

# MERRY HUNTERS CLUB

by

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EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

Seagulls fly over the heads of tourists in the park; including ALL CHARACTERS, randomly mixed-in among the flowing crowds, wearing the same sunglasses; then, out over Niagara River and above the THUNDERING Falls, rising high looking north towards Wilson, New York, on Lake Ontario.

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.

WALTER RAY LEE (V.O.)

All fiction begins as a Truth, and all Truths become fiction. And so we are, both. Day after day, The Curtain rises Up then Falls, All move, to The End, past credits of all involved unseen...

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. The mists rise up to the sidewalk 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 all seems rather 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. NEW YORK TAXI- NEW YORK, NEW YORK - DAY

Mary is in the backseat of a NYC yellow taxi stopped at a stoplight. HONKING cars, delivery trucks and people on the sidewalks stream by as Mary opens her red purse..

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?  
(MORE)

MARY HUNTERS (cont'd)  
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.

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  
little place called, Willy's Inn.  
When you get to Niagara Falls look  
for, Wilson Taxi. I just text you  
everything.

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

LILY  
And, you're catching the train to  
Niagara Falls from, Grand Central,  
at...10 am.

MARY HUNTERS  
Holy...Ship! In this traffic?

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! He detained us  
for over an hour. No IDs! Notice I  
didn't say a word. That would have  
sent us to jail for sure. "Don't  
run! Against the law!" Unless, of  
(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)  
 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!  
 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.

BILLY SHAKES

Read me that introduction to your newest play again.

WALTER RAY LEE

(flipping pages)

OK...In another place, in another time, in another voice, in an 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'.

WALTER RAY LEE (V.O.)

...See past this life, as before, to 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

Black ink, made of living water.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

Billy and Walter under shade tree, same location.

WALTER RAY LEE

...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. PASSENGER TRAIN - DAY

Mary watches the New York countryside scenery passing by outside the train window through her own reflection.

WALTER RAY LEE (V.O.)

...seen anew scene as One awakens each day, listening for the silent words within the inner Master heart. Words, crafted, fare well to All, curved lines together, lead within to the sacred, play.

Mary clutches a pillow tighter, but just tosses and turns. She curls up into a ball with her feet up on the seat. She MOANS and stretches out. She finally takes out the earplugs, puts on headphones and clicks open a video on her cellphone and watches Billy silently for a few moments before closing her eyes. Her head slowly nods down asleep. Her fingers open and the cellphone slides down into her lap.

From Mary's POV she wakes up to find a bald uniformed train PORTER, early-60's, standing over her.

PORTER

(hand shaking her)  
Miss? Sorry. Hard to tell sometimes if people are sleeping or just listening to their own tunes.

From Porter's POV:

MARY HUNTERS

(groggy, testy)  
I was sleeping! Where are we?

PORTER

The Niagara Falls station, miss.

Mary sits up, staring half awake as the passengers around her are disembarking.

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

Mary walks out of the station 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 - NIAGARA FALLS, 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 hel?

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. I slept some on the train, but it was very uncomfortable. Nine hours.

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

(MORE)



## TWO WINDS (cont'd)

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  
(MORE)

BILLY SHAKES (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 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 pass 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 HOMESLEY, mid-80's, appears from the door behind the front desk wearing a large nametag. Mary sets her red purse on the front desk.

LEONA HOMESLEY

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 HOMESLEY

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

MARY HUNTERS

(startled)

You know her?

LEONA HOMESLEY

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 HOMESLEY

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 HOMESLEY

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 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 HOMSLEY

Whatever!

MARY HUNTERS

Where's the nursing home where Billy works?

LEONA HOMSLEY

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 HOMSLEY

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 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  
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 SQUAWKING 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

(MORE)

## TWO WINDS (cont'd)

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 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

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (cont'd)  
 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  
 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  
 (MORE)



MARY HUNTERS (cont'd)  
 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  
 (MORE)

TWO WINDS (cont'd)  
 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

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (cont'd)

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, 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 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,

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 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?  
 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 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 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, theWheel 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  
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,  
(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)  
 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  
 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  
 (MORE)



WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)  
 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 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  
(MORE)

MARY HUNTERS (cont'd)  
 have a life all there 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  
 (MORE)

BILLY SHAKES (cont'd)  
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 Queens 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

(MORE)

## BILLY SHAKES (cont'd)

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 Bards 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

(MORE)

BILLY SHAKES (cont'd)  
 hypkens 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  
 (MORE)



BILLY SHAKES (cont'd)

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 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

(MORE)

BILLY SHAKES (cont'd)  
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 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

(MORE)

MARY HUNTERS (cont'd)  
 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,  
 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  
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

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)  
 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  
 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,

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)  
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  
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 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.

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)

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 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

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)

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 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.

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)

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 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 The Harbors door.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS AMTRAK, 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 AMTRAK, 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. Please let me know if you hear from Walter!

## TWO WINDS

I dunno. Seems he's 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 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. PASSENGER TRAIN - DAY

From across the isle we see Mary holding her purse preparing to sit as the Porter walks by.

PORTER

Hi! Good to see you again. What happened to you? You lookin' good!

MARY HUNTERS

Well, thank you. I've learned how to, listen with my heart.

PORTER

(winks at her)

Good for you! You're a very wise woman. Would you like two pillows this time? Maybe make the trip more comfortable.

MARY HUNTERS

Thank you, yes. But I have a feeling, this is going to be the most comfortable train ride I've ever taken.

Mary and the Porter touch hands for a moment and their eyes meet, both twinkling in happiness.

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 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 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,

(MORE)

DR. LIVINSTUN (cont'd)  
 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  
 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 HOMESLEY

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  
(MORE)

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 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 HOMSLEY  
 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 HOMSLEY

(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 HOMSLEY

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.

(MORE)

GARY DUHGARDO (cont'd)

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?

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.

JO DUSTZ

Wonderful. Now sit down! And put that glass down! NO DRINKING TODAY!

WALTER RAY LEE

I don't want to sit down, here.

JO DUSTZ

Well go sit somewhere els 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 captains chair.

LEONA HOMBLEY

(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 HOMBLEY

(dramatically)

Make this, the most Loving day of, our Life, sharing our Heart love, to every Thing, in every Moment,  
(MORE)

LEONA HOMBLEY (cont'd)  
 until our Rest fades, complete in  
 Peace...

The engine starter CRANKS and the big engine ROARS to life, making normal conversation impossible and 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 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 seagulls, circling high above the boat, view south to see the Wilson Harbor, and then the mists of Nigara Falls in the distance.

BILLY SHAKES

One Life, Two Cups, Rise and Fall.  
See Low and Be High. Love to the  
End, and Beyond...

THE END.