

MERRY HUNTERS CLUB

by

Richard Alan Eagle

EXT. WILSON HARBOR, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAWN

Seagulls are flying behind a large charter fishing boat heading onto Lake Ontario from busy Wilson Harbor marina at Wilson, New York. Large and small yachts, fishing boats, speedboats and small rowboats and their crews bob in the rolling wakes.

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)

All fiction begins as a Truth, and
all Truths become fiction. And so
we are, both.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

Seagulls fly thru rainy mists from the THUNDERING Niagara Falls, tourists are staring down from the sidewalk at the bobbing Niagara River sightseeing boats filled with tourists in blue raincoats, maneuvering on the Niagara River near the base of the Falls.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT ON NIAGARA FALLS RIVER, NEW YORK - DAY

On-board a huge river tour speedboat with rows of seats filled with wet tourists in life-preservers bouncing up and down upon the roaring waves.

Suddenly the boat pilot collapses, falling over ill and unconscious that sends the boat out of control. Everyone sitting in front of the crumpled pilot have no clue to his condition while those behind him are gripping each other in fear.

The boat races out of control down the wild river, crashing around huge boulders midstream and bouncing off the embankments.

As the boat careens toward a river-side outdoor bar, a ski-jet comes out of nowhere and bumps the boat away and plashing everyone sitting on the outdoor deck.

Finally the pilot recovers in time to glide the boat back to its dock.

Everyone in the front of the boat is laughing and happy except one elderly woman, LEONA HOMSLEY, a plump and elegant grand dame mid-80's, who is cradling an elderly man in her arms and crying.

INT. DINING ROOM BAR, BOAT HOUSE, WILSON, NY - DAY

Inside the dining room of an upscale old fashioned fishing harbor restaurant, a tv in the corner of the bar blares a news story, the reporters voice echoing to silent staring customers

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

It's been one year since a boat
pilot of a tourist speedboat on
(MORE)

TV REPORTER (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Niagara River had a medical
 emergency, passed out and lost
 control, for 20 terrifying
 minutes, somehow avoiding
 disaster. But for one local
 resident, it was his last boat
 ride.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

The mists of the river rise up to the sidewalks above, where tourists gawk, make selfies and walk along the guardrails near the Falls. Emerging out of the crowds we see BILLY SHAKES, an athletic woman mid-30's in a jogging suit. Billy is sitting on the grass next to a wheelchair carrying WALTER RAY LEE, an elegant man mid-60's wearing an eye patch over his right eye.

WALTER RAY LEE
 Billy, I am usually delighted,
 enjoying the ride here and these
 strolls along the Falls, but
 today, it's been one year since...
 It all seems rather sad. Not just
 sad. Dare I say, boring.

BILLY SHAKES
 (whispers to him)
 Boring? Boring! You like roller
 coasters, Walter. How about...a
 joy ride?

WALTER RAY LEE
 Command the Bridge! With wisdom
 and love for Good! Unleash the
 gathering water! Sail UP! Catch
 wind! On to other shores new
 dreams!

BILLY SHAKES
 (while standing up)
 Bye, bye, Captain!

Billy pushes Walter onto the sidewalk. They gains speed by jogs behind him, weaving joyfully in and out around couples and groups of tourists with Walter barking directions.

WALTER RAY LEE
 (shouting, pointing)
 PORT! STARBOARD!...PORT! PORT!

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL NEW YORK, NEW YORK - DAY

Streams of light and commuters flowing through the Terminal as MARY HUNTERS, a brash business woman

mid-40's, runs weaving around people, shoulder briefcase, gun case and wheeled luggage flying, towards an exit.

INT. OFFICE WITH WINDOW. NEW YORK, NY - DAY

The office door opens and in walks businessman DONALD DABOSS, a tall bearish man early-50's with an unusual hair-style, walks in carrying a briefcase. Office CHATTER and TYPING is heard as he places the briefcase on the desk, sits in leather high-back office chair, opens the briefcase and takes out a sandwich, then peers into his computer screen and begins TYPING. Sneaking into the office a few moments later is BARNEY, a balding white-haired co-worker wearing glasses in his mid-60's, arm cocked back with a football.

BARNEY

Donald!

Barney rifles a pass at Donald, who barely catches it. Barney sits, with a big smile.

BARNEY

Nice grab! Man, the Giants lost again. This time by terrible tackling.

DONALD DABOSS

Tackling is an art form, Barney.

Donald stands, walks over to a shelf with sports memorabilia and points with the football at a picture.

DONALD DABOSS

Take for example, him: Joey Browner, Minnesota Vikings, 1980's. Now here's a guy who could tackle! A martial arts dude, who just threw himself at people.

Donald makes football moves with his body.

DONALD DABOSS

He'd run full force at you, targeting your point of balance. Could knock guys down from any angle. Gotta play offensive on defense, Bern. Target, the point, of balance!

Donald rifles a surprise underhand football pass that knocks Barney out of his chair, CRASHING him to the floor.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

Billy is running behind Walter in his wheelchair, weaving playfully around the tourists next to the THUNDERING

Falls, when she suddenly sharp turns them off the sidewalk into a grassy shaded area and stops under a shade tree, both laughing. Billy leans over onto the tree and catches her breath, then starts to dance like a victorious boxer when a PARK RANGER, a stern stout mid-30's man, approaches them while talking into his SQUAWKING shoulder-mic radio.

INT. OFFICE WITH WINDOW, NEW YORK, NY - DAY

Donald is alone TYPING at his computer when Mary enters. She sets her red purse and gun case on his big desk.

MARY HUNTERS

Hi.

DONALD DABOSS

(glances up quickly)

Mary! Shut the door. Sit.

Mary shuts the door and sits. Donald wearing half-glasses is TYPING, looking at papers.

DONALD DABOSS

Open the folder. Read.

MARY HUNTERS

(scanning papers)

So...I'm heading to...Niagara Falls.

DONALD DABOSS

You getting you married again, or, just going back to claw back some refunds?

MARY HUNTERS

Don't give me any crap, Donald. It's too early to see your blood on the floor.

DONALD DABOSS

You're being sent up there...to hunt down the same target you failed to acquire on your last mission.

MARY HUNTERS

Heh. You read my report. She just vanished.

Donald stands, grabs the football off the desk and begins to pace.

DONALD DABOSS

(points at her)

She vanished? Was there a big poof of smoke too? Excuses don't wash here. You know that better than anyone. YOU need to find her, again, and take her out. Do it fast. That's a direct order from upstairs. They don't...like...excuses! I read your report.

Donald picks up the folder.

DONALD DABOSS

(waving papers)

This is the first report, ever, where you had to make an excuse.

He puts on his reading glasses and scratches his head while reading out loud.

DONALD DABOSS

(mockingly)

Rap blaster, writer, Billy Shakespeare. The emcee announced Billy had won the #Life@140 contest at the coffeehouse and was introduced, but then popped right back into the crowd...I would've never have gotten a clean shot at her...Just vanished, disappeared. Must of went out the back exit" Wow! You've never missed before. My butt is now on the line because...

MARY HUNTERS

(interrupting)

WHY does saving YOUR ass, somehow always land into MY job description? I've packed MY heat and rope, and I packed YOUR branding iron. I ALWAYS bring back the trophy from my expeditions. My Marine habits never die. I'm trained, to never quit. And, take a look at this. Here's my new sheriff.

Mary opens her gun case. Inside is a small monster black metal automatic firearm set in sections in grey foam. Donald peeks in as she closes the case.

DONALD DABOSS

Wow. That's the new one, huh?.
Impressive.

MARY HUNTERS

Three-oh-eight, semi-automatic,
delivers three rounds into a
five-inch area, from five-hundred
yards. I have all the permits. So,
my sheriff here, rides along
wherever I go.

Mary opens her red purse, pulls out a black Glock
handgun, checks the chamber then returns it into the
purse.

DONALD DABOSS

(waving folder)

OK. But, this time, you won't
miss...will you?... So...your
target just put up a new website.
But, there's no contact email, no
phone number. Just a mailing
address, a PO box, in Wilson, New
York. About half an hour north of
Niagara Falls, right on Lake
Ontario. Now, I know a bit about
Wilson, New York. It's a little
fishing town with a nice marina a
few miles east of where Niagara
River empties into Lake Ontario.
I've been there a couple of times.
One of my buddies has a sailboat
slip in the harbor. And
memberships at EACH of the three
private yacht clubs.

MARY HUNTERS

There are THREE yacht clubs in
Wilson?! Not just one, but THREE?
Well, SHIP AHOY! OK! Let me talk
to Lily about the travel details.

Donald grabbing paperwork and opens the door.

DONALD DABOSS

LILY! MARY HUNTERS NEEDS A WORD
WITH YOU! I gotta run. I've got a
nine o'clock meeting, right now.
Just make it work, OK? Put the
points, on the board. Get it done.
This is personal.

From beside the desk we see Donald flash a forced grin
and exit with paperwork, almost colliding in the doorway
with the incoming LILY, a frail late-20's woman.

LILY

I like your red purse, nice touch.
It was hard, but, I found you the
last room in Wilson, New York, at
(MORE)

LILY (cont'd)
 little place called, Willy's Inn.
 When you get to Niagara Falls
 airport look for, Wilson Taxi. I
 just text you everything.

MARY HUNTERS
 (browsing cellphone)
 Yep, got it. OK. Thanks.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

Same location under tree near the THUNDERING Falls with
 Billy and Walter as the Park Ranger turns to leave.

PARK RANGER
 Alright, have a good day, Billy.

BILLY SHAKES
 You too, officer. Thank you.

WALTER RAY LEE
 (in a mocking tone)
 Thank you, officer. Have a nice
 day! Have no fun! Notice I didn't
 say a word. That would have sent
 us to jail for sure. "Don't run!
 Against the law!" Unless, of
 course, HE tells us to run, then
 it's perfectly legal. I say, all
 rules have their exceptions. It is
 who makes the rules that must be
 examined. Heaven forbid lawyers!
 And all their word games.

BILLY SHAKES
 Word games? Yeah! Let's see. OK.
 Word game. Got one! I choose the
 first word of a famous sentence,
 and you guess the sentence, OK?
 So, I'll choose the first word.
 OK. IN!

WALTER RAY LEE
 Um. In, the beginning was the
 word.

BILLY SHAKES
 Yes!

WALTER RAY LEE
 Too easy. IN! IN-side. IN-ward.
 IN-sight. There's a lot of meaning
 in the letters, of the word IN. I
 and N. I as in I, and with it, N.
 The N starts off at the bottom,
 then goes straight up to the top!
 (MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)

Then slowly falls, all the way
down, to the bottom. Then straight
back up to the top once again! Ah,
letters tell. What a ride!

Walter takes a notebook and pen from his pocket, looks to
the Falls then writes a bit. Billy leans against the
tree, talks and types frantically into her cellphone,
raps to Walter.

BILLY SHAKES

For Some time today, be Love, Be
love All Day sometime, walk around
ina dazed Happiness, that
infectsEveryone, for miles,
ThatBIG your aura B.

WALTER RAY LEE

I watched you write one earlier.
Read it to me?

BILLY SHAKES

(reading her phone)
arise The Best form always, not
just for today but forever, be
Holy man, give it to everyone &
every thing, bring it, love, miss
nothing, see?

Billy flings her arms into the air, then dances and jogs
around the tree while making joyful noises, then stops
and sits.

BILLY SHAKES

Ah! And, what were YOU just
writin'?

WALTER RAY LEE

(reading his notes)
Let's see. Who knows when, a hard
heart softens? Lesser miracles
have turned greater men.

BILLY SHAKES

Ooo! That's a good one.

WALTER RAY LEE

Thank you. Seems our little joy
ride gave us a second wind. Read
me that introduction again, to
that new play you're working on.

BILLY SHAKES

(closes her eyes)
OK...In another place, in another
time, in another voice, in an
(MORE)

BILLY SHAKES (cont'd)
 endless lifetime, on a stage, in
 the mind, Aye, once again, the
 Inner Pen now comes to life to
 move us.

INT - RALEIGH LIBRARY, BLOODY TOWER, LONDON - DAY

The arm of an 1500's English nobleman holding a quill pen writing is at an angled wooden writing stand, with a lit candlestick and ink well. The pen is finishing writing the letters: 'Merry Hunters'.

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)
 See past this life, as before,
 to...

WALTER RAY LEE (V.O.)
 The One We had chosen to be, long
 ago, in a high tower, fallen, with
 only: a quill pen, black ink, and
 handmade fine paper...

Close-up of quill dripping ink into the ink well, then finishes writing the last four letters: 'Club'.

WALTER RAY LEE (V.O.)
 Black ink, made of living water.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

Billy and Walter under shade tree, same location.

POV begins to rise up above them with some birds.

BILLY SHAKES
 (eyes closed)
 Black, the combination of all
 colors. And paper, from living
 trees, rings of years past, lie
 flat, still; with Words, one may
 call forth Universes. Words of our
 Inner Song spring, our leaves
 fallen live on, bark. For that is
 all One ever needs to live on: All
 Lights On images...

INT. COCKPIT OF SMALL PLANE - DAY

Mary sees Niagara Falls below her outside the window through her own reflection.

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)
 ...seen anew scene as One awakens
 each day, listening for the silent
 words within the inner Master
 heart.

EXT. SMALL PLANE ABOVE NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

POV above the plane as it passes over the Niagara Falls area below it.

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)
 Words, crafted, fare well to All,
 curved lines together, lead within
 to the sacred, play.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

Billy and Walter under shade tree, same location.

BILLY SHAKES
 (eyes closed)
 The Curtain rises Up, only to
 Fall. And...and...

WALTER AY LEE
 And, all move, to The End, past
 credits of all involved unseen.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS AIRPORT, NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK - DAY

Mary walks out the sliding doors and after a few steps outside a strong gust of wind almost blows her over. She straightens her hair and jacket, then holds her hand over her eyes to block the sunshine and scans the taxi lane. As she rolls her luggage toward Wilson Taxi van she sees the driver, TWO WINDS, a handsome Native American man mid-40's, wearing a baseball cap and reading a book in the driver seat and another wind gust almost blows her over. Mary stops and straightens her hair and jacket again, then heads to the taxi and opens the van trunk door.

INT. TAXI AT NIAGARA FALLS AIRPORT, NEW YORK - DAY

Two Winds is startled and he fumbles the book, dropping it onto the floor under him.

TWO WINDS
 (loudly)
 Be right with you!

He GROANS reaching down as we turn towards the rear and Mary loads her baggage into the back of the van.

TWO WINDS
 You need some help?

MARY HUNTERS
 I did!

She shuts the trunk door, walks around and opens the sliding side door, getting in. POV from behind Mary as Two Winds looks in the rearview mirror at her. Two Winds

picks up a clipboard and scans the paperwork, then turns around in his seat to face Mary.

TWO WINDS

Mary Hunter?

MARY HUNTERS

It's Hunters. With an s.

TWO WINDS

Oh, OK. Just you?

MARY HUNTERS

Yes. Obviously.

TWO WINDS

OK. I always ask. You need some help?

MARY HUNTERS

I DID need some help. But not now, thank you very much.

TWO WINDS

Sorry. Where you goin'?

MARY HUNTERS

Wilson, New York.

TWO WINDS

Where in Wilson?

MARY HUNTERS

(checking cellphone)

Let me look. Shoot, my battery's dead. Dang it. Um, I think its, um, Lily's Inn? No, Lily is our secretary. Um, something like that.

TWO WINDS

So, you need some help?

MARY HUNTERS

Yes! I can't remember. I've had a lot on my mind lately. What's with all this 'do you need some help' routine? Do YOU need some help??

TWO WINDS

People who are on their true path in life, can't do it alone. They must have help. But that help must be asked for, from within.

Two Winds closes his eyes and lifts an outstretched hand to the ceiling and speaks with a quiet solemn passion.

TWO WINDS

Great Spirit, Help me. Otherwise,
any help will be resisted, because
they did not ask for it.

MARY HUNTERS

OK. Fine. So, what's your name?

TWO WINDS

(eyes shut, softly)
Two Winds.

MARY HUNTERS

(after a moment)
Hey. Two Winds.

His eyes are still closed.

MARY HUNTERS

Two Winds! Hey! Are you OK?

He opens his eyes and smiles.

MARY HUNTERS

Whew. Glad you're still blowing.
OK, help me here. I need some
help. There, I said it. I need
help, remembering the name of the
place where I'm staying.

TWO WINDS

For lodging, there are just a
couple of small inns in Wilson.
Willy's Inn?.

MARY HUNTERS

Yes! That's it.

TWO WINDS

It's one of the oldest houses in
Wilson. It's on the island, in
Bootleggers Cove. The
granddaughter of one of the towns
founding families still owns it.
She recently converted it into a
bed and breakfast. Some say it's
haunted, but, I don't believe all
that. Although, the old cemetery
is right next door.

MARY HUNTERS

Oh, great. A haunted house next to
a cemetery. Dang it, Lily. Oh,
brother. OK! We'll just play the
cards as they're dealt. But first,
can you drive me by the Falls?
Haven't seen them in years.

TWO WINDS

Sure.

He turns around, starts the engine, shifts into gear and the van begins to move. They drive along in silence.

MARY HUNTERS

(yawning)

I'm from New York city. Came out here to find somebody in Wilson, by the name of Billy Shakespeare.

Two Winds gives a long hard look at Mary in the mirror.

TWO WINDS

William Shakespeare? Lady, not only do you have the wrong town, you have the wrong continent.

MARY HUNTERS

No! Not William Shakespeare. Billy Shakespeare. He, is a she!

TWO WINDS

He is a she? Not likely around Wilson.! It's a small tight-knit little community, and I pretty much know all the locals, almost.

MARY HUNTERS

(yawning)

Sorry, I'm tired. The plane seat was uncomfortable.

TWO WINDS

Only a person's soul can be comfortable, or not. It's never the place you sleep on the outside of the body that makes you uncomfortable. Only your inner place of rest can make you truly comfortable. Only after you discover that real comfort, peace and truth, is within, will you ever rest well. Then you'll be very comfortable and sleep anywhere.

They trade glances in the rearview mirror, silently driving on. She plugs her cellphone into a van port.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

Mary, with her purse, and Two Winds face each other, leaning against the metal guardrails overlooking the THUNDERING Falls.

TWO WINDS

Standing here, seeing and feeling the awesome power of Nature, it is easier to grasp that we are all connected to the Divine, in the way that we need.

MARY HUNTERS

But too many humans are fighting like in-laws trying to describe that power and make others see it their way.

TWO WINDS

The mist, the water vapor in the breath of all our ancestors gather here as this great river of love, this expression of the gathering waters.

Mary and Two Winds gaze sideways at the Falls silently.

MARY HUNTERS

(checks cellphone)

Wow, we've been here for over an hour. I love your wisdom and stories. OK. Here's a more practical question for you. You seem to know human nature so well. Look at all these different people: different cultures, languages, different family upbringings. Is there some universal way to determine whether someone really likes you or not, and cut through all the crap.

TWO WINDS

There is. Actually, it's very simple. It's all about body language, and personal space.

We see his hands in close-up as he uses both hands to show Mary.

He moves his hands close together:

TWO WINDS

You move in real close to someone.

He moves his hands apart:

TWO WINDS

If there is doubt, they'll move out.

His hands move closer together, closer, then together:

TWO WINDS

Now, if they stay put, or, if they
move in, then it begins.

MARY HUNTERS

Wow. That's good! That's REALLY
good. OK! Yeah, I get it. Huh!
Thank you. Where were you when I
needed to know that when I was 16.

TWO WINDS

(opens his wallet)

Here's a picture of me at 16.
Standing under a natural rock arch
on the Mississippi River.

He hands her an old photo of himself standing under a a
natural rock arch at Frontenac State Park in Minnesota.

TWO WINDS

The arch is high on a bluff above
the river, on the border between
Minnesota and Wisconsin. The river
is so wide there, they call it a
lake, Lake Pepin.

EXT. FRONTENAC STATE PARK, MINNESOTA - DAY

Looking up, a YOUNG TWO WINDS is crawling up into the eye
of the natural rock arch, on a dangerous high bluff above
Lake Pepin.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

It's called 'In Yon Teopa'. It's
sacred to the local Sioux people.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

Mary is standing looking at the photo and Two Winds is
leaning on the guardrails, facing each other.

MARY HUNTERS

That big rock outcrop looks like a
face.

Mary hands the photo back to Two Winds.

TWO WINDS

It is a face. One always sees the
faces of Stone People at important
power spots.

Two Winds waves the photo in the air before putting it
back into his wallet:

TWO WINDS

I bet most people in Minnesota have never even heard of this big old rock arch.

MARY HUNTERS

I've never heard of an arch on the Mississippi, except at St. Louis. You should write a book about it. Just record yourself, use a cellphone. All ya hafta do is talk.

TWO WINDS

No, all I have to do is LISTEN. Actually, being a taxi driver, I am usually silent and the one listening. Most people like to talk about themselves. They love that I listen. But, when I DO talk, even then I am listening. I get help from listening within, to my inner spirit. But some are not ready to ripen, sprouting the inner seed. The unripe need more time to cure. Sometimes a long time. Can't push 'em along though.

Some kids come running by them screaming, with the Park Ranger in pursuit.

MARY HUNTERS

I remember coming here as a kid.

TWO WINDS

Water has memory, and within its magnetic field is stored every moment of time, wherever it was, it is present. Nothing lost. Everywhere it's been, every breath ever breathed, every bit of water drunk and cooked with, surfaces the story of all on Earth. Every tear, every rain drop, every trickle water be, every brook, every stream, every river, every cloud, every ocean, every form of water being now, moving, the stories of us all, together, past and present. Cheers! All meet here.

MARY HUNTERS

It's so powerful, beautiful, dangerous. People risked their lives here, for fame and fortune, but, here, lost it all instead..

TWO WINDS

Everything is created from an eternal awareness that can never die, it only changes form. At some point one realizes love, and at some point one realizes peace. And at some point one realizes that all the negative experiences on Earth arise from the lack of being loving and peaceful. Once you intends TO BE loving and peaceful, NO MATTER WHAT. Once one finally surrenders their animal-ego-mind upon the alter of their inner master, Love, then One becomes and IS perfect love and peace. And then your time here will be complete.

MARY HUNTERS

Wow. Now THAT, is deep... I'm getting hungry. Wanna grab something quick to eat, before the drive to Wilson? I still have to check in tonight. It'll be on me! Expense account.

TWO WINDS

OK, but, the meters running! Just kidding. You were my only fare this afternoon. So, what are you hungry for?

Mary shrugs her shoulders and smiles longingly at Two Winds, then moves closer to him. They gaze at each other when a strong gust of wind blows his baseball cap off. They both turn and run after it as the wind keeps blowing the cap down the sidewalk. From a distance away we see the Park Ranger watching them run. He shakes his head no and jogs towards them.

INT. TAXI - HIGHWAY 104 NORTH, NEW YORK - DAY

Mary as Two Winds are drives north on Highway 104 and Mary is admiring the views of Niagara River on her left through the side window. Only road NOISES are heard as they silently exchange glances through the rearview mirror.

EXT. SPOOKY OLD MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Mary is standing next to the Wilson Taxi van parked in a driveway of a somewhat creepy old Victorian mansion. Two Winds has his driver side window down.

MARY HUNTERS

I'm in town for a while and, I may need you tomorrow, throughout the day. Here is my business card.

Mary hands her business card to him.

TWO WINDS

(looks at the card)

Literary agent. OK. Cool. I have another pick-up, so, gotta go.

Two Winds gives her a big smile.

Mary leans forward to touch his arm resting on the open window, then pulls it back:

MARY HUNTERS

Are you single? I mean... What I meant to say, was... Do you have others drivers?

TWO WINDS

Just two of us, two vans, in case someone has to go to Niagara Falls or Buffalo. Here is our card.

Two Winds hands his business card to her.

TWO WINDS

Just call. Now be nice to the ghosts! Just kidding. Some drunk kids once saw some flickering lights, and so a local wild myth grew up over the years, to somehow become spooky 'facts'. You'll love the deck out back. It has great views of Bootleggers Cove. OK. Good night, Hunters!

MARY HUNTERS

(waving her hand)

Good night! Thank you! Bye!

The taxi pulls away leaving Mary waving goodbye. From across the street we see Mary standing alone in front of the old sea captains mansion. A strong gust of wind blows her luggage over as she stares at the place.

INT. MILLY'S INN ROOM, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

Mary is standing in the doorway of a sliding glass door in her downstairs rented room watching the bobbing boats in Bootleggers Cove through the open sliding door. A strong wind blows and she steps back to slide shut the door and then the curtains.

INT - INN ROOM - NIGHT

Mary sits, open her gun case, look inside then close it, open her purse, checks the Glock handgun, and returns it into he purse. She begins browsing thru the pages of the Billy Shakespeare website and clicks on a picture of Billy, hits the print button, then clicks open a video clip of Billy at a coffee house rap blast.

BILLY SHAKES (O.S.)

First touch love within and, from
there Be, That perfection, healing
others Being real, from you,
through you, to all That love is,
to everyOne.

Applause from computer speakers.

BILLY SHAKES (O.S.)

After fall leaves, winter still,
see clearly the landscape at rest;
then, rising awake, spring drives
into summer hearts passions. The
sacred Love, and profane, dance,
One dream.

POV from behind Mary, as she clicks again.

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)

The apple tree in our backyard
bears fruit in its season. Some
apples appear on low branches,
some in the middle and some at the
very top. Some apples are in dark
places, while others bask in the
light. Some ripen sooner than
others, some are diseased, and
some are rotten to the core. And a
few are perfect, yet only for
awhile. But, all are equal, by
being alive, because all are on
the same tree. We are all on the
same tree, the tree of life,
sisters and brothers, a holy One.

Mary is watching the screen as views Billy sitting down to applause after her reading at a table where Two Winds is sitting. Mary HITS the pause button on her laptop screen so violently that it almost falls, and moves her face up real close to the screen, staring intently.

MARY HUNTERS

Oh, my gawd! It's Two Winds! With
Billy. He lied to me...But, dang,
he sure flips my switch.

She gazes lovingly at the screen and smiles. Suddenly, the nightstand light bulb in her room begins to flicker

wildly. Mary is startled, jumps up, knocking over her chair and the laptop, and falls backward onto the bed. The bulb goes out for a few seconds then flickers wildly again, revealing in a small table make-up mirror on the dresser the face of a SEA CAPTAIN. Mary SCREAMS. Then the bulb burns out, leaving Mary in the dark. Only the glow from her laptop on the floor lights the room in an eerie way and her face is terrified. She jumps up and moves to the bathroom doorway, paws her hand around the corner of the bathroom wall and finally finds the switch, turning on the bathroom light.

INT. ROOM BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mary goes into the bathroom visible shaken and looks in the mirror nervously, adjusting her hair.

MARY HUNTERS

It's all right, girl. Calm down.
Just a stupid little light bulb.

INT. INN ROOM - NIGHT

Mary grabs her purse and turns to leave. She stops cold, seeing an old wall photo of the Sea Captain she just saw in the mirror. She yanks the photo off the wall, lays the frame upside down on the dresser, opens the top nightstand drawer, pulls out a Bible and lays it on top of the upside down photo. She quickly leaves the room, pushing past the long drapes to find the sliding glass door handle, disappearing thru the drapes.

EXT. MILLY'S INN DECK, WILSON, NEW YORK - NIGHT

From outside Mary goes out the sliding door and walks under the wooden deck, turns right to go up the stairs. From the upper deck she come up the stairs onto the deck with empty tables and chairs, lit with twinkle lights around the thick tree trunk and on the deck railings overlooking Bootleggers Cove. She enters the back deck door as a gust of wind blows through the deck area and the twinkle lights flicker.

INT. SEA CAPTAINS LIVING ROOM WITH FRONT DESK - NIGHT

A door chime automatically RINGS as Mary entering the back door and approaches the front desk, newly built into the large old living room. The muffled WHINE of a vacuum cleaner is heard. She glances in awe at all the ship memorabilia and old photographs spread around the room. Just as she spots another picture of the Sea Captain a big black cat jumps down from its perch on a high bookshelf, struts over to Mary and rubs up against her leg. Mary kneels down to pet it for a moment then stands up.

MARY HUNTERS
(shouts)

HELLO?

The WHINE of a vacuum cleaner in another room turns off. The plump but very elegant female innkeeper Leona Homsley appears from the door behind the front desk wearing a large nametag. Mary sets her red purse on the front desk.

LEONA HOMSLEY
How do you like the room, Miss Hunters?

MARY HUNTERS
The view of Bootleggers Cove is fabulous, Leona. But, just now in my room...a light bulb just burnt out. And, I want to pick up the print out picture of the Sea Captain. I mean, the picture, I just printed from my computer.

Leona reaches under the front desk, retrieves both a light bulb and the printer photo of Billy and hands them to Mary.

LEONA HOMSLEY
Here's a new bulb. And here's the picture of Billy.

MARY HUNTERS
(startled)
You know her?

LEONA HOMSLEY
Of course. Her mother plays bridge with us every Tuesday afternoon at the Wilson Boat House. It's a wonderful old dining room, right on the marina.

MARY HUNTERS
Do you know where I can find Billy? I came here to meet her.

LEONA HOMSLEY
Well, I know where her mother lives, but I'm not sure about Billy, but she works out at The Harbors, the nursing home right on the lake. A lot of my friends work, and live, out there. Now Billy's mother is one of those, um, psychics. She can see peoples past lives, just by holding their hand. I think that's why she's so good at playing bridge. Hardly ever loses.

MARY HUNTERS

(opening her purse)

Well, thank you for sharing that, Leona. I'll talk with you in the morning, thank you for the bulb. Please put the charge for the printout on my room bill. And, this is for you.

Mary opens her red purse, reaches in, pulls out a five dollar bill and hands it to Leona.

LEONA HOMSLEY

Thank you, Miss Hunters. When I talked with Lily your secretary, she said you were a literary agent. Could I show you some of my writings?

Leona points to a large pile of disorganized papers stacked on a side table.

MARY HUNTERS

Ah, not right now, Leona. I'm kinda tired. But for sure another time. Thank you for your help. Seems I've come to the right place.

LEONA HOMSLEY

Of course you have, dear. There IS nowhere else in Wilson. Everything is booked up months in advance in the summer. You'rr lucky I had a last-minute cancellation. That's why I converted this old house into an inn. A few more local rooms are better than hardly any at all. And I love the company. Most people visiting the area stay around Niagara Falls. Some say there's not enough happening here, but we like it that way. Now don't get me wrong, this town is not dull by any means. There's lots of Lake Ontario charter sightseeing and fishing boats harbored here. My grandson, Captain Mayaye, he does both tourists and fishermen. His picture is right here. And he's single. Quite handsome, isn't he. His brochures are in the nightstand, next to your bed. Forgot to mention earlier, there're many places to dine. My favorite of course is the Wilson

(MORE)

LEONA HOMMSLEY (cont'd)
 Boat House, right on the Wilson
 Harbor marina. And the Sunset
 Grill is right next door. And,
 there's the three private yacht
 clubs, with lot's of young single
 men. Or women.

Leona winks a Mary.

LEONA HOMMSLEY
 Whatever!

MARY HUNTERS
 Where's the nursing home where
 Billy works?

LEONA HOMMSLEY
 It's called The Harbors. Just a
 few miles west of here, on Highway
 18. Right on the lake. The free
 shuttle goes out there every hour
 from the Boat House parking lot.

MARY HUNTERS
 Great. Hey, well, we'll chat in
 the morning then, eh?

Mary grabs her purse, light bulb and photo, backing up
 like a retreating cautious cat towards the back door.

MARY HUNTERS
 Thanks for the info, Leona. Gotta
 run. Thank you! Good night!

LEONA HOMMSLEY
 God nigh, dear.

Mary slinks away out the back door.

EXT. MILLY'S INN DECK, WILSON, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Mary shuts the door behind her and walks onto the rear
 deck. She stops for a few moments to view the moonlight
 reflecting on the Cove waters, and on all the secured
 boats gently bobbing up and down to the slight waves. A
 gentle breeze begins to blow her hair and the deck lights
 begin to flicker. She quickly turns and fast walks to the
 stairs, rapidly descends them and fast walks under the
 deck back to her room, entering thru the sliding door,
 thru the curtains.

EXT. WILSON BOAT HOUSE, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

Mary is eating breakfast on the Boat House deck while
 watching various people in the harbor work on their
 boats. Dozens of seagulls are SQUAWKING and flying
 around.

EXT. WILSON BOAT HOUSE, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

Mary boards a shuttle bus parked in the Boat House parking lot.

EXT. NURSING HOME ENTRANCE - DAY

The shuttle bus pulls up to the entrance of The Harbors and stops. Mary exits the shuttle as a strong gust of wind blows.

INT. NURSING HOME LOBBY - DAY

Mary enters the lobby of The Harbors, briefly adjusts her hair and approaches the front desk where nurse FLORENCE NOYCE, a reserved woman mid-50's, is chatting with custodian JO DUSTZ, a sassy woman mid-50's.

FLORENCE NOYCE

May I help you?

Mary approaches and sets her red purse on the front desk.

MARY HUNTERS

Um, Yes. Hi. I'm Mary Hunters, from New York city. And I'm looking for someone, one of your employees. Billy Shakespeare?

FLORENCE NOYCE

Who?

MARY HUNTERS

(clears throat)
Ahem. Billy Shakespeare.

JO DUSTZ

Ah, William Shakespeare is dead, honey. I think you need to talk to one of the doctors. Right through the door there, they'll help ya. .

Jo's finger points to the 'Psychiatrist Office'.

Mary hands Florence her business card and the photo of Billy. Florence and Jo study the photo and Mary's card.

MARY HUNTERS

(feigned dignity)
Not William. Billy. Billy Shakespeare. Leona Homsley said he works here. She, works here. She.

FLORENCE NOYCE

This is Billy Shakes. Her last name is Shakes, dear, not Shakespeare. I did see her here earlier.

MARY HUNTERS

And where might I find her?

JO DUSTZ

She's probably workin'. Now you can't be runnin' around here by yo self. You need a Visitor Pass.

FLORENCE NOYCE

(waving at Billy))

There she is right now, wheeling Walter around. BILLY! COME OVER HERE!

Billy enters, pushing Walter in a wheelchair, eye patch now over his left eye.

FLORENCE NOYCE

Billy. This woman is from New York city. Just showed up a few moments ago, looking for you.

MARY HUNTERS

Hi, Billy. My name is Mary Hunters. I've come a long way to talk with you. I represent Quill & Ink Publishing in New York. I'm wondering if I might grab a meal with you sometime. I'm in town for a few days. Maybe do lunch and talk?

BILLY SHAKES

About what?

MARY HUNTERS

I saw you in New York last weekend. Congratulations on winning. But you left before I could speak to you.

BILLY SHAKES

(shaking head no)

No, no interviews. Sorry.

MARY HUNTERS

I'm not with the press. I'm a literary agent, for one of the largest publishers in the country. Here is my card. I would love to hear your plans for the future. Do you have an agent yet?

WALTER RAY LEE

No, she does not. Why would she?

MARY HUNTERS

So more people can read her words
all over the world. And whom might
YOU be?

WALTER RAY LEE

Pleased to make your acquaintance,
miss. My name is Walter Ray Lee,
Captain of The Royal Bark, and
very pleased to be, or maybe not
to be, at your service.

Walter bows his head respectfully, puts his left hand
over his heart and dramatically extends his right arm out
with open palm towards Mary, who rolls her eyes.

MARY HUNTERS

(to Billy, smiles)

I can give you the references of
many of my authors, most of them
WOMEN, who are most satisfied with
their association with our
company. So, what about lunch?
Would tomorrow work?

BILLY SHAKES

Well, I don't know.

WALTER RAY LEE

Oh, what do you have to lose, fair
maiden? Only your soul! But,
seeing that she's journeyed such a
long way from New York, it would
only be proper to have lunch with
the Queen, just to hear her war
plans. All stories for the
gullible, of course. YOU! Spirit
passing! For how long seen? So,
speak your soul. Share all fast,
so we may live beyond this moment,
farther, into forever.

JO DUSTZ

Walter! Shut it.

WALTER RAY LEE

We live spiritual dreams, bound by
what matters. The one that is
highest loves, and lives through
us to all. Far better to have
lived all we have, with life's ups
and downs, than snared into any
past regrets. And so it is, and we
move on, cautiously cheerful.

JO DUSTZ

Can it, Walter. Go to lunch, girl!
She just called yo lottery
numbers, sugar. Lunch is on you,
right?

Jo points at Mary.

MARY HUNTERS

Of course, on me. Expense account!

Mary grins at Jo.

BILLY SHAKES

Well, OK.

MARY HUNTERS

Great! Tomorrow. Around noon work
for you?

Billy nods her head yes.

MARY HUNTERS

Good. Thank you. Noon. At the
Wilson Boat House? Where your
mother plays bridge on Tuesday I
hear.

BILLY SHAKES

How did you know that?

WALTER RAY LEE

Miss Hunter here is a shark, from
the Big Tank, at the Big Apple
zoo. You're possibly her new meal
ticket, and she has come to feed.
You see, life sets up in two
camps: despair and love; foe
rustlers and friendly wranglers.
THAT story. As old as the universe
is wide. Sharing a meal or being
one. She has done her homework.
Probably knows all about you.

MARY HUNTERS

(to Billy)

Not much, really. You certainly
are a fine talent, really
fantastic with words.

BILLY SHAKES

(nervously)

Can we talk about this tomorrow?

WALTER RAY LEE

Where is she hiding her frog wand?
Turning someone else's labors of

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 love into dollar lily pads she can
 float upon eternally. Locking
 souls onto a chain of one ending
 notes the color green she can
 bring to a bank for their future
 contract, that only a lawyer for
 god could break.

MARY HUNTERS
 And what's wrong with GREEN?
 Seeing that she's here, working
 awfully hard for some of that
 awful green stuff, as both your
 engine, and your crew, for your,
 ship.

WALTER RAY LEE
 (wiggles his finger)
 Oh, I like you. Can shoot back and
 straight, when needed. My question
 should be, Who or what remains at
 the end of the line?.. Now, did I
 hear you say this fine lady WON
 something?

BILLY SHAKES
 (to Mary)
 OK! Noon tomorrow. Gotta go, bye.

Billy whips Walter around and wheels him away fast down a
 side hallway.

WALTER RAY LEE
 (shouting)
 Fare Well then! My ship departs!
 Head to dream time, Billy. This
 Captain needs a quick nap. A rest
 falls upon my eyes, quickly.

Billy and Walter exit down a hallway.

MARY HUNTERS
 (touching her purse)
 WHO, was, that?... With Billy.

FLORENCE NOYCE
 Professor Walter Ray Lee. One of
 the long term residents. He's very
 nice, usually the perfect
 gentleman, but totally 'out
 there'.

JO DUSTZ
 Uh-huh. Professor Walter, be just
 a little-touched up top at times.
 Well, OK, a lot of the time. Most
 (MORE)

JO DUSTZ (cont'd)
 days, I don't understand what he's
 chattering on about. But there's
 something special about him, I
 admit, he can say the most
 precious, charming things. A true
 romantic. He's the best poet I
 know. Now, I don't know too many,
 but... He's always writin' in the
 garden, feedin' his birds,
 carryin' his little notebooks
 everywhere. Madly protective of
 them. Won't let anybody read them,
 not even the doctors. But, he
 likes to escape a lot. Oh, he
 comes back. Disappears into town
 every couple weeks. I've taken a
 long look at his little notebooks.

FLORENCE NOYCE

Jo!

JO DUSTZ

I'm sorry. It's true. No harm
 done. I dust 'em off, they open!

Jo shrugs her shoulders and raises her hands in
 innocence.

FLORENCE NOYCE

You said you're here because of
 Billy winning something by
 writing? Well, I never heard
 anything about that. And I know
 her mother real well. We've played
 cards with her every week for
 years. She never once has
 mentioned that Billy was some kind
 of writer. Are you sure you got
 the right person, Miss Hunters?

The shuttle driver heads out the front door.

MARY HUNTERS

Well, I think so... Maybe. Hey,
 thank you both. The shuttle is
 leaving, gotta go. Good-bye!

Mary turns and exits thru the doors.

EXT. WILSON BOAT HOUSE, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

A gust of wind accompanies a group of elderly seniors as
 they walk up to the Wilson Boat House restaurant front
 door and enter, flowing inside and into the old elegant
 sea harbor-styled decor dining room, then blowing outside
 napkins on the deck overlooking the marina where Mary and
 Two Winds are holding menus and ordering at a table.

Mary's red purse is on the table.

MARY HUNTERS

So, Two Winds, I'm glad you have the rest of the day off. I love the view here. OK! I have some questions for you, if I may.

Two Winds nods yes as a SQAUWKING seagull poops on his hand.

Mary wipes it with a napkin and puts it aside::

MARY HUNTERS

(giggles and smiles)

Ooh. Got cha! Here. There. Now, what can you tell me about Walter. Out at The Harbors nursing home.

TWO WINDS

I've...known the Professor for years. Everyone does. He sneaks out somehow, jumps ship, a couple times each month and I pick him up, come here. Have breakfast, talk, him mainly. Then he'll wander around town for a bit before I drive him back. No one knows how he sneaks out, but I think he bribes the guards to leave the garden gate unlocked. He's harmless. A good soul.

MARY HUNTERS

What about Billy Shakespeare? Or, shall I say, Billy Shakes? Uh-huh! I was viewing videos last night of one of her poetry readings. And, guess who I saw, sitting with Billy. Do you want to guess? I met Billy today at The Harbors.

TWO WINDS

Look. I went with her to New York just to help her get around as a favor. She's a good kid. I've known her since she was in diapers. I once lived in New York. It was news to me that she was some writer, Billy Shakespeare, until this summer. She doesn't want me blowing her cover. She probably picked writing up from hanging around Walter, who's known Billy and her mom for years. Billy's mother has this, gift, of inner sight. She's a psychic. Can

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (cont'd)

read a person just by touching their hand. Can tell them stuff about their past lives. Whether it's true or not is another thing, but it seems to help people understand their current life. Empowers them to live a deeper, more meaningful way. It was after she told Walter about his past lives, just after his wife Elizabeth died, that he flipped out. Depression, grief, illness.

MARY HUNTERS

What? So he's nuts? That's why he's in there?

TWO WINDS

He's not nuts, just, dramatic. Has some medical issues. You would need to talk to Walter about all that. My heart tells me I've already said too much. One person sees a beautiful but rough diamond as perfect, while another is bothered by its outer or inner flaws. Let's be clear about diamonds, they're compressed carbon and only under intense pressure does one form. And even the best diamonds have sharp points. Pray for a miracle. They do happen. The lion becomes a lamb, a drunk a monk, a sinner a saint. Who here among us can judge what will come next for anyone?

MARY HUNTERS

I'm meeting Billy for lunch tomorrow but I think I need to speak with Walter first before I do. I really do appreciate your insights, and driving me around. (smiles)

TWO WINDS

Hey, we're the only taxi in town.

MARY HUNTERS

Well, I need help.

TWO WINDS

Yep. We all do. When two elders pass while traveling, they share news and then their hearts sing its wisdom. Words singing in my

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (cont'd)

heart, that is what fuels my journey. No matter which direction the journey takes me, home is always here, inside. So one does not waste words, only shares them, the most powerful ones. Love.

MARY HUNTERS

(gazing at him)

Love...this view, of the harbor here. And the birds, the sunlight twinkling on the water. But last night, I saw a ghost in my room! Freaked me out. A sea captain, in a mirror.

TWO WINDS

You're kidding.

A busboy arrives with a bread basket.

MARY HUNTERS

Thank you. No, I'm not. What kept me sane last night was thinking about all the stories you told me at the Falls. I dunno, I think maybe I saw one of the wall photos reflected in the mirror. It was dark... So, tell me about you. is Two Winds your birth name?

TWO WINDS

No. My mother is swedish,from Minnesota, and my father is Navajo, from Arizona. We lived in Minneapolis. The children are given spiritual names by our elders. A holy woman of the Grandmothers Dream Circle said my spiritual name would reveal itself to me, that no one could give it to me. That it would come from within and would be obvious. Well, for years, many names came to me, but, I felt that, I somehow made them up, wishfully. They never felt right. Then a few years ago, I visited Sedona, Arizona. I had spent the day with a friend, showing me around Sedona.

EXT. RACHEL'S KNOLL, SEDONA, AZ - SUNSET

Two Winds memory flashes back in time to a younger Two Winds, sitting on a high rock cliff ledge, praying.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

She brought me to a sacred ceremonial hill, north of Sedona, called Rachel's Knoll. It was just before sunset. She told me that in the high mountain across the valley, a mountain goddess lived, and would answer any question I had. I was drawn to sit on a high cliff ledge, and began to pray. The mountain looked like a bird-woman face, with two eagles perched on her left shoulder.

EXT. WILSON BOAT HOUSE, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

POV looking down from above, Two Winds is talking to Mary.

TWO WINDS

My friend had talked all day long about, hearing the voice of the goddess, and angels. And I thought: I never hear anything! How come I don't hear the voice of the goddess? And right then, just as I thought that question, two big black crows swooped just inches over my head and flew off straight towards that mountain.

Two Winds motions with his left hand like a bird swooping over his head and startles nearby seagulls who fly off.

EXT. RACHEL'S KNOLL, SEDONA, AZ - SUNSET

POV from behind Two Winds as two crows swoop over his head and fly off above the valley towards a mountain.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

I felt right away as if the crows were flying off carrying my prayer up to the mountain. They kept flying up and up, until they disappeared from view. After a minute wondering where they went, my own voice in my heart spoke to me, and said: YOUR voice IS the voice of the goddess. I suddenly had visions of misusing my voice, by yelling at people in my past. I broke down, cried in regret. After a while I composed myself, was admiring the scenery, when a total silence and peace settled over the entire valley around me. All I could hear was the ringing in my ears, the sound of my own body.

He gazes into the valley below as a gust of wind rushing through the bushes towards and into him:

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Then far off in the valley below me, bushes began shaking from a strong gust of wind that seems to be flowing towards me. The wind rises up the knoll and blows right thru me, deep into my heart and soul, extremely powerful spiritual energies, leaving me in a state of complete bliss, perfect peace, divine love, grace.

MARY HUNTERS (V.O.)

Oh, my.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

The birds began to sing again and flying bugs reappeared, as I sat there dazed in bliss. After a minute, a total silence and peace again settled over the entire valley.

Two Winds again gazes into the valley below as a gust of wind rushing through the bushes towards and into him::

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Then I see another gust of wind flowing through bushes in the valley, that rises up the knoll to blow right thru me again, but even deeper into my soul, with triple strength power filling me completely with bliss, perfect peace, divine love and grace. I sit there dazed in bliss and unable to move, until I see stars in the sky and head back up to the trailhead.

EXT. WILSON BOAT HOUSE, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

Mary, staring at Two Winds, has her elbows on the table with her hands cupping her chin.

TWO WINDS

After leaving, she dropped me off at a friend's house where a dinner party was being held. I knock on the front dor, someone answers and says, Can I help you? No one recognized me at first. My facial features had transformed. I wasn't able to even talk until the bliss subsided hours later.

MARY HUNTERS
 (sitting up)
 Wow. That's un-believable.

TWO WINDS
 I call that story, my double on
 the rocks.

Mary giggles and motions to the waitress walking behind
 her:

MARY HUNTERS
 Speaking of double on the rocks.
 May I have two glasses of
 Cabernet, please?

TWO WINDS
 The first wind cleanses, and the
 second wind fills. I later
 realize that the divine connection
 is all free will. I had to choose
 it, I had to seek out that
 connection. To listen for the
 voice of the 'God-Us' inside. The
 God within us, Joy. So the wind is
 special to me. Yet, for over a
 dozen years, after recounting that
 very story, maybe a hundred times
 for others, and after visiting
 that same cliff dozens of times
 times, I never again felt the wind
 there like that. Until my last
 visit to Sedona.

MARY HUNTERS
 It happened again?

EXT. RACHEL'S KNOLL, SEDONA, AZ - SUNSET

Two Winds is in prayer on a rock ledge.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)
 In a way. The wind at Rachel's
 Knoll touched me once more, but,
 ever so gently, so softly. And it
 was then I suddenly realized my
 true spiritual name, Two Winds. It
 was so obvious. I was crying, and
 laughing, both at the same. I
 carefully turned over and kissed
 that red rock ledge, laying with
 my heart upon it, sending my heart
 beat into the earth. Then I felt a
 great challenge given to me, to
 stand up. STAND UP! Let's just
 say, that over all those years, I
 always had to CRAWL like a spider
 (MORE)

TWO WINDS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 out onto that high ledge to sit
 and pray. The sheer 100-foot
 cliffs below made me tremble for
 my life. And as I tried to stand,
 with wobbly legs, fear, I kept
 saying over and over, I can't do
 this alone.

TWO WINDS
 (intensely)
 I can't do this alone. I can't do
 this alone! I CAN'T, DO THIS,
 ALONE!

TWO WINDS (V.O.)
 I started to stand up, but
 couldn't. The fear was too strong.
 I started and tried, many times.
 Finally, in an instant of my
 letting go, surrendering all my
 fears to Great Spirit, I united
 there with my Creator, and with
 divine help, for just an instant,
 for just one, short, second, I
 stood up! And then sat right back
 down. I had done it!

EXT. WILSON BOAT HOUSE, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

TWO WINDS
 I finally knew my true spiritual
 name, after a lifetime of waiting:
 Two Winds.

MARY HUNTERS
 I love it. That's a beautiful
 story. Thank you for sharing it.

They gaze at each other for a few moments. Mary begins to reach over to grasp his hand when the waitress arrives with two glasses of wine and places them next to their bread plates.

MARY HUNTERS
 This calls for a toast.

Mary raises her glass.

TWO WINDS
 (lifts water glass)
 Umm... I don't drink.

EXT. MILLY'S INN DECK, WILSON, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Two Winds and Mary are sitting on the upper deck at the picnic table, overlooking Bootleggers Cove, facing each other. Her red purse is on the table.

MARY HUNTERS

Thanks for drivin' me back. That extra glass of wine made me so slee-pee. I'm gonna call it an early nighty-night. Pop by the Boat House after my lunch to-mor-row wit Billy. I promise, to be fully, awake, okey-dokey?

TWO WINDS

Call me afterwards. I've got a run to do now. Good nigh, Mary.

MARY HUNTERS

Thank you, Two Winds.

Mary reaches over and touches his hand and they look into each others eyes. We move away as he smiles, gets up and walks to the stairway. Mary is gazing longingly after him and blows him a kiss as he walks down. The deck lights begin to flicker and a sudden gust of wind blows her hair all over her face. A fog horn blows in the distance.

MARY HUNTERS

(giggling)

I'm Two Winds, to the sheets! Or is it, two sheets to the wind?

EXT. NURSING HOME DRIVEWAY - DAY

The shuttle bus drives past The Harbors sign.

INT. NURSING HOME ROOM - DAY

Mary is holding her purse and standing in the doorway of Water's room, staring inside. She scans the room, seeing dozens of notebooks of different sizes and colors all neatly organized on a wall shelf and on a wooden desk under a window overlooking the gardens. A small worn wall poster of William Shakespeare, surrounded by three darts and full of little holes from being used as a dart board, hangs on one wall, pictures on another. Mary knocks on the door. In a moment Walter peeks out from his bathroom doorway. Walter's eye patch is now over his right eye.

WALTER RAY LEE

Miss Hunters! Well, well, well, what a pleasant surprise. Greetings. Please, do come in. I'll be right with you.

His heads pulls back into the bathroom as Mary enters the room.

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)

Make yourself comfortable, please.

Mary sits in a chair as Walter rolls out of the bathroom in a wheelchair and parks himself next to her.

MARY HUNTERS

(purse in her lap)

Nice to see you again, Mr. Lee.
How are you?

She extends her hand and he takes it, and for a moment we see close-up as their eyes connect briefly:

WALTER RAY LEE

YOU can call me Walter. OR, you can call me Professor Walter, or Captain Walter, or just The Professor.

Their hands release.

WALTER RAY LEE

But! Please! Do Not call me nuts.
YES! I, am, wonderful! Ecstatic even, now that your royal highness Queen-ness has blessed me with a royal visit. Upon opening the present the wrapping ribbons hugged, inside past delicate tissue was the true gem, you smiling. Bottle that you do, love! And, upon your graceful departure, you can call me, a taxi! We'll both leave together by two winds. BUT! AND! The big shark will always first stalk the entire school of fish first, before deciding on who to single out to pursue for dinner. Or in your case today, lunch.

MARY HUNTERS

Am I a shark?

WALTER RAY LEE

Most certainly! And a little girl who misses playing all day, and a hungry cat at dinner time. Although at dinner time for hungry beings, merry hunters all! What determines the shape of a thing, Miss Hunters? All humans are shape shifters. Get over it. Ah, so, what got you into this position anyway? OMMMMMMMMM. The waves in this creation can potentially create any thing at any time. One's heart thoughts must be razor sharp and focussed, because?

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 Because? Because whatever we hold
 in mind, tends to create! TENDS is
 the key word there, Miss Hunters,
 because thoughts that you put into
 motion TEND, tend, mind you, to
 re-create, over and over again,
 forever, that is until you change
 your mind. So! Watch your
 thoughts, Miss Hunters, think only
 good thoughts, no matter what. An
 entire world forms around our
 thoughts, here. Loving All creates
 more Loving All. More leaves on
 our vine. What sprouts within
 grows outward in joy. Or pain
 arises, resisting love.

Walter flings his arms out dramatically with the words,
 come forth:

WALTER RAY LEE
 (shouting)
 ALL THAT IS, FOREVER...COME FORTH!

Mary looks stunned and a bit frightened.

WALTER RAY LEE
 Miss Hunters?

MARY HUNTERS
 (meekly)
 Yes?

WALTER RAY LEE
 Hmm. It seems you are an old soul.
 All else seems so trivial, these
 social glamor games played. Time
 to graduate, and be within true,
 the most loving one, now.

MARY HUNTERS
 (clearing throat)
 Ahem. I need something to drink.
 Is there a soda machine?

WALTER RAY LEE
 Yes. I don't and wouldn't want to
 drink the disgusting water that
 runs through these rotten pipes
 that are god knows how old. How
 many glasses of water are in the
 ocean, Miss Hunter?

MARY HUNTERS
 I don't know.

WALTER RAY LEE
(fetching quarters)

Only one, if its big enough. So many angles to the truth, you see. Here are some quarters for you, two sodas, one for me. I buy, you fly. Turn left out the door, down the hall a bit. Don't forget to have your: I'm not crazy, don't lock me up Visitor Pass showing or you could end up here, like me, babbling on forever, to walls, touched with both my joys and deepest, darkest heart aches. Brightened in my mournings by the sun. To Love, or Not to Love, THAT is THE question. For so long your soul do bring by heart your love so true to be, or not. One must choose Ah!

MARY HUNTERS
I'm gonna get the sodas now.

Mary rises and we follow behind her as she hurries out the door.

INT. NURSING HOME HALLWAY - DAY

Mary wanders down the hall and finds the vending machine room, with a small table and four chairs. She nervously fumbles the quarters, DROPS them all and they roll everywhere, including under nearby patient room doors. GARY DUHGARDO, a stout uniformed security guard, 30's, enters the hallway from a nearby exit.

GARY DUHGARDO
You need some help?

MARY HUNTERS
(squatting down)
No. Well, Yes! Yes, I do. I dropped quarters everywhere.

GARY DUHGARDO
Let me help you.

Gary begins helping Mary pick up quarters:

GARY DUHGARDO
I went out for a quick smoke. Thought you'd be in there for a while with him. He's a nice guy. The nicest one in here, and that includes the doctors. But he's a little, you know.

MARY HUNTERS

Nuts? Really?

GARY DUHGARDO

Not nuts, dramatic, OK? A little nuts, but aren't we all somewhat eccentric, hopefully interesting personalities? Some broken cookies happen, even with the best cook. He's like a big roller coaster, up and down. A little manic sometimes. But we all can be.

MARY HUNTERS

(quickly sits)

Sit with me for a second. Tell me more about Walter.

She sets her red purse on the table. We move closer as Gary sits on the opposite side of the table, facing her:

GARY DUHGARDO

OK. He's...been here for thirteen years. Thirteen! Me? Five. I came to visit, stayed after check-out. Met Walter in town one day. Now, his stories make my shifts go real fast. We talk about important stuff. I used to talk, a lot: yack, yack, yack. Had to learn how to listen, with the ear of my heart. The first connection, is with Divine Love. From that position, Being Invincible, the only thing to do is share That Love. That's our first work here, always. One actor may sometimes plays two parts, or even them all, just give an Oscar. The man is a genius, of the heart, and showed me that we all are, in our own way. Some are broken skippin' records, while others leap off the charts. Thirteen years he's been in here helping people. A true, healer, in my mind anyway. When I quit talking, and thinking, for just a few a moments, I tap into REAL reality. And it's LOVE, baby.

Walter's voice is heard from down the hall.

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)

(shouting)

Miss Hunters?! Are you lost? Did you bribe the machine yet to deliver you the nectar of the

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.) (cont'd)
 Gods? Coca Cola! Original formula,
 please!

MARY HUNTERS
 (shouting)
 It's all Pepsi!

GARY DUHGARDO
 He KNOWS that. He's just, playin'
 wit your mind. Play back. Give him
 a game, but make it yours. Don't
 get twisted on his. He's bored.
 Bring em' your A game! Your only
 goal is, figure out who that real
 you is inside those pretty eyes.
 You need more quarters, don't you?
 Here.

Gary pulls quarters out of his pocket and gives them to her.

Mary stands, PUMPS quarters into the soda machine, HITS a button and a can TUMBLES to the slot:

MARY HUNTERS
 Thanks. You're right. I'm used to
 dealing with crazy writers all day
 long. Kind of just shocks you
 awake.

She leans down to retrieve the can, sets it on the table.

As Gary talks, Mary PUMPS quarters into the soda machine, HITS a button and a can TUMBLES to the slot:

GARY DUHGARDO
 Yep. But remember, once you play
 on his level, the rest of your
 day, maybe even the rest of your
 life, is gonna seem kinda boring.
 You're gonna want to run at first,
 just like ya did, right?

Mary nods yes.

While Gary talks, Mary leans over, retrieves the second can, sets it on the table, then sits:

GARY DUHGARDO
 Yep, ya have ta ride the bull! The
 real rodeo of life ain't about
 just ridin'. It's about TAMING
 your bull. It's your bull. Own it.
 Master it. Master your own bull
 first, then you can ride anyone
 else's, without being thrown. And
 (MORE)

GARY DUHGARDO (cont'd)
 you'll be a better person for it.
 For knowing how to ride!

Gary leans back in his chair, puts his hands behind his head, stretches out his legs and gives her a big smile:

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)
 (shouting)
 Miss Hunters! I can hear you
 talking it up with my guardian all
 the way down here! You need some
 help?

MARY HUNTERS
 (shouting)
 NO! I mean, YES! I DO NEED HELP!

OLD MALE PATIENT (O.S.)
 (shouting)
 QUIET!

OLD FEMALE PATIENT (O.S.)
 Go ride him, cowgirl!

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)
 GOOD! Good for you to admit it!
 It took Two Winds years before he
 could admit he needed help! That
 he couldn't do it alone! Who can?
 No one!

GARY DUHGARDO
 (sits up in chair)
 I love 'em all. It goes to show
 you that some minds really can
 make ballon animals out of thin
 air. Find their inner teddy bear.
 If you can find your own first.

MARY HUNTERS
 (smiles, stands)
 OK, thanks. Thank you for the
 quarters, Gary. You're an angel.

Mary picks up the cans, they share smiles. She turns away, walking back down the hall as a young female NURSE pushing a medical cart enters Walter's room.

INT. NURSING HOME ROOM - DAY

Mary enters Walter's room and sets the cans on the desk. She hears Walter and the Nurse GIGGLING and LAUGHING from behind the bathroom door.

MARY HUNTERS
 (loudly)
 I'm back!

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)

Ah! The hunter has returned with
two magic potions to fuel our
inner fires! But first! This blond
nymph of love, my hearts desire
bar none forever more, draws the
life force of my inner rivers for
those wretched vampires on the
lower floors of this fine and
horrible accommodation, who call
themselves doctors for laughs!
Only witchcraft practice those
evil souls, whom I love as
brothers and sisters, but only on
my better days. OUCH! Will be with
you in just a bit. OUCH!

MARY HUNTERS

(loudly)

Take your time!

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)

Testing 1, 2, 3. Testing 1, 2, 3.

Mary sets her purse on his desk, picks up the top
notebook, begins to flip thru it, stopping to read.

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)

My blood pressure always rises
when YOU take it, love.

Audio flashbacks begin for Mary as she recalls hearing
these same poems she is now reading, by Billy on her
website.

INSERT: POEM FROM WALTER'S NOTEBOOK:

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)

SoaringTogether, in formation,
theLoudest Heart Still Sings,
winds dance, all of us blowing
leafs roll, like earth and sun,
forever more.

We hear Walter in the bathroom.

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)

Good morning, cells! Trillions
wave! All doing something, keeping
alive, without even a thank you
from the host. OK, Thank You,
cells in my body.

Mary picks up another notebook from the desk, flips thru
it, stops to read.

INSERT: POEM FROM WALTER'S NOTEBOOK:

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)

One dances, face to the Light, in
shadow turned Away, the Wheel turns
and All do, tiny Universes
everyONE, Where? you Look and
think, thoughts Mine dig.

We hear Walter and the Nurse GIGGLES unseen. Mary picks up another notebook from the desk, flips thru it, stops to read.

INSERT: POEM FROM WATER'S NOTEBOOK:

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)

The wiser One had Nothing to say,
free of all Desires one is pure
Love, everything is Giving, there
is nothing that is not Joy, full
time.

Mary's flashbacks end and we are in front of her close-up as she randomly looks through the notebooks.

MARY HUNTERS

Damn. I knew it! It's ALL his.
She's been stealing it.

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)

Who are you talking to, Mary? I'm
giving away all such once
treasured gifts, now wholly
transformed into substances no
longer serving life, now released.

FLUSHING is heard behind the bathroom door.

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)

All done, Hunters. Everything is
clear.

Mary fumbles with his books trying to put them all back in order. We hear running water for a few seconds then it stops. Mary just finishes when the bathroom door opens. The Nurse hurries out pushing a medical cart and shuts the door behind her, waving her hand next to her nose and quickly exits the room. Mary grabs her purse and sits just as bathroom door opens and out rolls Walter, with his eye patch now on his left eye. He shuts bathroom door and rolls over to her.

WALTER RAY LEE

Miss Hunters, why are you here? I
thought you were meeting Billy for
lunch?

MARY HUNTERS

Oh, just wanted to visit with you
first.

WALTER RAY LEE

(rolls to desk)

The Curtain rises again, after the Intermission for Act 3: Extreme Selfishness Leads To Ruin, followed by the finale: When Accounts Come Due. What walls defy this rush of love within, to everything & back again. This grand movement our love flows, into all fields, of existence...

He frowns and begins rearranging his notebooks:

WALTER RAY LEE

This is odd. My notebooks are all out of order...

He finishes rearranging the stacks, then stares over at Mary She fidgets nervously in her chair as Walter picks up the two soda cans and rolls over to her. A close-up as Walter hands her a can and she quickly pops the top open and gulps.

Walter leans his face in to almost touching hers, then pops his soda top open:

WALTER RAY LEE

(whispering)

Why are you, acting, so nervous? Did you...Did you...bring me a chisel, to assist in my escape from this heartless prison cell?

MARY HUNTERS

(gulping soda)

No, but I've got a gun.

WALTER RAY LEE

I know who moved my books, Mary Hunter. It must have been...You, would have, never guessed it was, that damn cleaning woman, Jo! She was here just before you arrived. I know she claws thru my personal belongings, which is completely illegal, wrong and immoral, wouldn't you agree?

Mary looks down and away, nodding yes.

Walter rolls over to the desk, picks up a newspaper then rolls back to her:

WALTER RAY LEE

In the mind of criminal investigators, there is only one
(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)

basic question, from which all others sprout. Only one: WHO benefits? I was just reading the paper before you arrived. Listen to this...NASA says, Repeating galactic background noises are a signal and they need a billion more dollars to figure it out. Before the public does. HA! And, of course, all these never ending wars. All just one big ego whiz fest! War is what happens without The Presence of love, reason and good will. The specter of death haunts us all. But, energy! Oh no, energy never dies, it just changes form. One day, that big limo in the sky will arrive to pick us up. There'll be no time to grab anything. No luggage, leave the baggage, and no good byes. Just off we go, on a shaft of light, for some long needed rest at our time share on the other side. Hope you locked one in early with the better views. Exact location decided by ones dues paid. Ah, our day of passing already set at birth into this dream. So, whoever passed on today, this was their day to go. Another dream arises for them. So, get over it, they have.

They hear only the sounds of birds SINGING in the garden through an open window.

WALTER RAY LEE

Anyway, who lives and who dies is all a matter of karmic destiny, all connected, so love. All one day meet their master, whose love bears repeating. The TRUTH: Love, eternal and everywhere, lasts forever! Whereas illusions, shadows, lies and corruption, one day fails, disappears. I have no privacy here. None. I'm treated like a wild animal, locked up in this concrete block wall cell for thirteen years. Although it is quite roomy, with a view of the gardens and my birds. But, I am about to make my escape. And you, Miss Hunters, are the sign I've been waiting for. I intend to

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
permanently escape, extremely
soon. Perhaps even tonight. Or
tomorrow, on the full moon.

MARY HUNTERS
I heard, that you escape all the
time. About every two weeks.

WALTER RAY LEE
Haven't you learned yet to believe
only half of what you hear or see,
and nothing of what you read, eh,
detective? The difference this
time, for me is, I have chosen to
be imprisoned here all these
years, thirteen, all the while,
completely understanding that my
mind and soul, are and have been,
completely free of all shackles,
all frail, weak and divisive
thoughts, gone forever and left in
only a most marvelous body moving
in matter, in a room, on a planet
somewhere in a vast galaxy of
stars, within a complete
emptiness, the endless sea of
potential. All things star light,
waves brought to form by echo
patterns, a star surfer long ago
forgotten in name, but not
actions. Actions, my dear Miss
Hunters. Actions leave a trail, a
wake, of some distant memory that
now dawns again anew. Whereas you
struggle in each and every moment
just to be present with whomever
is there with you, wanting to
escape away to the next clue. That
is the nature of the beast, our
ego, our monster in waiting, kept
calm by play acting to get along,
to find food, and shelter, and yes
tamed only by love, Miss Hunter.
All souls created, one day yearn
to float upon the joys of That
which is all love. The rest: just
lies and distractions, away from
all that IS love, Miss Hunters.
You.

MARY HUNTERS
Walter. Why don't you tell me
about you? What was it, that
Billy's mother told you about your
past lives, after your wife died?

WALTER RAY LEE

(agitated)

Please, leave your shark outfit in the closet, Miss Hunters! It's much easier to CHARM snakes into your basket than to bite them. Even the hardest stone, when held close to a heart, is beatin' with Love. You can't do it alone, Mary. Only love we are, nothing else.

The lamp light on the table begins to erratically flicker.

WALTER RAY LEE

Know where your real life resides, inside, in divine radiant love. Connect with divine love first, every day, and don't let go.

MARY HUNTERS

(gets up to leave)

Sorry. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked that. I should go... I've got to go. Really, I do. My lunch with Billy is at noon. Thank you, Professor.

Mary drops her head, turns away and exits the room as the light bulb quits flickering.

Walter rolls to the doorway shouting after her:.

WALTER RAY LEE

Fare well, sweet one! ONE! A word with THREE letters! Three letters in ONE! And, three letters in the word GOD! G - the spiral of all life of the whole universe. O - the circle of life and what goes around comes around. And D - the circle of life divided in half, into D, the Definitions, for all of D parts! Don't get stuck on the definitions, Hunters! See the bigger picture! Fare Well!

EXT. WILSON BOAT HOUSE, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

Mary and Billy are sharing lunch at an indoor table. A bottle of wine and Mary's red purse is on table. Seagulls are flying around and SQUAWKING throughout this entire scene.

MARY HUNTERS

Wow. Those are some wonderful stories, Billy. You sure have a
(MORE)

MARY HUNTERS (cont'd)
vivid imagination. Tell me, where
did you learn how to write so
well? Who was your mentor?

BILLY SHAKES
(somewhat drunk)
Um. My mentor? I, ah... I, um...

MARY HUNTERS
What if, I were to tell you that,
I know, who the REAL author of
your rap and poetry is?

Mary smiles smugly, crosses her arms and proudly leans
back in her chair. A sudden gust of wind blows her hair
all over her face and she quickly brushes it back.

BILLY SHAKES
(looking shocked)
Whatcha, whatdeoya mean? I wrote,
a lot, some, of what I write is...

Mary begins tapping the table with her pointer finger:

MARY HUNTERS
Yes? SOME of what you write is,
what? Why is it NO ONE in this
small little town knows a thing
about you being a writer? I know
your secret, girl. Give it up! I
know who writes your stuff. You
wheel his ship around. All your
online poems, they're all from
Walter's notebooks, are they not?

We move closer as Mary leans in close to Billy.

MARY HUNTERS
I know. I looked. I just read
through his notebooks an hour ago.
Someone seems to to be been
pirating his writings. The same
words you've used to win contests
are the same words I found in
Walter's notebooks.

BILLY SHAKES
(shaking her head)
No! No! No one has ever read his
notebooks. He won't let anyone
read them. He won't! He can't!

Billy starts to sob uncontrollably, grabbing a napkin.

MARY HUNTERS

Billy, half the entire hospital staff has probably read his notebooks. Are all your writings his?

After a long pause Billy begins to compose herself.

BILLY SHAKES

(drying her eyes)

No. Some of them are mine. Really! I changed a few of his, slightly. To make 'em sound normal. More like real people talk. I'm, I'm sorry. Most are his, OK. I'm sorry! I wanted people to hear his words. They're all so light, and beautiful. And yet sometimes so dark and horrible. Most of the time they leave me feeling like I could fly, forever, in pure joy.

MARY HUNTERS

That's what I love about words too, Billy. I love words. They have a life all their own. The right phrase, just the right perfect word, crafted before or after one another, unlocks me from all these day to day challenges and hardships we face as people, with these, imperfect lives we live. I became an agent just be around writers, just to listen to them speak. But somehow, somewhere, I see now I forgot how to listen, deeply listen, for the essence and truth of words that spark my heart and mind to joy.

BILLY SHAKES

Uh-huh.

MARY HUNTERS

You're gonna have to tell Walter.

They stare at each other. We move back during a long pause as they suddenly become very aware of all the cleaning up clatter around them at the end of the lunch hour rush.

MARY HUNTERS

So, what's your real name, Miss Shakespeare?

BILLY SHAKES

Billy Shakes.

MARY HUNTERS

Ah, close. So not completely a lie. So, Billy Shakes, I'm curious. What did your mother say to Walter about his past lives that threw him for such a loop? Two Winds mentioned it to me.

BILLY SHAKES

I'm not supposed to say. Look. Walter is, Walter is... Walter is my uncle.

MARY HUNTERS

(softly to herself)

Ouch. Didn't see that comin'.

BILLY SHAKES

(holding wineglass)

My mom is the sister of Walter's wife. She looks a lot like her. Walter never had kids, so he treats me like a daughter. I got the job at The Harbors so I could look after him. And my mom, she has this gift. She can, um, she can see the past lives of people, just by touching their hand. One day Walter was at the house, and she told him who he was, in his past lives.

MARY HUNTERS

So, who was it?

BILLY SHAKES

Um, I shouldn't say. Well, OK. Um, there are many important past lives he's had, but the big one, for him, was, Sir Walter Raleigh.

MARY HUNTERS

Sir Walter Raleigh? The guy from England? Back in the, 1500's?!

BILLY SHAKES

Yup.

MARY HUNTERS

The guy who brought tobacco from the New World to Europe.

BILLY SHAKES

Yup. But the family records show he never went to America. He sent his ships, and they brought it back.

MARY HUNTERS

And he put his coat on the ground,
over a mud puddle, for the Queen
to walk over.

BILLY SHAKES

Well, no one can prove that ever
really happened. No records.

MARY HUNTERS

So, so what? What's the big deal?

BILLY SHAKES

Well, after he heard that from
Mom, Walter went and bought a
bunch of books on the life of Sir
Walter Raleigh. That's when he
made the discovery.

MARY HUNTERS

What discovery?

BILLY SHAKES

The discovery. Um, that, all the
plays supposedly written by
William Shakespeare, were actually
written by Sir Walter Raleigh.

MARY HUNTERS

Oh, come on. I remember those
silly arguments from my college
days in English lit classes: Who
wrote the plays of Shakespeare? So
Walter thinks he's William
Shakespeare.

BILLY SHAKES

No. Oh, no. William Shakespeare
was, by all accounts, a poor
arrogant, drunken actor and stage
manager, who directed and starred
in plays written by the most
intelligent man in England at that
time, the Queen's very own, her
most trusted advisor and bodyguard
Sir Walter Raleigh. Look,
Shakespeare's own parents, AND,
his own children, were illiterate.
He was too busy drinking and
tavern hopping to teach his kids.
Do you actually think the REAL
writer of the greatest dramatic
literary works in the English
language would have children who
couldn't read or write?

MARY HUNTERS

Well, maybe they were a little slow.

BILLY SHAKES

You see, that's why there have always been serious questions raised about who really wrote those plays. There are no original hand written manuscripts. None. And no records of Shakespeare ever socializing with nobility, ever, except at the theater. No records, in all those wealthy family documents, nothing about Shakespeare. Well, why not? A lot of the other lesser-known writers are. You see, most all rich people back then, the nobility class, used pen-names for their public letters, and in many cases with a hyphen in the name, just to let you know. That was THE big standard clue in those days that a pen-name was being used by the writer, using a hyphen. The Bards very first published verses and plays, the First Folio, have the split hyphenated name, Shake-speare, Shake hyphen speare, on the title pages. The most widely recognised, knowledgeable, most brilliant man in England during the life of the actor Shakespeare, was Sir Walter Raleigh, the closest companion for years to the virgin Queen Elizabeth. Walter was not of royal blood, so he couldn't marry her. Witty, arrogant, charming. A real soldier, sea captain, pirate, the closest advisor and top bodyguard to the Queen and her court. Shake that spear! And quill pen. The known facts of the life of Sir Walter Raleigh are embedded in the small details in each of his plays. A book my uncle has in his room, dated 1914, titled: Shakespere and Sir Walter Raleigh, written by Henry Pemberton, slam dunks the case that it was him. Yep, finished plays, written by Sir Walter Raleigh, were given to Shakespeare, the actor-manager, who produced 'em, starred in 'em.

MARY HUNTERS

The plays were almost banned. Too controversial. Poking fun at and revealing the corrupt shallow lives and murderous scheming within 'imaginary' royal courts. Dangerous material back then. And still dangerous today.

BILLY SHAKES

Back in those days, being known as an actor or playwright was a shameful thing to be. A low life. Nothing that a nobleman would dare be associated with. But, the First Folio, the very first printing of The Bard's plays in 1623, was funded by, and dedicated to, a wealthy nobleman whose estate caretaker was...Sir Walter Raleigh's half-brother. The dedication pages have multiple hyphens of Shake-speares name. Why?

MARY HUNTERS

So, you chose the name Shakespeare, rather than your real last name, Shakes. And, you're just playing the part, using his material. Just like the real William did back then.

BILLY SHAKES

Yeah, basically. I guess so.

MARY HUNTERS

(sipping wine)

Hmm...Interesting.

BILLY SHAKES

One day, oh, two years ago, after I started at The Harbors, I went into his room, while he was out on one of his escapes in town, and I paged thru all of his notebooks. At first his writings and poems made no sense to me. They run on and on. People don't talk like that, usually. Well, maybe in New York, or LA. But as I read them, over and over again, I began to just, fall in love with the words and the phrasing. It took me to another place.

Billy pulls out a post-it note from her purse, reads it.

BILLY SHAKES

So long lost souls fare well after all, the only real power, love, is why, once tasted, forever touched, joined then in bliss, perfection.

MARY HUNTERS

So why is he at The Harbors?

BILLY SHAKES

He put himself in there thirteen years ago after his wife, my aunt, died. She got hit by a drunk driver. Mom said he got real depressed and quit his job teaching at the university, and moved here. Uncle Walt said that, after Queen Elizabeth died, Sir Walter Raleigh was locked up for thirteen years in the Tower of London. Terrible place, the Tower. The Bloody Tower they call it. Yet, Sir Walter, with no distractions, became focused there, and made the most of it while being locked up. Where about the only thing he could do was write, just to keep sane. In the Tower he wrote his History Of The World book. It was the first time anyone had ever written a history of the world. So, I cut him a little slack, for previous contributions to Mankind.

MARY HUNTERS

Your saying, he put himself in, and doesn't have to be there now?

BILLY SHAKES

Physically, he is getting better. But he wants to be there. I overhear him tell the nurses how he likes it there, that it's comfortable. I think he can make it seem like he's a little more crazy than he really is, just to bug the doctors, when he wants to.

MARY HUNTERS

Can see that.

BILLY SHAKES

Walter has actually made that place into a home, so for a lot of the people in there it is the only home they have now. So make the

(MORE)

BILLY SHAKES (cont'd)

best of it, he says. They have no other place to go home to. When you really get to know him, and he lets you in inside, after you let yourself inside yourself, no greater friend than he. Just loves playing with words. That's all he really wants to do. To sit in the garden and write, with friends. And feed the birds. He's kind of in charge of all the birds, making sure all the cages are cleaned and maintained properly. Most are ones he brought with him when he moved out of his house and into The Harbors. He can watch them from his room window, And if he is in a really good mood, and he likes you, and you're a woman, he can be off the charts charming and romantic.

MARY HUNTERS

He can also seem to be possessed by demons and attack your weakest spots.

BILLY SHAKES

Oh, yeah. I've tasted that. Many people have. Except with my mother.

MARY HUNTERS

OK. I'll go talk with him tonight. He needs to know what you've been doing with his writings.

BILLY SHAKES

Please, wait until tomorrow morning! He seems to be at his best in the mornings. He's like a fussy child in the afternoons, and can be a raging tiger at night. Depends on what meals they're serving. The food in there can be, well, institutional.

MARY HUNTERS

I've had hospital food. I get that. Well, maybe you can be his editor. You already are, basically. I like what you've chosen. So, tell me about the poems YOU wrote.

INT. WILSON BOAT HOUSE, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

Two Winds enters the dining room carrying a small backpack. Mary is seated at a dining room table, her purse on the table.

TWO WINDS

Hi.

MARY HUNTERS

Hi! Thanks for stopping by. Wow, what a day! Unbelievable. The staff must think I've moved in here.

Kitchen SOUNDS as Two Winds sits and a waitress comes to the table with a menu, but he waves her off:

TWO WINDS

Not right now. I can't stay long. I'm in between runs. What's up?

MARY HUNTERS

Billy spilled the beans. Her poems are actually Walters. Well, most of them. I'm not sure yet. And, Walter is Billy's uncle. But you probably already knew that.

TWO WINDS

Um. Yeah, I knew that. But it wasn't my place to tell you.

MARY HUNTERS

Well, there's way more. I can't talk about it in public. It's too nutty. Walter thinks he's... Shakespeare. Well, not THE Shakespeare, the person, but Shake-hyphen-Spear the writer. According to Billy, the REAL writer of the plays, was Sir Walter Raleigh. Walter Ray Lee. Sir Walter Ray-Lee. Get it?

TWO WINDS

Yes. He told me. He's told a lot of people. I bet most people in this room.

MARY HUNTERS

Billy said Shake-hyphen-Speare was just a pen-name for Sir Walter Raleigh. She claims that Walter, I mean THE Sir Walter Raleigh, wrote the plays that Shakespeare the actor, produced and acted in. Sir

(MORE)

MARY HUNTERS (cont'd)
 Walter Raleigh. Sir. Walter. Ray.
 Lee. Oh, my head is a spinnin'
 with this one. They'll think I'm
 crazy back at the office.

Mary cradles her head in her hands, sighs and looks at
 the table:

MARY HUNTERS
 You knew all this, didn't you.

TWO WINDS
 I think I knew most of it. Walter
 tends to blab. So, what cha gonna
 do? Go back to New York?

Mary looks up and stares at Two Winds.

MARY HUNTERS
 No. The problem here is, Billy
 used to Walter's writings to win
 those contests. The exact same
 phrases I found in Walter's
 notebooks today. You were right
 about Shake-speare. She, is a he.
 Sir Walter.

TWO WINDS
 My guess is, Walter planned it
 that way. He hooked you in, and
 you took his bait. What a sly
 fisherman that quote un-quote
 crazy Sir Walter is, eh, Miss
 Hunters?

MARY HUNTERS
 Oh, my god...You're right. He's a
 friggin' genius. I need another
 drink. Waiter!

TWO WINDS
 I drink only One spirit, Holy, for
 all brothers who may follow my
 trail. The only thing that gets
 tanked in my life, are my
 goldfish.

MARY HUNTERS
 (giggles)
 Ooo. That's a good one!

TWO WINDS
 (closing his eyes)
 Just for today, just for the rest
 of the day, just for this moment,
 (MORE)

TWO WINDS (cont'd)
 so help me god, cast off all
 fruits not Yours, shared forever.

MARY HUNTERS
 Hmm, well, good for you. To each
 their own. So, you think Walter
 planned all this. Any other little
 secrets you hiding from me? Oh,
 forget it! I don't want to know,
 for now. Maybe later. Can I just
 relax here with you for a while,
 without talking or thinking about
 work? My brain just went tilt. I
 need some help.

Mary's leans over and takes hold of his hand. We slowly
 move in closer.

TWO WINDS
 Sure. But, just one quick
 question, love. Then we won't talk
 about your work.

MARY HUNTERS
 Fine. Go for it.

TWO WINDS
 The question is, what exactly,
 does a book agent do?

MARY HUNTERS
 Literary. I'm a literary agent. I
 handle all different types of
 media and work with contracts,
 handle public relations and
 promotions for authors and
 artists. Fun stuff like that.

TWO WINDS
 Are you a writer?

MARY HUNTERS
 (smiling)
 Good question. That's two. I once
 thought so. But now, just mainly
 memos and reports. Sometimes
 editing. How about you? You should
 be, with all this wisdom and
 interesting things that have
 happened in your life.

TWO WINDS
 (smiles)
 I dabble, take notes, listen to my
 heart speak. I've been working on
 this one short story for a few
 years.

MARY HUNTERS

Really? Well, of course! More secrets. This must be: Secrets Revealed Day. So, tell me about it. Seems no one here is really who they seem to be.

TWO WINDS

Are YOU who YOU seem to be? Let me give you some advice. This isn't the little hick town you think you walked into here. These are bore, rich people with a lot of time on their hands, The didn't become rich by being stupid. You're in the middle of a clever chess match, and you're the Queen who is about to be captured. I like you, a lot. You moved my heart the first time my eyes saw you, Mary. But you're right. Things are not as they seem here.

MARY HUNTERS

Look, I live in New York. Everywhere I go, people are playing their little head games.

TWO WINDS

Not me. What my heart has been singing isn't rap or poetry or fiction. I share only facts, and my story is a true story, of what happened to my former girlfriend and me a few years back, at a state park in Minnesota.

MARY HUNTERS

You have a captive audience here. Just keep my glass full, holy man.

TWO WINDS

Well. We kinda stumbled upon this ancient natural rock amphitheater in a state park in Minnesota, on the spring equinox. So the working title right now is, Stonehenge of America.

MARY HUNTERS

Stonehenge? Another one? In America? Where? In what state?

EXT. BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MINNESOTA - DAY

Two Winds is walking around the ancient natural rock amphitheater at sunrise.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)
In Minnesota. Blue Mounds State
Park.

MARY HUNTERS (V.O.)
Blue Mounds? Never heard of it.
Where in Minnesota?

TWO WINDS (V.O.)
In the southwest corner of
Minnesota.

Two Winds is next to the quarter-mile long row of ancient
stones aligned east to west.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)
What tipped us off was a
quarter-mile long row of ancient
stones aligned east to west,
that's thousands of years old,
that leads into the huge natural
stone circle of boulders.

INT. WILSON BOAT HOUSE, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

Mary and Two Winds are seated at the dining room table.

MARY HUNTERS
Huh. Sounds VERY interesting. Do
you know that, the number one
interest of people visiting
America is Native American culture
and history, visiting historic
sites. Tell me more. But only if
you want to. My heart is all ears.

TWO WINDS
I'd love to, but, I have a taxi
run in just a few minutes.

MARY HUNTERS
(frowns)
Aw.

TWO WINDS
(smiling)
I won't be long. I promise to
come, right back.

Two Winds reaches into his backpack on the extra chair at
the table, pulls out a thin manuscript and hands it to
Mary.

TWO WINDS
Here's the manuscript. It's just a
few pages. I'll be back in a bit.
Cheer up.

MARY HUNTERS
 (fakes suspicion)
 Is this a set-up? Part of Walter's
 plan?

Two Winds stands up.

MARY HUNTERS
 (raising her hands)
 OK! I'll take a look.

Two Winds smiles broadly, turns, leaves the table and exits the room as the waitress walks over and delivers a glass of red wine. Four people at another table next to a window over-looking the marina start laughing, then stand and leave the dining room.

Mary opens the manuscript, reads for a moment then closes it, takes a big gulp of wine, then re-opens the papers and reads.

INSERT: LOBBY GRANDFATHER CLOCK CLOCKFACE TIME 9:05

INSERT: LOBBY GRANDFATHER CLOCK CLOCKFACE TIME 10:10

Mary is in tears at the dining room table as she closes the manuscript, holds it to her heart embracing it, wrapping her arms around it. More tears are flowing down her cheeks as Two Winds enters the room and sits at her table.

TWO WINDS
 It was that bad, huh?

MARY HUNTERS
 (sniffling)
 No. It was beautiful. Thank you
 for sharing it.

Two Winds wipes the tears from her cheeks. And they both gaze lovingly into each others eyes. Mary begins to fondle Two Wind's hand and he leans over to her. They touch foreheads and ever so slowly their lips find each other for a long kiss. A distance ship horn BLOWS. A gust of wind swirls around the deck outside, blowing napkins off tables. All the wait staff in the near empty dining room begin clinking water glasses with spoons in approval.

EXT. WILSON BOAT HOUSE, WILSON, NEW YORK - NIGHT

Mary and Two Winds walk out onto the outside patio bar hand in hand, and stand overlooking the marina. Mary slowly turn to embrace and kiss. A gust of wind seems to make the patio rope lights flicker and napkins fly as Mary and Two Winds both laugh and giggle.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

Mary is sitting, red purse on her lap, in the office of DR. LIVINSTUN, a clumsy short balding handsome man mid-50's with thick glasses. Mary sees Walter through the office window feeding the birds in the garden. Dr. Livinstun has his back to Mary.

MARY HUNTERS

Doctor Livinstun?

The doctor spins around, tripping over his chair, scattering the papers on his desk everywhere. They both scramble to pick up papers off the floor.

DR. LIVINSTUN

Thank you. One over there, too.
Thanks.

MARY HUNTERS

(sits and yawns)

You were saying, about... Excuse me, didn't get much sleep.

Mary sheepishly smiles and unconsciously straightens her clothes, perks up in the chair.

MARY HUNTERS

(clears her throat)

Ahem...You were saying, about Walter?

DR. LIVINSTUN

Yes, well, I can't specifically comment on Mr. Lee's condition, but, what many people with dementia have, and I'm not saying he has it, is a combination of manic-depression and going into fugue states. Fugue states are like day dreams, Miss Haunted, and can seem just as real as this world. And the person could seemingly be in that state what to them is hours while actually only a few minutes or even a few seconds has passed, and we wouldn't even know it. Mr. Lee is not dangerous per se but he can get upset and shout loudly every now and then.

MARY HUNTERS

(yawning)

So can my boss... Excuse me.
Thanks, doctor, for your time. Oh.
What about Billy? Billy Shakes.

DR. LIVINSTUN
What about her?

MARY HUNTERS
Is she...How well do you know her?

DR. LIVINSTUN
Well, I can't comment on
personnel, unless someone were to
call about a job reference.

MARY HUNTERS
I'm thinking of signing her to a
book contract.

DR. LIVINSTUN
Oh, um. I guess that's about the
same thing. I can only give you
her dates of employment.

Dr. Livinstun turns around, opens a filing cabinet and
searches unsuccessfully for paperwork:

DR. LIVINSTUN
(shuffling papers)
Um. Its here somewhere. She's been
here about two years. Reliable,
dependable, a good worker. All the
patients and staff seem to like
her. I knew her mother first. I
play her at cards every...

MARY HUNTERS
Thursday afternoon at the Boat
House.

DR. LIVINSTUN
(turns around)
Why yes! How did you know that,
Miss Haunted?

MARY HUNTERS
That's Hunters. Not haunted.

DR. LIVINSTUN
Oh, my. Sorry, Miss Hunters.

MARY HUNTERS
OK! Gotta run! Thanks again, Dr.
Livinstun.

DR. LIVINSTUN
You're welcome.

Mary exits the office.

INT. NURSING HOME DAYROOM - DAY

Mary walks past Walter's room to the Dayroom door, slightly ajar, silently gazing at Walter. We see him from the front and he looks asleep but is smiling. Mary stands quietly in the doorway behind him.

INT. NURSING HOME HALLWAY - DAY

Mary turns her head to see an old elderly couple slowly walking arm in arm in the hallway towards her.

INT. NURSING HOME DAYROOM - DAY

Mary turns her head back to look at Walter and she see in front of him a beautiful BRIDE and the handsomely rugged Sea Captain, dressed in fancy wedding clothes from the 1800's. Both stand facing each other, holding hands.

SEA CAPTAIN

We're one, so clearly, we danced,
and holding close, our eyes peered
into eternity, for what is love
but us always, a moment lost in
forever.

He slowly leans in to kisses the Bride.

SEA CAPTAIN

Oh. My One, Darling Love,
perfected Beauty, all charm and
wisdom be your world, here, I look
forever after, you! Now, We are
One, in Spirit, in deed, and
fortune in all service, to All in
us Divine, for all time. I Do.

BRIDE

What Love is, this! A fair One,
whom from the beginning of time,
to this moment, so lightly claims
my Heart of Hearts, with just
spring smiles. The Sweetest
Creation for Me, my dreams are now
yours, and yours mine. I seal,
our union with a kiss I Do...

She kisses the Sea Captain.

BRIDE

KNOW not anymore, just FEEL, be
led by your HEART, and nothing
else. We fix our gaze True within,
Love, all day into the deepest
closest night, holding each matter
'til sleep we drift into. And
awaken, to twinkle smiles, and all
(MORE)

BRIDE (cont'd)
 good things again. And again; each
 day, into eternity, with you. I.
 Love. You.

SEA CAPTAIN
 And I, you...

They kiss again, and embrace in a hug tightly.

SEA CAPTAIN
 From Dreams, arise my Love and
 yours, touch every Being, back and
 forth, our waves crest and roll
 in, then gather forever my Love.

BRIDE
 Then, say NO more words. SHOW ME
 them! You lips and soul, touch me!

INT. NURSING HOME HALLWAY - DAY

Mary turns to see another old elderly couple walking in
 the hallway towards her.

MARY HUNTERS
 Hi.

INT. NURSING HOME DAYROOM - DAY

Mary looks back into the room but now sees only Walter.
 Mary runs into the room looking stunned, startling Walter
 who drops his pen and notebooks. Mary quickly bends over
 helps him picks them up, handing them back to him. Their
 hands slightly touch and Mary sees tears running down his
 cheeks from both eyes.

MARY HUNTERS
 I'm so sorry, Walter. I didn't
 mean to startle you.

WALTER RAY LEE
 No, no, don't worry about the
 notebooks, Miss Hunters.

Walter wipes his tears away with his hands.

MARY HUNTERS
 You're upset.

WALTER RAY LEE
 Oh, no, no. Quite the opposite.
 Was just...got a little emotional.
 Here, sit down.

MARY HUNTERS
 Who were those people, Walter?
 Where did they go?

WALTER RAY LEE

College students, practicing a scene from one of my plays. A tragedy. They are free spirits, from another time, another place, yet still, here. On the day of their wedding, a long time ago, their boat sank on the way to their Toronto honeymoon. They drowned, and are buried in the old cemetery, next to Willy's Inn.

MARY HUNTERS

I swear that was the guy in my room, in the mirror.

WALTER RAY LEE

I'd say...one of his relatives. We all appear, as we need to be seen. So, here for you now, seeing it, from One being imagining it, it, imagine, if you will, this. After all, The Goal: Love, and vanish. Return silent soul, enter a world with a heart beat, young, tender, all friends. Discovering our true nature in all things is an endless dance of many masks. So it is appropriate that I was asked to assist in hosting just this one tale, a swayer, this play with me whatever part you choose. For this play write you and I together. Such is love.

Mary takes Walters hand in hers.

MARY HUNTERS

Walter...Walter, I need to tell you something about Billy.

WALTER RAY LEE

First...join me, please, in the garden. Yes?

INT. NURSING HOME GARDENS - DAY

Mary and Walter are watch the birds in their garden cages. The colorful birds are jumping around in their cages during this entire scene.

MARY HUNTERS

It's s peaceful here.

WALTER RAY LEE

One senses precisely all movement on the surface of calm water. Even
(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 a tiny wave touches all shores.
 How more so your love?

Brief silent pause.

WALTER RAY LEE
 I sit here, everyday, surrounded
 by life. Birds, flowers, ants,
 bugs. For them, every moment is
 survival. No helping hands. All
 your words, and rap, and books,
 are bullshit, compared to being
 alive here, with all my little
 friends, surviving, moment to
 moment. Here, in this garden. Now.
 I write to document what is NOT
 important. To wake me up, here.

Walter points to his heart.

MARY HUNTERS
 Walter...I met Billy, for lunch
 yesterday, and she, um, she told
 me about, reading your notebooks,
 and, stealing your material.

WALTER RAY LEE
 Yes. I know.

MARY HUNTERS
 You know?

WALTER RAY LEE
 Of course. Two Winds called me
 this morning. Said he had a long
 talk with Billy, about your lunch,
 and what you two discussed. Didn't
 want to see me rattled. Gave me a
 heads up.

MARY HUNTERS
 So, you're not upset?

WALTER RAY LEE
 Nope.

MARY HUNTERS
 About her stealing, Plagiarizing?
 Making up a complete website,
 pretending all your words were
 hers?

WALTER RAY LEE
 Nope. Because, they are not all
 mine.

MARY HUNTERS

Everyone said you protected your books madly, like they were gold.

WALTER RAY LEE

Being upset at what? At what is and what is not, that I have no control over? The Garden answers: Can one be upset with unripe fruit? Look, Miss Hunters, when I first started writing, nobody wanted to read what I wrote. Everybody's got their own poetry book from their youth locked away in some storage unit. But, once I began REFUSING to let people read my writings, then it became a secret here people WANTED revealed. Then EVERYONE wanted to steal a little peek inside my notebooks, including you. Just human nature. Curiosity kills the cat. I intentionally had to escape, every couple of weeks, to get them all fluttering into my room, stealing glances, sometimes very long glances, like Billy, that hopefully made their day a little happier.

MARY HUNTERS

Like the entire staff.

WALTER RAY LEE

I realized a few years back, what better place to serve others and relieve the suffering man kind spirits rise within us, to day, to night, now right here. Soon one begins to meet local people, who were some of the nicest people I'd ever met until then. And, a few of them lived, and worked, right here. I open their cages. My heart calls them back. I met my wife here, and Billy's mother. And Two Winds, before he was Two Winds. And we all were Somebody, and then became somebody else, with each others help. Wiser. Clearer. More Loving.

MARY HUNTERS

(smiles)

Does Billy know you set her up, like me?

WALTER RAY LEE

Now sling nothing harsh. Pointing fingers, three. Most writers never make money publishing their book. You know that, Miss Hunters. So many books written, never to see the light of day, except to their poor friends and relatives, who, upon receiving such a book, promptly put it away on a high shelf, never to be looked at. So, let's bid all fare well at every ending, which is always a new beginning. Some good seed sprouted here in the local soil that flows from The Falls. And, presto! Now here you come, thirteen years later, seeking to release long night endless treasures written lightly.

MARY HUNTERS

Professor, let me help you. Let me bring your words to the world.

WALTER RAY LEE

Another golden goose to squeeze. Well, squeeze away, Mary Hunters. BUT. It won't be me. No, this goose is too old now. So, I wouldn't be the ideal PR model for the golden goose 'dream writer' you and your company crave to die for, daily. So I say: Let Billy run with it! She already has. But, she needs help. They're not 'my' words anyway, for all only know how to listen, to that elder voice within that comforts us. I am just a scribe to Thee, Hunters. So, Mary Hunters. Is that your real name?

MARY HUNTERS

Mary is. But, not my last name. Hunters is my business name. My real last name is, the name of a well known character in a famous movie. So, I changed it. And you? How about you, Walter. Sir Walter Ray Lee? Is that YOUR real name?

WALTER RAY LEE

No. Like you, like all the Living People of Mankind, I have no name. I am One of The Living People. Our eternal souls have no name. People
(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 call us certain words which they
 use to identify our current form.

MARY HUNTERS
 I have no name?

WALTER RAY LEE
 True. That is the most Truth you
 have ever spoken. The words people
 use to identify this body, in this
 lifetime, well, a long time ago
 some called me...Professor Buddy
 Yacker.

MARY HUNTERS
 (gags and laughs)
 Buddy Yacker?

WALTER RAY LEE
 Professor, Buddy Yacker. See. You,
 me, Billy. We each changed our
 trade names our parents made up.
 To better ones. Just like our
 souls, improving. Writers do use
 pen-names, you know.

MARY HUNTERS
 When did it change to Walter Ra
 Lee?

WALTER RAY LEE
 I came through this town long ago,
 just like you now. Broken,
 exhausted, just after...just after
 my wife died. One day my precious
 soulmate was cleaning houses for
 people, and the next, just
 cremated ashes in a little box.
 Light star dust. Funny how she
 spent her waking life
 painstakingly vacuuming up every
 speck of dust, only to become a
 bag of dust herself. As we all do.
 She passed over, in my arms. She
 took three, last, deep breathes of
 this world, then, her body, just
 went limp, and off she went...

Walter begins to sob and Mary comforts him. After a
 moment he gathers himself.

WALTER RAY LEE
 Worst night of my life, begging
 god to take me instead, to bring
 her back.

Walter sobs, his head onto Mary's shoulder, for a moment.

MARY HUNTERS

Walter. Walter. I'm so sorry.

WALTER RAY LEE

The hardest thing, is to bury your own.

A silent pause as Mary hugs Walter.

WALTER RAY LEE

Hold your loved ones today,
closely. Hold them, for, you never
know, when they'll go. Tell them
what they mean to you, for you may
never have another chance.

He continues to sob.

MARY HUNTERS

Walter. You're a good man.

They sit in a long embrace, then gathers himself.

WALTER RAY LEE

For the longest time, for months,
I was depressed. That's when I
realized, I needed help, and
checked myself in here. 'Nothing'
can never be broken. The mind
cannot define the heart's terms of
dealing with grief, and all grief
is for All we have ever lost. So,
treasure loves time when that
river runs through us, stretching
beyond all horizons, to deep in
our hearts beat as one, and then
departs, silent.

MARY HUNTERS

I'm sorry, Walter. Are you OK?

WALTER RAY LEE

This little planet. So beautiful,
for one big crime scene. When I
was seventeen, I went camping with
friends. Never shot a gun before.
So, I took a morning walk with a
twenty-two pistol. Spotted a
ground squirrel, took aim and
shot. Bang! Missed. He just sat
there on a tree stump, looking at
me. Aimed again. Bang! He flipped
backwards onto the ground with a
small hole right through him.
Suddenly out of the underbrush
another squirrel came running over
to the body, frantic. It looked

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)

right at me. We both realized I just killed his buddy. It was squeaking at me, terribly upset. Broke me up into tears. Affected me deeply. Never fire a gun again.

MARY HUNTERS

At least you realized a deeper truth. I know something lives on. Billy said her mother can see a person's past lives, Sir Walter.

WALTER RAY LEE

Yes. True. I knew her for years only as my wife's sister. Didn't really know her well at all. Until one day. One day, a few days after my wife passed, I was visiting with her, and she took my hand, sat me down, and began to tell me all about my past lives. Which, of course, I didn't believe a word of it at all. At first. Until later. I began to really ponder my life, and recognized certain similar patterns. She told me about being Raleigh. So I bought a book written by his most recent family member documenting his life. The opening sentence said, He was a liar. And the most accomplished man on that Island we call England, at that time. Not in money, in the power of the pen.

They gaze at each other and Walter smiles.

WALTER RAY LEE

It was only after I told all this, in the strictest confidence, at a meeting of the local Wilson poetry club that, of course being the well-placed high-minded gossips they are, word spread around town like wildfire, that I was a little goofy. So many masks people see. So, Mary, it seems I've, been on top of the world many times. And for karmic sake, I don't need to go back. I don't want, to go back. Been there, dun that. Not interested. That scene is gone, if I choose to file it in my mind under MINE, which I won't do again. Forgive me. And so, on to other dreams, without the burden

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
of regrets, only, happiness and
love. I certainly don't want, or
need, any trip to fame. But, Billy
does, Billy wants...to take The
Ride.

MARY HUNTERS
But you're the writer, not her.

WALTER RAY LEE
I remember writing poems as a
teenager, by listening to the way
people talked: the little sentence
fragments we use, little snippets,
and then, rhyming them and
rearrange them, into little songs
basically. As a young man, I went
whitewater river rafting down the
Colorado River, and got terribly
sunburned. After returning to the
chalet, that night we were having
a prayer meeting, and we began it
with, about, five minutes of
silent prayer. After a couple
minutes, suddenly this cloud of
energy, this big blanket of joy,
and love, is like, enveloping all
of us. It filled the room, for
less than a minute. We were all
crying, shouting with joy. Then it
gently dissolved away. Vanished.
Someone yells out that their
sunburn is gone. And we open our
eyes, looked around, and not one
of us had any trace of severe
sunburn left. Gone! All twelve of
us, miraculously cured, of bad,
red sunburns.

MARY HUNTERS
Oh, my god.

WALTER RAY LEE
Well, after experiencing that, I
knew what Divine Love really was.
I had felt it, and it had healed
me, physically. And it is still
healing me, spiritually. One
rarely finds that kind of Divine
love on this planet. Except with
miracles, that last only a few
moments, yet, impact one forever.
You can't even function when That
Presence is with you. All one can
do is, sit, and be with it. The
Presence, the Love, and Peace, of
(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
of the Divine, when it passes,
all, understand. Most people, who
experience That kind of complete,
love and bliss, pass on over.
Poof! Gone! I got it, I'm outta
here! I'm stayin' over There! with
That! The simplicity of being
loving, is the dedication, to the
wellness of all, for these
Creations are from One, True Love,
whom we shepherd for.

A mother holding a baby and an old woman walk by. A young
girl approaches and gently touches Mary's purse, looks
puzzled at Mary, then runs off rejoining her family.

WALTER RAY LEE
After I moved here, and the more I
read about Sir Walter Raleigh, the
more I could dimly remember, some
things. But, not memories. More
like, long lost feelings. But, I'm
done trying to change the world.
Or, entertain it. Or, teach it
anything. I just want to, Be,
loving, simply, now. Besides, one
can only change oneself. So, Miss
Hunters. I'm out. O. U. T. I just,
want to enjoy the simpler things
in life now. Good friends, good
conversation, and, of course, GOOD
FOOD. Which is why I'll be
escaping, for good, later tonight.
Now that you finally showed up, I
realize my work here is complete.
You've unmasked me, and my books.
I am One of Many.

A silent pause, only birds CHIRPING in their cages.

WALTER RAY LEE
One day, at Billy's mother's
house, I peeked at her diary.
Billy had left open it on the
sofa. Please don't mention this to
her. Or, maybe she left it open
for me to read? I knew, right
then, she had the gift. She knows
how to listen, with her heart. So
please...please...run wild with
Billy. She already has. It'll be
our little secret, triangle.

MARY HUNTERS
I'll have to think about it.

WALTER RAY LEE

I'll give her, and you, my permission, to use whatever writings speak to your hearts. Of course, most of the staff will eventually find out and say something. But, I hear all publicity is good publicity, eh?

He raises his eye patch and winks at her.

WALTER RAY LEE

Look, I'll leave, all my notebooks, in a box, for Billy, when I leave. Two sides to the coin of life, Mary. Time to flip. Will it land, up, with the Good News, or, flipped, onto Some Shit Happened. Can only play the cards we're dealt. Will you, please, take on Billy? I can't, do it, alone.

MARY HUNTERS

I know. But, I don't know. Ugh! Give me a second here! This isn't shark tank.

WALTER RAY LEE

What? You forgot your lines? Come now. Your move, dear. Chess, in 3-D. Just two rules. Number one, remain on the board. And number two, check the power of the king. All pawns, into queens, knights and saints, all a game, all moves ending on a check, mate. Put that on your account. PLEASE. Mary Hunters. Help, Billy. Please...

MARY HUNTERS

OK. Yes, but first I'll have to talk to Billy.

WALTER RAY LEE

(claps once)

GOOD! Great! It's settled then! Let's call Two Winds and sneak on out of here and celebrate at the Boat House. The main meal here tonight is macaroni and cheese. Good lord, glue flavored with more glue. They're trying to kill us.

MARY HUNTERS

Why is your eye patch always switching eyes? Is that for real?

WALTER RAY LEE

Why, yes. I'm trying to train my bad right eye to see again.

Mary and Walter sit silently for a moment watching all the birds in their cages.

WALTER RAY LEE

Would you, be so kind, now show me to my room? I need, a push...to my room? Please.

MARY HUNTERS

Certainly. It would be my pleasure, Captain.

WALTER RAY LEE

Just Walter. Or Sir Walter, will be just fine. Or Walt. Or even Wally, whatever.

MARY HUNTERS

OK. Buddy.

Mary pats him on the shoulder, gets up with her purse and pushes his wheelchair slowly towards a door.

WALTER RAY LEE

Did you know that the Navajo nation, the largest population of Native Americans in America, is a matriarchal society? The mother is the head of each family. They live north of Flagstaff, Arizona, on the second biggest plateau in the world, the Colorado Plateau. The women run the nation too.

MARY HUNTERS

(she stops pushing)
Women run the show? I like that idea.

WALTER RAY LEE

The grandmothers all have dream circles, where they share their dreams and visions, that guide the men and families in their actions.

MARY HUNTERS

Wow.

WALTER RAY LEE

Yep. Their young boys must join a women's lodge first, to learn how to become a woman. They won't allow boys into a men's lodge

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 until after they first graduate
 from the women's lodge as a
 certified woman! Quite an
 interesting world we inhabit, eh?

MARY HUNTERS
 ((pats Walter)
 Yes. You might say it's a
 mid-summer nights dream.

Mary pushes Walter, their conversation fades into just
 the sounds of nature as they enter a door.

INT. INN ROOM - NIGHT

Mary enters her room thru the curtains and flips a light
 switch but it doesn't work.

MARY HUNTERS
 Shit!

Mary walks through the darkened room and turns on the
 nightstand lamp.

MARY HUNTERS
 Aaah! God! Donald! What the fuck
 are you...

DONALD DABOSS
 Shut up!

Donald is holding Mary's pistol at her, with her red
 purse open and contents dumped on the bed.

DONALD DABOSS
 You made a mistake, Mary. You're
 getting personal with your
 targets. This isn't like you,
 isn't like you at all. You left
 you gun, in your room. And now
 someone else found it, and I have
 it. I told you...This, is
 personal. So they called me, said
 you were kissing up, so it's over.

Mary slowly walks a few steps towards him.

MARY HUNTERS
 You don't have the balls. Whatever
 they are, they are now HURTING!

She throws a foot kick into his groin and he drops the
 pistol, falls over moaning, cupping his pants. She picks
 up the gun.

MARY HUNTERS

You have to load it first, Donald.
And I had the clip.

She shows him the clip and jams it into the gun, and cocks it.

MARY HUNTERS

Now, crawl back from wherever you came from and don't bother me again. Or, I'll send you back to New York in a...

DONALD DABOSS

(on floor, in pain)

OK. But, first, let me explain, why this is personal.

MARY HUNTERS

I'll give you exactly 60 seconds before I pull this trigger, which, as you know, I've been wanting to do, for years. So, sing little bird.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS AIRPORT, NEW YORK - DAY

The Wilson Taxi van pulls up with Two Winds and Mary in the front seat. He parks in the taxi lane.

INT. TAXI - NIAGARA FALLS AIRPORT, NEW YORK - DAY

POV thru the front window: TWO WINDS and MARY sitting in the front seat.

TWO WINDS

Sure will miss you.

MARY HUNTERS

Cheer up! I'll be back in three weeks. I agreed to go with Leona and her poetry club for their annual charter boat ride on her grandsons boat. It will be the first time back on the water since her husband died on that boat. Please let me know if you hear from Walter!

TWO WINDS

I dunno. Seems like Walter is gone for good this time. Been nearly a week since he jumped ship. Never been gone this long before. Three days once. Cops found him drunk on some New Hampshire beach. Said something about how he missed

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (cont'd)
 seeing the ocean and lonely
 barmaids in ports.

MARY HUNTERS
 I'll have the paperwork ready for
 you to sign when I get back. You
 may have to change the name
 though, to sometime like...
 Minnesota Mysteries, or something
 like that. Please start recording
 your little wisdom's and stories.

TWO WINDS
 You can't monetize spiritual
 advice to a friend. Sometimes
 things are more powerful when they
 are spoken to you unexpectedly,
 when Great Spirit needs to teach
 us a lesson. People find the
 teacher they need to hear from.

MARY HUNTERS
 Well, certainly these past ten
 days, I've learned the lesson of,
 remembering how to listen, with
 the ear of my heart.

TWO WINDS
 You can do it, but, you can't, do
 it, alone.

MARY HUNTERS
 (begins to cry)
 Yes, yes. To always ask, for help!
 Thank you, so much Two Winds. I
 think. I. I think, I'm, in love.

She kisses his hand and puts it on her cheek tears.

TWO WINDS
 I love you too. May, being loving
 enter into all your reasoning, and
 shared in all your good works, for
 The Light loves, Mary, The Light
 loves.

Mary and Two Winds kiss and the overhead courtesy light
 flickers wildly. Mary notices the flickering and begins
 to laugh, and gives him one last quick kiss.

MARY HUNTERS
 I think we have company. OK. Gotta
 run.

TWO WINDS
 Fare Well. Mary Poppins!

Mary freezes and stares at him.

MARY HUNTERS

Who told you that?

TWO WINDS

What?

MARY HUNTERS

Who told you, my last name?!

TWO WINDS

Really? That's it? I dunno. It just kinda, popped out, trying to cheer you up. Mary Poppins? Wow.

MARY HUNTERS

It's, Pop-ENS, with an e, not an i.

TWO WINDS

Uh. I would still stick with the name Hunters, Mary. For business purposes. More your style.

Mary leans forward and plants a kiss on his cheek. The overhead light flickers again. Mary gets out and gathers her luggage.

TWO WINDS

You need some help?

MARY HUNTERS

No, I got it. I mean, Yes. YES! I DO!

Two Winds breaks a big smile across his face as Mary closes the taxi door. He watches her through the passenger window as she enters through the station sliding doors, wheeling her luggage behind her. The doors close behind her.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Near the espresso machine we see Billy sitting at a table with Mary, her purse on the table. Loud MUSIC playing and a flashy 'Joe & Diamonds' sign is in the background. THE MC, master of ceremonies, a slim, gorgeous, well-dressed woman mid-20's, sits on a stool with a microphone on a little raised stage in the other corner of the room, crowded with hip, glamorous, sexy adult people of all ages. We move up-close to to the stage as the music stops and the lights dim. As spotlight shines upon the stage.

THE MC

HI, EVERYBODY! How you all doin?
Tonight we have a very special
(MORE)

THE MC (cont'd)

guest joining us in just a few minutes! Last month, right here at Joe & Diamonds, we held our first annual Twitter #LIFE@140 contest and we have the winner here tonight, Billy Shakespeare! She's gonna treat us all to a reading of her words. Now if that won't do it for you, then go to the bar, have a few shots of espresso, until you change your attitude! We're gonna have fun tonight, people!

CHEERS and CHAPPING as loud thumping dance MUSIC begins to blare.

EXT. CAMPSITE BY A LAKE - NIGHT

Along a dusty dirt road comes Wilson Taxi driven by Two Winds and he HONKS the horn twice as the van pulls up to a small secluded campsite by a lake. A large tent, a wooden picnic bench, a large ice cooler and three lawn chairs are set up near a CRACKLING blazing campfire. Walter, with eye patch over his right eye, ducks out from the tent as the van doors open. Out of the van steps Two Winds carrying a laptop computer, Leona carrying a picnic basket, Florence, Jo and Gary. Last to exit is Dr. Livinstun who stumbles and falls getting out, then dusts himself off and walks toward everyone gathered around the picnic table.

DR. LIVINSTUN

Well, well. So this is where you've been hiding you out.

WALTER RAY LEE

Doctor Livinstun, I imagine? If ever an illusion I knew of, yet treasured friend. Welcome! Welcome, one and all! Our round table forms again! Wait, wait, no. Our rectangular table forms again! All grab a cold one and have a seat! Have a seat.

LEONA HOMSLEY

(to Jo)

He shouldn't be drinking. My, I'm so nervous! This is so exciting. Pinch me! My words, about to come to life in the big city.

FLORENCE NOYCE

(hugging Jo)

All these years, we been waiting for the world to hear our words.

GARY DUHGARDO

We've ALL been waiting for this day, a long time. I hope she does well. Yeah, wonder whose poem she's gonna read first?

JO DUSTZ

She better read one of mine.

DR. LIVINSTUN

I hope she reads mine first. That would be such an honor. Ya know, I could get disbarred for this, Walter, if anyone ever found out that I knew you were here.

WALTER RAY LEE

Relax, Doc. Grab a beer, sit and zip it, or you'll ruin it for everybody, you crazy fool. I know you loved reading about yourself with my missing person story, again, in the local newspaper. Very nice picture of you, Doc. Do you realize what an ad that big would have cost you? And you got it for nothing. Again. All because I went camping, OK... Let's get down to business. Ahem. Attention, please!

Walter clangs his beer can with a swiss knife.

WALTER RAY LEE

I call this meeting of the Wilson Poetry Club to order. To all of us poets, let us raise a glass, or in this case, a can, to ourselves.

Walter raises a beer can up in the air but is ignored.

TWO WINDS

Amazing to get wifi out here. OK, I found the website. Now, how do I turn on the podcast?

WALTER RAY LEE

(clanging his can)

The merry hunter has taken the bait! Our plot has now arrived at a glorious moment. Our Muses now will strike in the heart of the evil empire!

JO DUSTZ

Walter! Sit down, and shut up! We just a little informal poetry club
(MORE)

JO DUSTZ (cont'd)
 here, OK? I know ya spent a lot of
 time copying all our verses and
 poems into your little notebooks.
 But any more outbursts and I'm
 gonna wrap you in duct tape!

WALTER RAY LEE
 More than half of those notebooks
 are filled with just my writings.
 More than half.

Jo glares eyes bulging at Walter and points her finger at
 him, silently mouthing 'One more time! One more!'

TWO WINDS
 Got it! I think it started
 already.

Everyone is watching THE MC on the laptop. But her voice
 is barely heard.

LEONA HOMSLEY
 Can't hear it! Turn up the volume,
 please.

Two Winds adjusts the laptop volume, then raises up his
 soda can.

TWO WINDS
 Good luck, BILLY!

Everyone raises their beer can.

INT. BAR AND COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

The room are lights dim. A spotlight is shining down on a
 raised stage to Billy on a stool with a microphone. The
 words of the poems are being projected onto a big screen
 behind her.

BILLY SHAKES
 Hashtag Life@140.

Many people APPLAUD politely as we move slowly around
 her.

BILLY SHAKES
 layin around, sittin, standin,
 walkin, drivin round, bein me,
 theStreets alive, flowin river of
 eyes, goin by, all bein',
 breathin', lookin', STOP 2 z.

Wild APPLAUSE from around the room.

BILLY SHAKES

We fool ourselves, behind drywall
& 2x4's, every building a stage,
every thought a wave, every
smile&frown a Mask, over a far
deeper Love.

Many OOH in awe, with scattered CLAPPING and LAUGHTER. We
move to a corner of the room looking towards the stage.

BILLY SHAKES

Total light & shades, four sides
one window, one point of view thru
at a time to view, beyond the
boundaries to, include only love.

Crowd MURMURS.

BILLY SHAKES

Poo em, or, #poem, depends on the
mood.

Crowd LAUGHTER and scattered CLAPPING.

BILLY SHAKES

In the stillness, peace, beyond
all understanding, tho' in dreams
one is all of the dream, a more
perfect place rests, then here
again love.

Polite APPLAUSE. We look down, circling above her.

BILLY SHAKES

TheMask spins, on the table, and
will it look a smile or a frown,
depends on where you be sitting
round when it stops at
neverending.

Scattered APPLAUSE, WHISPERS heard, then silence.

EXT. CAMPSITE BY A LAKE - NIGHT

From high above in the treetops we see Walter, Two Winds,
Leona, Florence, Jo, Gary and Dr. Livinstun sitting
around a wooden picnic table watching and listening to
Billy's voice live online from the laptop speakers.

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)

What fine dream is this, the
forever stage drama, always eating
& drinking, creating what, a this
changing to a that, just waves
arise love.

Scattered CLAPPING IS heard from the computer speakers.

JO DUSTZ
 (clasps hands)
 That was mine. Perfect.

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)
 Tried explaining things to my dog,
 about poetry, but all he ever
 wants to talk about is, the woof.

LAUGHTER and CLAPPING heard from the computer speakers.

GARY DUHGARDO
 Mine. Yes! Sweet.

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)
 The Perfect apple ripens, falls,
 cracks open, becomes the soil for
 the seeds, to root & sow, Taste
 the Tree, its long journey becomes
 You, the garden tender.

Sustained APPLAUSE is heard from the computer speakers.

LEONA HOMSLEY
 (raises her hand)
 I wrote that YEARS ago! Bless her.

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)
 No PCers of art and words rule
 over those more able, jealousies
 arise true & banish the surely
 better, than seeking deeper truths
 Source.

Scattered CLAPPING is heard from the computer speakers.

WALTER RAY LEE
 Mine! AGAIN! OF COURSE! TOUCHDOWN!

Walter raises both hands in victory when someone throws an empty beer can at him. He leans to avoid the can and accidentally elbows Dr. Livinstun in the head. An arm of Dr Livinstun jerks wildly, bumping the laptop off the picnic table and it crashes to the ground.

JO DUSTZ
 WALTER! So help me!

Two Winds picks up the laptop and examines it.

TWO WINDS
 Broke the screen.

Groans all around the picnic table. The group ALL STARE at Walter, who begins to slowly back away from the table. They ALL begin to stand up one by one.

WALTER RAY LEE
Goodnight my peace.

Jo comes at Walter who turns and runs off into the woods with Jo in pursuit. Florence give chase after her.

FLORENCE NOYCE
(shouting)
JO! STOP! COME BACK HERE!

LEONA HOMESLEY
GARY! Go stop them! Two Winds,
help me up please.

Gary begins to give chase and Dr. Livinstun follows after Gary. Two Winds helps Leona up from the picnic table and they go sit in the lawn chairs by the campfire. Suddenly the tent door unzips. Popping her head out from inside is a woman, mid-40's, TRIXIE DUSTZ. Trixie, in a bikini, exits the tent while wrapping a big towel around herself.

LEONA HOMESLEY
(hand to heart)
Trixie! What on earth are you
doing out here?! With him?! Does
your sister Jo know this? Because
she's out here right now, chasing
down Walter, and will be back here
any second.

TRIXIE DUSTZ
(sits with them)
No! Do NOT say a word to my
sister! Jo was always talkin about
Walter after work: that he is SO
handsome, but SO crazy, but SO
romantic. SO what! Story of my
life. And then one day at The
Harbors I meet him. And we talked,
for a while. Then we went back to
his room, and we, um, ya know. Did
it.

LEONA HOMESLEY
Don't tell me more! Two Winds,
let's go! Round up the club! Back
to town.

Two Winds helps Leona up. Loud NOISES and VOICES are heard in the dark woods. Trixie ducks back into the tent.

TWO WINDS
OK. This session of the Wilson
Poetry Club is, officially,
adjourned.

Two Winds helps Leona get in the front seat of the van. Two Winds opens the driver door and honks the horn twice.

TWO WINDS
 (yelling)
 LET'S GO! WE'RE LEAVIN'!

INT. BAR AND COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

From the back of the room people are watching Billy onstage.

BILLY SHAKES
 One has: a center&extensions, the
 Left&Right sides, 20 way out
 there, 5 connected to 4, waving,
 upper & lower, yet allOne&many.

Scattered clapping.

BILLY SHAKES
 Under the facades, props &
 surfaces, beyond any chaos, flow
 streams of harmony, love, be tiny
 islands of stability, book early,
 stay late, no charge.

APPLAUSE and a few WHISTLES..

BILLY SHAKES
 Life, better than any fiction,
 indeed so real, all in the jungle
 want to live, so what's for
 dinner, a pecking order
 unfortunately, naturally.

APPLAUSE and scattered LAUGHTER. POV from behind her onstage,

BILLY SHAKES
 Places everyone, pick a script,
 light, cellphones Action! who are
 You, what are you doing here,
 Love, cut, its a wrap, reflections
 and dream.

EXT. CAMPSITE BY A LAKE - NIGHT

Wilson Taxi is driving away from the campsite with headlamps on along a BUMPY dirt road. The campsite is left quiet with just sounds of crickets CHIRPING. Suddenly in the far distance a voice is barely heard.

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)
 HELP! I NEED SOME HELP! Hello?
 Anybody? Hello? Just great!

The sounds of crickets CHIRPING. An owl somewhere is heard hooting twice: Who! Who!

TRIXIE DUSTZ (O.S.)
 (whispering in tent)
 Walter?... Is that you?

INT. BAR AND COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Billy is seen on onstage POV from behind a nearby table with a couple holding hands.

BILLY SHAKES
 On da street, Rap, yo song, yo day
 is long, dance n wavin, how yo day
 been, tell it, sell it, neva quell
 it, yo live 2 dwell it, 24-7Aday,
 play.

Wild CHEERS, WHISTLES and APPLAUSE.

BILLY SHAKES
 Little green piece\$ of paper run
 theWorld, a magic potion, creating
 animals out of angels, part of the
 bargain, not counted on, to be
 human.

APPLAUSE.

BILLY SHAKES
 TheQuality of his Being, drew
 closer all who gazed, then showed
 them his love, and all saw, all
 became Love forever after and that
 love is Us.

MURMURS and APPLAUSE.

BILLY SHAKES
 O miracles, creator beyond all
 dreams, love everywhere completes
 us, that cloud of Love & Joy
 comes, ah, only visits, otherwise
 nutin GetDone.

Polite APPLAUSE and MURMURS. Billy waits for quiet then continues.

BILLY SHAKES
 Where past memories arise, play
 theMystical being, wearing masks,
 some upsidedown, where what dawns,
 seems to become, love, then
 vanishes.

APPLAUSE.

BILLY SHAKES

We are spinning after the Sun, not
wanting to catch up, just trailing
nearby and close enough to warm
up to, love, without getting
burned.

EXT. CAMPSITE BY A LAKE - NIGHT

Walter pops out of the weeds next to the campfire with
weeds and dirt all over himself. He spies a piece of
paper on the picnic bench and picks it up, unfolds it. He
reads the note by fire light.

WALTER RAY LEE

I am going, to wrap you, in duct
tape.

Walter laughs, throws the note into the campfire, grabs a
log off a nearby pile and throws it onto the fire. POV
close-up as he sits in a lawn chair and looks up to the
stars. The campfire CRACKLES and blazes to life again.

WALTER RAY LEE

Trixie! Come join me by the fire.

After a moment he flips up his eye patch. He watches as
Trixie unzips the tent door and wiggles out wearing her
bikini, walks over to sit in the lawn chair next to
Walter. She takes hold of his hand and looks skyward.
Crickets CHIRP as they see a shooting star above.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Billy is on stage, close-up

BILLY SHAKES

This #poem will soon be some past
vague memory flying to you,
recall touching your mind &
changing you into something new,
such are ideas ;)

Polite APPLAUSE.

BILLY SHAKES

There are Spirits in Words, none
more so than, Love & Hate, whom
comfort & anguish, this World
through Eternity, and Form into
Being you&I.

Strong APPLAUSE, CHEERS and WHISTLES. POV follows THE MC
from the back of the room as she joins Billy on stage.

BILLY SHAKES

Thank you.! Goodnight, for Love!

Standing ovation, CHEERS, APPLAUSE and WHISTLES.

THE MC

Your Life@140 winner, Billy
Shakespeare! Everyone give it up,
for The Bard!

APPLAUSE, some WHISTLES and lit lighters subside into MURMURS. People begin walking around with some coming up to Billy. Loud thumping dance MUSIC begins to blares.

EXT. CAMPSITE BY A LAKE - NIGHT

POV high in the treetops looking down at Walter sitting by the fire with Trixie, both staring up at the stars.

WALTER RAY LEE

Under stars, cats play while dogs
lay, all hearts roaming, in dreams
we. After midnight, hear for
miles, the deep silence...

Far off in the distance: two dogs muffled barks.

WALTER RAY LEE

Everything is just a wave, a
vibration, and at the higher
frequencies of Love we can only
feel. Then, as the waves become
slower, we begin to be able to see
all things physical. A huge sea of
waves. And every wave is moving,
turning with the earth, so we're
still moving, even tho we're just
sitting.

TRIXIE DUSTZ

You're makin' me dizzy, Walter.
And I'm hot. Want to see some real
ass-tron-a-me? Come on, honey.

Trixie stands, pulls Walter up and they head hand-in-hand toward the tent.

TRIXIE DUSTZ

You can tell me, then show me, all
your spin moves, but with your
tongue, on all my quick moving
objects.

POV over the campfire as Walter follows her to the tent. She ducks into the tent as he stops at the door flap.

WALTER RAY LEE

(seductive voice)
Permission to come aboard?

Walter ducks into the tent, zips up the door and we hear Trixie GIGGLE.

TRIXIE (O.S.)

Oh, my. That's a stiff salute,
Captain.

EXT. WILSON HARBOR, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

POV looking out from the Boat House dining room into the harbor as Mary, carrying her purse, and Two Winds board the big charter boat, QUEEN OF THE LIGHTS.

POV looking down from the top deck to the main rear deck below to see Leona, Florence and Jo seated with Gary around a big round table with eight chairs, covered with a fine white tablecloth, an elegant lunch, fine glassware and bottles of refreshments.

GARY DUHGARDO

Water is a combination of two elements, hydrogen and oxygen. Hydrogen is pure energy. And when mated with oxygen, air, their bond creates water. And water we are, beings, every form of watery life that's ever been, the water and air that moved in and out of their forms still here live, us. We carry on. Our water planet, with us water beings, is spinning thru an emptiness, every moment filled, then sleeping, turning gone. Yet, somehow, we awaken each day, to this shimmering mirage, in our mind. Who are we? What, are we?

JO DUSTZ

(aside to Florence)

Cut. And, it's a wrap, for outer space man.

FLORENCE NOYCE

Stop it. Be nice. Ovation, Gary!

Two Winds and Mary holding hands near the front of the boat as Billy holds onto to the ladder to the upper deck with one hand and a champagne glass in the other. Donald sits arms folded sunning himself on the very back rail. CAPTAIN MAYAYE, an early-30's boyishly handsome stout man, is on the tiny top deck sitting in his captains chair at the wheel using binoculars to check out the bikini-clad girls two boats over. From below deck climbs Trixie wearing a revealing bikini and Walter broadly-grinning wearing designer sunglasses.

LEONA HOMSLY

(to Jo)

Did he HAVE to bring HER?

Everyone is making small talk, except Donald. Walter grabs a filled champagne glass from the table and taps it with a spoon while Trixie clings to his arm. Two Winds and Mary walk back to join everyone around the table.

WALTER RAY LEE

MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE!

(pause) HELLO?!... Thank you. I have an announcement to make.

JO DUSTZ

Oh gawd.

WALTER RAY LEE

We are about to embark upon our yearly voyage. So, I want to announce that, I've just finished a new book, based upon finding a new lost play of the, ahem, REAL Shake-speare.

Walter puts down the glass, leans over, pulls a book out of a top hat under the table, holding it high in the air.

WALTER RAY LEE

The title of it was going to be called, Empty Pages.

Quizzical looks all around.

WALTER RAY LEE

Alright. The last play, the very last book, in the works of Sir, of, ahem, Shake-SPEAR, was just blank pages. So, it was going to be titled: EMPTY PAGES!

JO DUSTZ

OK, we get it, Walter. Now sit down!

WALTER RAY LEE

But, I realized that it had to have a title that would really float above the crowd, for Donald. So, I titled it: MERRY HUNTERS CLUB, in honor of our new member!

Walter tosses the book to Donald, who opens it and begins paging through it. Walter picks up the champagne glass.

MARY HUNTERS

(to Donald)

WHAT, are YOU doing here?

DONALD DABOSS

Walter invited me. I said it was personal...but you wouldn't listen. And there was only 35 seconds left. And I didn't want to fish my balls out of Lake Ontario.

LEONA HOMSLEY

Language! Please, everyone.

DONALD DABOSS

I met Walter years ago. This one weekend when I was having breakfast at the Boat House.

TWO WINDS

(hands up, to Mary)

I know nothing about this.

JO DUSTZ

Wonderful! Everyone has been introduced. Now, Walter, sit down! And put that wine glass down. NO DRINKING TODAY!

WALTER RAY LEE

I don't want to sit down, here.

JO DUSTZ

Well go sit somewhere else then!

Everyone begins to ARGUE loudly with Walter at the same time. Donald closes the book, shakes his head no and sets it next to him onto the back ledge of the boat. Captain Mayaye unties the boat from the dock and with one foot pushes off and then climbs up top to his captain's chair.

LEONA HOMSLEY

(waving paper note)

Everyone! Please!... PLEASE!
EVERYBODY! QUIT!... Please! Be civil!... Now, let us begin our trip today, with a few poetic words, a nice little flourish. I wrote this last night, for today.

The sound of the boat engine starter begins CRANKING, but the engine doesn't start.

LEONA HOMSLEY

(dramatically)

Make this, the most Loving day of, our Life, sharing our Heart love, to every Thing, in every Moment, until our Rest fades, complete in Peace.

The engine starter CRANKS and the big engine ROARS to life, making normal conversation impossible. Leona is still mouthing the words to her poem but can't be heard. The boat drifts away from the dock then slices forward through the harbor water toward the big lake.

GARY DUHGARDO
(shouting)
WHERE'S DOC?

FLORENCE NOYCE
(shouting)
DIDN'T WANT TO BE SEEN IN PUBLIC
WITH WALTER!

Walter sneaks up the ladder to sit with the Captain. The boat is gliding forward, out of the harbor and onto Lake Ontario. The ROAR of the engines increasing in speed is deafening.

WALTER RAY LEE
(shouting)
I THINK MIDAS DOES SHIP MUFFLERS!

CAPTAIN MAYAYE
(shouting)
ONCE WE GET OUT A WAYS, THE ENGINE
WILL BE OFF FOR LUNCH,

The Captain begins frantically looking around the top deck then starts to climb down the ladder:

CAPTAIN MAYAYE
(shouting)
FORGOT MY SUNGLASSES BELOW DECK!
DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING!

Walter nods yes and the Captain quickly climbs down the ladder and disappears below deck. Gary looks up and is shocked to see Walter alone at the wheel.

GARY DUHGARDO
(shouting)
GOOD LORD! WALTER'S GOT THE WHEEL!

JO DUSTZ
(shouting)
WHAT'S HE DOING UP THERE!? WALTER!
GET DOWN FROM THERE! NOW!

Walter turns around to face Jo right when the boat hits the wake of a speedboat passing in front, making Walter lose his balance and almost fall, but he grabs the engine throttle, sending the boat lurching sharply forward at full speed. The thrust momentum pushes Donald and Walter's book out the back of the boat into the lake as the entire lunch set-up slides into the lap of Leona and Florence as Jo falls onto the lap of Florence while

Trixie is wrapped around the back of Captain Mayaye who grabs Billy in a bear hug to keep balanced. Gary can't keep balanced and slips backward into the lap of Leona. Walter up top has wrapped himself around a canopy post and all hold on for dear life. The boat speeds away full blast as Donald bobs in the water far behind them. The Captain extracts himself from Billy and Trixie, finally clawing his way back up the ladder to the controls and the big boat slows down, turns slowly around and heads back to Donald. Mary throws a big white floatation ring out to Donald and he swims to the ring as Walter's book floats by him and we close-up on the book.

INSERT: FLOATING BOOK OPENS BY GUST OF WIND

A gust of wind blows the book open, revealing all blank pages that FLUTTER in the wind.

POV rises up with some seagulls, circling higher and higher above Wilson Harbor, until the mists of Nigara Falls are seen in the distance.

WALTER RAY LEE (V.O.)

Stage names arise, from silence.
Here, here, credit's due to
all...only love we are, nothing
else.

THE END.