidding me? He makes John  
Cena look like Michael Cera.

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A SKEPTICAL XANDER CROSSES OVER TO BRONSON AND LOU.

XANDER

So, Bronson, tell us about yourself.

BRONSON

Well, I suppose I'm a bit of an off-  
the-grid type. In fact, I've spent  
the past month camping in a cave.

LOU

(IMPRESSED) Camps in a cave.

BRONSON

Last week, I had to wrestle a bear for  
the top bunk.

EMMA

(IMPRESSED) Wrestled a bear!

AN ANNOYED XANDER LOOKS TO EMMA.

BRONSON

I like to keep life simple. No  
Internet, no phone. And who needs a  
grocery store when you've got a plow?

~~LOU~~~~(GIBBY) Got a plow!~~

CONTINUE  
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CONTINUE  
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XANDER

~~(ANNOUNCED) We heard what he said! Okay,~~

Bronson, random question. How much do you lift, bro?

BRONSON

I don't know. How much does an injured moose weigh?

XANDER

Well, this has been a blast! But we should get back to camp!

BRONSON

No, you can't go! It's not safe. It's raining pretty hard, and it's going to get worse.

XANDER PULLS OUT HIS PHONE.

XANDER

My weather app says this is going to blow over. So we can head home.

BRONSON

Trust me, when a storm's getting worse, the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. (TO LOU) See?

LOU CHECKS OUT HIS NECK AND ENJOYS BEING CLOSE TO HIM.

LOU

Yep, they're up. (TO XANDER) We're staying put.

④

BRONSON

My great grandfather kept his blubber  
canister downstairs!

LOU TAKES CHARGE.

LOU

Okay, here's what we're going to do.  
We've got to bring that whale blubber  
up here and get the beacon lit--

BRONSON

Lou, I appreciate your wanting to  
help, but we're in a crisis. Xander  
and I will figure this out.

LOU

Whoa, by "Xander and I," do you mean,  
"the men"?

~~XANDER~~~~(TO BRONSON) Hey, that's not okay,  
bro. Girls rule, boys drool!  
(PROUDLY) I read that when I was  
scraping the gum off a picnic table.~~

BRONSON

~~Anyway,~~ that whale oil is very heavy,  
so a man should lift it. But since  
I'm hurt, we don't have one.

XANDER / LOU

(OFFENDED) Hey!

CONTINUE  
→

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EMMA

(TO LOU) At least he's an equal opportunity offender.

XANDER

(TO BRONSON, CONFIDENT) Oh, I'm strong enough to carry up that oil. I may even bring you a whole whale! (TO GIRLS) They don't eat people, do they?

LOU

Just get the oil! That ship is getting closer!

XANDER RUNS DOWN THE LADDER.

BRONSON

Ladies, please don't stress. It's bad for your complexion, and everyone knows, a woman's face is her treasure.

LOU

What?! I can't believe how sexist you're being!

EMMA

Yeah! Although to be fair, I was on the cover of "Treasure Face" magazine.

BRONSON

Hey, I just respect women for the delicate flowers they are. (TO LOU) I thought you loved that I was old-fashioned.

CONTINUED  
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CONTINUE





LOU

**CONTINUE**  
→

Old-fashioned is one thing, but you sound like you've been living under a rock!

BRONSON

No, I told you, I live in a cave!

LOU

You know what? (RE: THE TWO OF THEM)  
This is so not happening. Why don't you sit there, and be the delicate flower.

**CONTINUE** →~~EMMA~~

Yeah, the ladies got this.

LOU GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS.

LOU

(TO EMMA) Okay, we need to make a giant candle to get that beacon lit, fast!

EMMA GRABS A ROPE FROM THE CORNER.

EMMA

Here! We can use this to make a wick!

LOU

We just need to fray the end, so it'll burn brighter.

EMMA PRODUCES A NAIL FILE FROM HER POCKET.

XANDER

(FLATTERED) I'm brilliant and amazing?  
Stop. Okay, keep going.

EMMA

What I'm saying is... you're perfect,  
Xander McCormick.

XANDER

So are you, Emma Ross.

THEY HUG.

XANDER (CONT'D)

And just so you know, the weight of  
the oil canister I lifted was like a  
hundred pounds.

EMMA

Oh, I know, it was super sexy!

ANGLE ON: LOU HELPING A LIMPING BRONSON.

LOU

How's your leg?

BRONSON

It hurts like the dickens

LOU

Good. I can't believe I liked you,  
just because you were old-fashioned  
and charming, and chiseled like a  
marble statue, and ... (CATCHING  
HERSELF) Stop it, Lou!

**CONTINUE**



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→

BRONSON

Just because I have some traditional beliefs, does that make me so terrible?

LOU

Yes! You need to get with the times!

BRONSON

You sound just like my twin brother. We're complete opposites.

LOU STOPS.

LOU

Wait a minute. You have a brother?

BRONSON

Yeah, Bart's an odd one. He's a bull rider, and getting his PhD in Women's Studies. (LAUGHS) I mean, I like to study women, but not for a degree.

LOU GRABS BRONSON BY THE COLLAR.

LOU

Unless you want me to leave you out in the woods to die, I'm gonna need Bart's number right now.

**END**

DISSOLVE TO: