

MERRY HUNTERS CLUB

by

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EXT. BEACH - OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE - NIGHT

In an eastern night sky a rising sliver of new moon shines over the rhythmic CRASH of ocean waves before dawn. Time speeds up into dawn and the first rays of red light blaze over the horizon towards us at sunrise.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

The Living People call me, Two Winds.

INT. RALEIGH STUDY, BLOODY TOWER, LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

We see the hand of an older man dipping a fluffy feather quill pen into an old ink well on an old slanted writing stand with only the ink well, a blank sheet of paper, a glass goblet half-full of water and an old small round hand mirror on it.

INSERT: OLD HANDMADE PAPER

We see and hear the SCRATCHING of the quill pen on paper in close-up as each letter of the words, Merry Hunters Club, is printed in simple calligraphy in black ink.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

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

We look up up towards the double windows and move into them, going out of focus.

EXT. COLORADO RIVER AT GRAND FALLS, ARIZONA - DAY

We begin out of focus, then come into focus on a rainbow simmering in the sunlight of rising mists of water. Our view expands to see the banks of the Colorado River at Grand Falls where mists are rising to form shapes that dissolve as quickly as they form.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Passing thru water, sunlight bursts into a rainbow of color. My soul has experienced two great sacred rivers of living water that suddenly become thundering waterfalls. Dropping hundreds of feet, creating rising mists that shape-shift into wonderous momentary images my mind eye forms, that still now touch my heart, forever. We are rainbows, all. Good and bad. Happy, sad. Mists, changing, every moment.

Children play on the river bank as we rise up high looking west as the river drops into a small canyon the expands into the very beginning of the Grand Canyon.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

The Colorado River at Grand Falls, in the Painted Desert, on the Navajo Reservation in Arizona, marks the beginning point of the Grand Canyon. I first visited the Painted Desert as a child.

EXT. THE PAINTED DESERT, ARIZONA - DAY

We are flying above and to the side of a 1961 4-door sedan Ford driving down a shimmering highway thru the Painted Desert. Towels are covering all the side windows.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Driving with my family on a long cross-country road trip from Minnesota to visit my favorite uncle Stanley in San Diego. All I can remember is that it was hot. So hot, we had to put wet towels over the windows, so I really didn't see much.

We stop moving as the car drives off into the distance.

EXT. COLORADO RIVER AT GRAND FALLS, ARIZONA - DAY

We are high above the river as mists rise from the THUNDERING Grand Falls waterfall, raging wild from spring floods. Groups of people are picnicking along the east river bank.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Spring is the best time to visit Grand Falls, when the Colorado River rages wildly from the spring floods. Water is a combination of two elements, hydrogen and oxygen. Hydrogen is pure energy. And when mated with oxygen, air, their bond creates water. And we are water beings. Every form of watery life that has ever been, the water and air that moved in and out of their forms are still here. Our water planet, with water beings, spins thru emptiness, every moment. And yet somehow we awaken each day, to only a simmering mirage, in our mind. Who are we? What, are we?

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

We are looking down the sidewalk next to the guardrails overlooking the THUNDERING Niagara Falls, with tourists milling around everywhere.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

The other great sacred river flows for lovers, we all, and the mists rising up from Niagara Falls touches every heart and eye present, and blesses all fortunate to come near. The mists rise up as us and now speak, so listen. The water mist from all our ancestors breath now dwell within us and all things water everywhere. And water has memory, and within its magnetic fields has recorded every moment of time, wherever it was. So every breath we breathe, every water we drink, brings us the story of Earth. And every rain drop, every trickle of water, every brook, every stream, every river, every cloud, every ocean, every form of water being now, moving, is the story of all of us, past and present. Pure rivers of energy form and create you and I. We all have a story to tell.

EXT. OLD HOUSE, NEW SPRINGFIELD, OHIO - DAY

From across the street we see NOISY semi-trailer trucks and cars driving on a rural highway past an elegant old home with a 4-foot tall angel statue in the front yard. A young girl walks by on the sidewalk, spinning a big beach ball in her hands.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

But to tell our entire story would take as much time as the Earth has been spinning. My fiction, my story here, began to come to life again one bright and beautiful summer day, the day Mark Lines moved into the upstairs rental room of my home. A big two-story Victorian-era farmhouse with front porch triple corner columns, built and on a map by the 1870. The role Mark played in life was this mellow, beer-loving, bald, short order cook in his 30's, with no car.

EXT. STATE HIGHWAY 165, NORTH LIMA, OHIO - DAY

From multiple driveways along the way we see a stout rider wearing a grey wool knit cap on a 10-speed bikes pedaling by us riding with the traffic on a hilly busy highway, somehow hugging the shoulder without being hit by the NOISY semi-trailer trucks and cars.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Who rode his bike to work at the mall every day, 10 miles each way, in every kind of weather, winter, spring, summer, fall, down a seven-mile busy and hilly rural highway with no shoulder. That was crazy, but most gloriously, he was a screenplay writer, who had turned a near-tragic event in his life into a screenplay that was optioned and made into a short film to acclaim.

INT. SMALL EMPTY ROOM WITH WINDOW - DAY

We see the thick hands of a man TYPING into a laptop computer that sits on a nearly empty stained and scratched white plastic folding table, with only the laptop, a beer bottle and a small round hand mirror on it. We hear NOISY semi-trailer trucks driving by outside.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

About walking home with his infant son when a man jumps out of the bushes, points a gun against his forehead and demands his groceries. But right then a drive-by shooting occurs just down the street. Mark's assailant is arrested and goes to prison, but Mark forgave him and became his friend. From Mark I realized that I was carrying a lifetime of miraculous real life experiences, true stories, inside of me, that had never been written down, although told many times to whomever would listen.

EXT. OLD HOUSE, NEW SPRINGFIELD, OHIO - NIGHT

From across the street we see NOISY customized trucks and cars driving past an elegant old home with a 4-foot tall angel statue illuminated with a spotlight in the front yard just after sunset. We see a ceiling lightbulb on thru an upstairs window.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

So I asked Mark for his help in writing a screenplay. I had published a research book years ago but Mark's advice became seared into my brain: Screenplay writing is not book writing; use as few action description words as possible because script readers

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 hate to read; so be ruthless and
 edit down: don't write 'sat down
 in a chair', just write 'sat in a
 chair'. If you're gonna sit, its
 always down.

INT. SMALL EMPTY ROOM WITH WINDOW - DAY

We see the hands of a man hunt-and-peck TYPING on a an
 old typewriter on an nearly empty desk, with only a glass
 of water and a small round hand mirror on it. We hear the
 occasional NOISY customized truck or car driving by
 outside with their THUMPING music.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)
 And so, with Mark as my
 inspiration and mentor, one night
 I began to type, fiction, based on
 some facts, at least in my own
 mind MY facts, that I could
 recall, over long days and late
 sleepless nights, on my
 grandfathers old SILENT
 typewriter. After fall leaves
 winter still see clearly the
 landscape at rest, rising awake
 spring drives into summer hearts
 passions. The sacred love and
 profane dance, one dream.

EXT. OLD HOUSE, NEW SPRINGFIELD, OHIO - NIGHT

From across the street we see a ceiling lightbulb on thru
 an upstairs window and hear TYPING.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)
 Playing children, we realized
 quickly, were early scene sports,
 the crowd cheers. Once invited,
 hard not to say yes to the rest of
 the party when the spiritual
 journey begins, weaving together
 my most miraculous stories into a
 play, of words, hear. And after
 six seemingly endless weeks of
 painful labors, memories and
 delusions they'll say , I created
 for All this entertaining tale,
 that now here wags.

The TYPING stops, a ZIP and DINGP of the typewriter
 carriage being returned is heard and the CRINKLE of a
 sheet of paper being removed. The upstairs lightbulb goes
 off and the room goes dark.

EXT. WILSON HARBOR, WILSON, NEW YORK -

We are looking in to Wilson Harbor from out on the water at sunset.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

And, here for you now, seeing it,
from one reading it, imagine, if
you will, this. After all, The
Goal: love, and vanish. Return
silent soul, enter the world with
a heart beat, young, tender, all
friends. Discovering our true self
in all things is an endless dance
of many masks. So it is
appropriate that I assist one and
all to host 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.

EXT. - THE BLOODY TOWER, LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

We are looking up at the Tower from the courtyard and slowly move closer towards the double window of the Raleigh study.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

In another time, in another place,
in another lifetime, on a stage,
in my mind's eye, once again, the
inner pen comes to life to move
us. See past this life as before,
to the one we chose to be. Long
ago, in a high tower, with only a
quill pen, black ink, and handmade
fine paper.

EXT. BEACH - PRESQUE ISLE STATE PARK, PA - SUNSET

We see a big red sun sinking below the horizon on Lake Ontario. Birds fly.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Black ink, made of living water.
Black, the combination of all
color. 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, seen anew scene
as One awakens each day, listening
for the silent words within the

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 inner Master heart. Words,
 crafted, fare well to All, curved
 lines together, lead within to
 sacred play. Again, The Curtain
 rises, all move, to The End, past
 credits of all involved unseen...

The last red rays of the sun disappear below the horizon.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

We are looking down at Niagara River sightseeing boats, filled with tourists in blue raincoats, maneuvering on the THUNDERING Niagara River next to the Falls. We he follow the mists rising to the sidewalks above, where tourists gawk, make selfies and walk along the guardrails of the Falls. Emerging out of the crowds we see BILLY SHAKES, an athletic woman mid-30's, in a jogging suit pushing 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

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

Bye, bye, Captain!

Billy begins pushing Walter fast, then jogs behind him, weaving joyfully in and out around couples and groups of tourists with Walter barking the directions.

WALTER RAY LEE

PORT! STARBOARD! PORT! PORT!

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

We see streams of light and commuters flowing through the Terminal as MARY HUNTERS, a brash business woman mid-40's, runs and weaves around people with her shoulder briefcase and wheeled luggage flying, towards an exit to the street. She is carrying a small custom gun case.

INT. NEW YORK TAXI- NEW YORK, NEW YORK - DAY

We are looking at Mary from the front seat of a taxi stopped at a stoplight. HONKING cars, delivery trucks and people on the sidewalks stream by as Mary opens her briefcase for a beef jerky stick. She bites into it.

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

We are inside an office as the door opens and businessman DONALD DABOSS, a tall bearish man early-50's with an unusual hair-style, walks in carrying a briefcase. We hear office CHATTER and TYPING as he sits at the desk, opens the briefcase and takes out a sandwich and big apple, peers into his computer screen and begins TYPING. Sneaking into the office a few moments later is BERNIE, a balding white-haired co-worker wearing glasses in his mid-60's, arm cocked back with a football.

BERNIE

Donald!

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

BERNIE

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

DONALD DABOSS

Tackling is an art form, Bernie.

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, of the Minnesota Vikings 1980's. Now there'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 Bernie out of his chair, CRASHING him to the floor.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

We are following Billy 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. LOBBY WITH ELEVATOR DOORS - DAY

From behind the reception desk we see the elevator door open and Mary exits, turns and walks towards us thru the lobby. Following Mary we see the sign Quill & Ink Publishing displayed in huge letters behind the receptionist desk, where the RECEPTIONIST, a young pretty woman mid-20's, greets her.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, Miss Hunters.

A young male mid-30's EMPLOYEE greets Mary on her way by.

MALE EMPLOYEE

Good morning, Mary.

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

We are looking toward the door beside Donald alone TYPING at his computer when Mary enters. She sets her purse and gun case on his desk.

MARY HUNTERS

Hi.

DONALD DABOSS

(glances up quickly)

Mary! Sit.

Donald wearing half-glasses is TYPING, looking at papers:

DONALD DABOSS

My secretary said you're heading to Niagara Falls. You getting married again, or just going back to try and claw back some refunds?

MARY HUNTERS

(sits)

Don't give me any crap, Donald. It's too early to see your blood on the floor. I'm going up there to hunt down that new female rapper, Billy Shakespeare. Our

(MORE)

MARY HUNTERS (cont'd)
 friendly high-powered New York
 critics are drooling all over her
 star now that she won another
 contest. This time, it was for a
 Twitter hashtag #LIFEat140 rap
 blast poetry contest last weekend
 at that ritzy new coffee house in
 Manhattan, Joe and Diamonds.

We see from the corner of the office as Donald stands,
 grabs the football and begins to pace.

DONALD DABOSS
 No one's got to her yet. You're
 our Most Valuable Player, Mary.
 You need to take out this 'new
 sensation' quickly. Take her to
 lunch, then put her down. That's a
 direct order from upstairs. Or
 we're gonna arrive empty handed to
 the board of directors next month.

Donald sets the football down, grabs a sheet of paper and
 begins to crumple it into a ball.

DONALD DABOSS
 Don't wait til the last second for
 another one of your, Hail Mary's.

He flings the crumpled ball perfectly thru the hoop of a
 tiny basketball backboard attached to a trash can in the
 corner. It blinks red lights and emits CROWD CHEERS.

MARY HUNTERS
 (waves her hand)
 Whew! Can smell your testosterone
 cream this morning!

DONALD DABOSS
 Hey, if you knock down this Billy
 chick, I'll buy you a gold saddle.
 Maybe even a horse to go with it.

MARY HUNTERS
 (hands on gun case)
 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.

She opens her purse, checks a Glock handgun, then opens
 her gun case. Inside is a monster black metal weapon in
 sections. We and Donald look in as she closes the case.

DONALD DABOSS

Wow. That's the new one, huh?.
Impressive. So, why didn't you hit
her right after she won?

MARY HUNTERS

Hey. They announced she won, and
she just popped right back into
the crowd. I would've never have
gotten a clean shot at her. But,
she didn't talk to anyone else
either. Just vanished, poof,
disappeared. Musta went out the
back exit. She's got a 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. She hasn't responded to
any of my letters.

DONALD DABOSS

I know all about Wilson, New York.
Been there a couple times. One of
my banker buddies has a sailboat
slip in the harbor, and
memberships at EACH of the three
private yacht clubs.

MARY HUNTERS

There's THREE yacht clubs in
Wilson?! Not just one, but THREE?
Well, SHIP AHOY! OK! Gotta sail.
I'm catchin' the train to Niagara
from Grand Central at 10 am.
Before I forget, I gotta talk to
Lily a second.

DONALD DABOSS

(grabbing paperwork)

LILY! MARY HUNTERS NEEDS A WORD
WITH YOU! Gotta go. I've got a
nine o'clock right now with Mrs.
Quill. Just make it work. Put the
points, on the board. OK?

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

Hi, Mary. It was hard but I found
you the last room in Wilson, at
little place called, Willy's Inn.
When you get to Niagara Falls look
for Wilson Taxi. I just texted you
everything.

MARY HUNTERS
 (browsing cellphone)
 Yep. Got it. Thanks.

LILY
 And don't forget, to get...

MARY HUNTERS
 (talking over Lily)
 Get a receipt for everything.
 Right.

LILY
 (whispering))
 Um. Just one other thing. I heard
 Donald tell Bernie yesterday, that
 he's gonna have to fire people in
 every department! Doing more with
 less, he said.

MARY HUNTERS
 Don't worry about him! He's all
 bark, and no bite.

Mary picks up the apple on the desk, takes a big bite out
 of it and puts it back on the desk.

MARY HUNTERS
 The Donald I know disappeared
 after he became an executive and
 moved upstairs here. Now he's just
 a jerk, and has to talk tough with
 everybody because his butt is
 finally on the line. Our family
 company only began 'doing less'
 after his Russian uncle, the
 company's biggest stockholder, put
 him in charge last year. So don't
 worry! He'll be first off the boat
 if he decides to go sail that
 route, OK? He'd be the first on
 the gang plank. Alright? OK. Gotta
 run. No time to kill.

LILY
 OK. Thanks, Miss Hunters.

Mary picks up her her purse and gun case from the desk,,
 her shoulder briefcase and small suitcase, to leave.

LILY
 Have a nice trip.

Lily tries to give Mary an awkward hug:

MARY HUNTERS
 Thanks! Oooo, thank you, dear.

They both turn and go out the door at the same time, bumping into each other and the door frame. We are behind Lily as she yields and watches as Mary sheepishly exits first and begins walking past desks towards the lobby.

LILY

Sorry!

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

We are under a shade tree at the same location with Billy and Walter as the Park Ranger turns to leave and hands back to Billy her ID card.

PARK RANGER

Alright, have a good day, Billy.

BILLY SHAKES

You too, officer. Thank you.

WALTER RAY LEE

(in a mocking tone)

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

BILLY SHAKES

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

WALTER RAY LEE

Um. In, the beginning was the word.

BILLY SHAKES

Yes!

WALTER RAY LEE

Too easy. IN! IN-side. IN-ward. IN-sight. There's a lot of meaning in the letters, of the word IN. I and N. I as in I, and with it, N. The N starts off at the bottom, then goes straight up to the top! Then slowly falls, all the way

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 down, to the bottom. Then straight
 back up to the top once again! Ah,
 letters tell. What a ride!

We move closer as 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, walkaround
 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.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - DAY

We see Mary from across the aisle, gun case next to her,
 as she watches the New York countryside scenery passing
 by outside the train window through her own reflection.
 She can't get comfortable as the train NOISES are loud.
 She puts in earplugs, 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. We move closer as 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.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

Mary is dreaming and we see darkness that changes into an out-of-focus hotel ballroom. We hear APPLAUSE and dim CONVERSATIONS and the TINKLING of glassware and silverware. Coming into focus is a banner hangs behind the head table: ANNUAL CHRISTMAS AWARDS DINNER ~ Sponsored By ~ QUILL & INK PUBLISHING. We now see everything from in front of the head table. At the head table are men and women, including Mary, her purse on the table, and Donald sitting at the side of their company CEO BARB QUILL, an elegant woman in her mid-70's, who is standing and speaking behind a wood podium on the table.

Barb is slightly drunk and slurring words:

BARB QUILL

That, was a lovely video of our family company hiss-tree. Thank you, Donald. These holiday parties are sooo wonderful! Is everyone havin' a good time?

Polite APPLAUSE as Bard HICCUPS loudly:

BARB QUILL

Whoops. But, first, I want to inter-row-duce, I want to recognize, our best agent. Our very own Mary Hunter... Oops, Mary Hunt-terz. She will tell us how she captured and took down for us, such difficult prey. She has sell fishies, self fishy...self ishy...self-less-lee helped, our company, year after year. Been here a loooong time. And, sheeze this year's Quill and Ink Empire Of The Year...Employee Of The Year! Mary Hunter!... Hunters.

Sustained APPLAUSE and someone WHISTLES as Mary rises and goes to the podium. Mary gets a cheek kiss from Barb, who whispers something into Mary's ear then sits.

MARY HUNTERS

Thank you. Thank you very much. Thank you, Barb. And Billy. Like many of you, I first stalked Billy
(MORE)

MARY HUNTERS (cont'd)
 Shakespeare online. Then took a
 long, long, very long train ride
 to Niagara Falls.

We see from the side of the head table Mary yawning as
 BERNIE approaches the head table holding a pitcher of
 water, with his other hand hidden behind his back.

BERNIE
 (loudly)
 You want your water re-filled?

MARY HUNTERS
 (smiles sternly)
 Not now, Bernie.

BERNIE
 Your glass is half empty.

MARY HUNTERS
 No, its not! LOOK! My glass is
 half full!

Mary picks up the glass, holds it up high, then SLAMS it
 down hard on the table and water splashes everywhere.
 GASPS all around. Bernie turns towards Donald and rifles
 a football that was hidden behind his back at Donald.
 Donald can't react fast enough, gets hit and CRASHES out
 of his chair onto the floor. Bernie leaps onto Donald.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - DAY

We see from Mary's POV as Mary 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.

We see them from across the aisle.

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

We are behind Mary as she walks out of the station doors. She takes a few steps outside when a strong gust of wind almost blows her over. We are behind the Wilson Taxi van and see her straightening her hair and jacket. She holds her hand over her eyes to block the sunshine and scans the taxi lane, then rolls her luggage toward us. We follow behind her as 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. Another wind gust almost blows her over. Mary stops and straightens her hair and jacket again, then heads to the taxi and opens the Wilson Taxi van trunk door.

INT. TAXI - NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK - DAY

From the passenger seat we see Two Winds 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 see Mary loading her baggage into the back of the van. She shuts the trunk door, walks around and opens the sliding side door, getting in. We see from behind Mary as Two Winds looks in the rearview mirror at her.

TWO WINDS
You need some hel?

MARY HUNTERS
I did.

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. 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

We see Mary with her purse and Two Winds facing each other, leaning against the 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, running waters. Let the ear of our hearts listen. Let the water talk inside. Feel the power of gathering water.

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 are 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
(MORE)

TWO WINDS (cont'd)
 Minnesota and Wisconsin. The river
 is so wide there, they call it a
 lake, Lake Pepin.

EXT. FRONTENAC STATE PARK, MINNESOTA - DAY

From the side and below we see a YOUNG TWO WINDS crawling
 up into the eye of the natural rock arch, on a dangerous
 high bluff above Lake Pepin.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)
 It's called 'In Yon Teopa'. It's
 sacred to the local Sioux people.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

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

MARY HUNTERS
 That big rock outcrop looks like a
 face.

Mary hands the photo back to Two Winds.

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

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

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

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

TWO WINDS
 No, all I have to do is LISTEN.
 Actually, being a taxi driver, I
 am usually silent and the one
 listening. Most people like to
 talk about themselves. They love
 that I listen. But, when I DO
 talk, even then I am listening. I
 get help from listening within, to
 my inner spirit. We bring our
 (MORE)

TWO WINDS (cont'd)

world peace, by being peaceful; love, by being loving; reason, by being reasonable; or not. If not, a soul in darkness will usually drift back toward the Light one last time before going down. Not knowingly though. One can only choose WHEN to open the door for help in learning spiritual lessons. Ya can't choose the lessons though. Some are not ready to open it. 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.

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. When you finally surrenders the willfulness of the animal-ego-mind upon the alter of your 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?

We move in closer as 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

We see from behind Mary as Two Winds drives north on Highway 104 and Mary is admiring the views of Niagara River on her left through the side window. We hear only road NOISE as they silently exchange glances through the rearview mirror.

EXT. OLD MANSION DRIVEWAY - DAY

We are beside Mary standing next to the Wilson Taxi van parked in a driveway. 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 card to him.

TWO WINDS

(looks at her 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 her 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

From behind her we see Mary 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 slides shut the door and curtains.

INT - INN ROOM - NIGHT

We see Mary sit, open her gun case, look inside then close it, opens her purse and checks the Glock handgun. We move closer as she browses thru the pages of the Billy Shakespeare website. She clicks on a picture of Billy, hits the print button, then clicks open a video clip of Billy at a coffee house open mic night.

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)
 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.

She clicks on another video.

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, holy
 sisters and brothers, a holy One.

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

MARY HUNTERS

Oh, my gawd! It's Two Winds! With
Billy!

Suddenly, the nightstand lightbulb 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

From the bathroom doorway we see into the room as 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 begins to leave the room by pushing pass the curtains to find the door.

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

From outside we see Mary going out the sliding door and walk under the wooden deck and turn right to go up the stairs. From the upper deck we see her come up the stairs onto the deck with empty tables and chairs, lit with twinkle lights around the tree trunk and 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 around at the ship memorabilia and old photographs all around her. 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?

We hear the WHINE of a vacuum cleaner turning off. From the back corner of the room we see the plump but very elegant female innkeeper LEONA HOMESLEY, mid-80's, appear from the door behind the front desk wearing a large nametag. Mary sets her purse on the front desk. We see them from the side of the front desk.

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

MARY HUNTERS
Fabulous, Leona. Love the harbor views. But a light bulb just burnt out. I'm here to pick up the picture of the Sea Captain. I mean....

LEONA HOMESLEY
(adjusts earpiece)
What's that dear? I have my hearing aid turned down.

MARY HUNTERS
(louder)
I said the light bulb in my table lamp burnt out. And I'm here to pick up the picture I just printed from my computer!

LEONA HOMESLEY
(adjusts earpiece)
Don't have to shout now, dear. I turned it back up. I turn it down when I'm vacuuming.

Leona reaches under the front desk, retrieves both a lightbulb and a printer photo and hands them to Mary.

LEONA HOMESLEY
Here's a new bulb. And here's the print out. That's a lovely picture of Billy.

MARY HUNTERS
You know Billy?

LEONA HOMESLEY
Of course. Her mother plays bridge with us every Tuesday afternoon at the Wilson Boat House. It's right on the harbor.

MARY HUNTERS

Do you know where I can find her?
I came to Wilson to meet her.

LEONA HOMSLEY

Well, I know where her mother lives, but I'm not sure about Billy. She works out at The Harbors nursing home, 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 bridge. Hardly ever loses.

MARY HUNTERS

(opening her purse)

Well, thank you for sharing that, Leona. I'll be back to talk with you in the morning. Thank you for the bulb. Will you please put the charge for the printout on my room bill? This is for you.

Mary opens her wallet, hands Leona a five dollar bill.

LEONA HOMSLEY

Thank you, Miss Hunters. When I talked with Lily your secretary, she said you were a literary agent. Well, 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 maybe 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 in the summer, months in advance. Your 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

(MORE)

LEONA HOMESLEY (cont'd)
 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. And here's a brochure of his
 charter boat, QUEEN OF THE LIGHTS.
 His brochures are in the
 nightstand, next to your bed.
 Forgot to mention, there are many
 places to dine. My favorite of
 course is the Wilson Boat House,
 right on Wilson Harbor. 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 HOMESLEY

Whatever!

MARY HUNTERS

Where's the nursing home where
 Billy works?

LEONA HOMESLEY

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, lightbulb and photo, backing up
 like a retreating cautious cat towards the back door.

MARY HUNTERS

Thanks for the info. Gotta run.
 Thank you. Good night!

LEONA HOMESLEY

God nigh, dear!

Mary slinks away out the back door.

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

From behind Mary we follow her as she shuts the door behind her and walks onto the 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

We see Mary 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

We see Mary boarding the free 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

We follow behind Mary as she 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. We see from the side of the front desk.

FLORENCE NOYCE

May I help you?

We see all three from the side of the front desk. Mary sets her 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. .

We follow 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

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 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 lifes 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 is pointing her finger 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 every Tuesday?

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
 (MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 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. Did I hear
 you say this fine lady WON
 something?

BILLY SHAKES
 OK! Noon tomorrow. Gotta go. Bye.

We are in front of Walter as Billy whips Walter around
 and begins to wheel him away fast down a side hallway:

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

MARY HUNTERS (O.S.)
 Nice to meet you, Billy! See you,
 tomorrow...

Billy and Walter exit down a hallway. We are at the side of the front desk seeing all three women.

MARY HUNTERS

(touching her purse)

Who, was, that? With Billy.

FLORENCE NOYCE

Professor Walter. Walter Ray Lee. One of the longer residents. He's very nice, usually the perfect gentleman, and 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.

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!

We follow behind Mary as she exits thru the doors.

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

Thru a window we see Mary and Two Winds ordering dinner
at a table on the outdoor deck overlooking the harbor. A
waitress takes their menus, turns and leaves. We join
them tableside. Mary's 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
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
(MORE)

TWO WINDS (cont'd)

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 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. I had a dinner at the Sunset Bar and Grill late last night. By myself. And, I saw a ghost in my room! Freaked me out. A sea captain, in a mirror.

TWO WINDS

You're kidding.

A busboy arrives with a bread basket.

MARY HUNTERS

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

TWO WINDS

No. My Swedish mother is from Minnesota and my Navajo father from Arizona. They live in Minneapolis. All the children of the Navajo are given spiritual names by one of our elders, a holy woman of the Grandmothers Dream Circle. Except me. She 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,

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (cont'd)
 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 found 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

Looking down from above we see Two Winds 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? Right then, just as I
 thought that question, two big
 black crows swooped just inches
 over my head and flew off straight
 towards that mountain.

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

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

We see 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.

We see Two Winds a few feet away from the front.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

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.

We see into the valley below, then follow behind 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.

We see Two Winds from the front, happy in bliss.

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.

We see into the valley below, then follow behind 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

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 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

We see from a table next to Two Winds and Mary.

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
 Wow. That's un-believable.

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

Mary giggles and motions to the waitress walking behind
 her:

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
 It happened again?

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

We see an older Two Winds in prayer on the 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, 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 and Mary are sitting at a table on the deck.

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)

Um. I don't drink.

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

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

We move closer as 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

From inside Walter's room we see Mary holding her purse standing in the doorway, staring inside. She scans the room. We see 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. We see from a room corner towards the window.

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.

We see them a few feet away as 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

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 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

We follow Mary as she 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 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 was a lawyer but, when I quit lying, had to leave the whole courtroom thing, judges dealing in opinions and not facts. I came to visit, stayed after check-out. Met him in town. Now, his stories make my shifts go real fast. We talk about

(MORE)

GARY DUHGARDO (cont'd)
 important stuff. I used to talk a lot: yack, yack, yack. I had to learn how to listen, with the ear, of my heart. The first connection, is 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 sometimes plays two parts, or even them all; givin' an Oscar. Yeah, 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. Make it yours. Don't get twisted on his. He's bored. Bring em' your A game! Your only goal is, to figure out who that real you is inside those pretty eyes. You need some quarters, don't you. Here.

We move away as 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
 (MORE)

MARY HUNTERS (cont'd)
 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.)
 Quiet!

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

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)
 (shouting)
 GOOD! Good for you to admit it!
 It took Two Winds years before he
 (MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.) (cont'd)
 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. Thanks for the
 quarters. You're an angel.

Mary picks up the cans, they share smiles. We follow
 behind her turning away down the hall as a young female
 NURSE pushing a medical cart enters Walter's room.

INT. NURSING HOME ROOM - DAY

We see Mary from a corner of the room as she enters and
 sets the cans on a desk. We hear 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 the same poems 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 and 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 in the bathroom:

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)
 A drawer opens! A choice! To pick
 up either the Can opener or the
 Can't opener. Hmm... Which to
 choose? One works while one only
 frustrates. We all have them, in
 some form, eh, loves?

The Nurse GIGGLES unseen. Mary picks up another notebook from the desk, flips thru it and 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 audio flashbacks end and we are in front of her close-up as she randomly looks through Walter's' notebooks.

MARY HUNTERS

Damn. I knew it. She's been stealing all his material.

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. Freed. Fare well foul hidden moments again. Squeezed by inner tubes, the wheel turns.

FLUSHING is heard behind the bathroom door.

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)

All done, Hunters. Everything's clear.

We see the room from a corner as 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, begins rearranging his notebooks:

WALTER RAY LEE

That's strange. My notebooks are all out of order.

We move back to behind Mary as he finishes rearranging them, then stares over at her. She fidgets nervously in her chair as Walter picks up the two soda cans and rolls over to her. We move slowly in 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

(looks at desk)

No, not today.

WALTER RAY LEE

I know who moved my books, Mary Hunter. It must have been...that damn cleaning woman Jo! She was here just before you arrived. I know she has clawed thru my personal belongings, which is completely illegal, wrong and immoral, wouldn't you agree?

Mary looks down and away, nodding yes, as we move slowly back a few feet away from them.

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
(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 haunts us all. But, energy! Oh no,
 energy never dies, it just changes
 form. One day, that big limo in
 the sky will arrive to pick us up.
 There'll be no time to grab
 anything. No luggage, leave the
 baggage, and no good byes. Just
 off we go, on a shaft of light,
 for some long needed rest at our
 time share on the other side. Hope
 you locked one in early with the
 better views. Exact location
 decided by ones dues paid. Ah, our
 day of passing already set at
 birth into this dream. So, whoever
 passed on today, this was their
 day to go. Another dream arises
 for them. So, get over it, they
 have. 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,
 (MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 all frail, weak and divisive
 thoughts, gone forever and left in
 only a most marvelous body moving
 in matter, in a room, on a planet
 somewhere in a vast galaxy of
 stars, within a complete
 emptiness, the endless sea of
 potential. All things star light,
 waves brought to form by echo
 patterns, a star surfer long ago
 forgotten in name, but not
 actions. Actions, my dear Miss
 Hunters. Actions leave a trail, a
 wake, of some distant memory that
 now dawns again anew. Whereas you
 struggle in each and every moment
 just to be present with whomever
 is there with you, wanting to
 escape away to the next clue. That
 is the nature of the beast, our
 ego, our monster in waiting, kept
 calm by play acting to get along,
 to find food, and shelter, and yes
 tamed only by love, Miss Hunter.
 All souls created, one day yearn
 to float upon the joys of That
 which is all love. The rest: just
 lies and distractions, away from
 all that IS love, Miss Hunters.
 You.

MARY HUNTERS
 (points at wall)
 I love your picture of two trees
 growing next to the church door.

INSERT; WALL PHOTO OF ST. EDWARD'S CHURCH NORTH DOOR:

WALTER RAY LEE
 Yes. The north door at St. Edwards
 Church, Stow-on-the-Wold, England.
 The town sits on a high round hill
 at the intersection of seven old
 Roman roads and has the oldest pub
 and inn in England. My favorite.
 The other, is a map of Tataria,
 the largest country in the world
 for thousands of years, until the
 War of 1812.

MARY HUNTERS
 Tataria? Walter, tell me about
 you. What was it that Billy's
 mother told you about your past
 lives, after your wife died?
 Sorry. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have
 asked that. I should go.

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. Jump on your bull and ride it, until you know it's tamed. Accept your animal nature, name it, make it your pet. Love it to death. Then some day soon, you'll be ready to surrender it all, in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, it will vanishes forever. 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)

I've got to go. Really, I do. My lunch with Billy is at noon. I've got to run. Goodbye.

Mary drops her head, turns away and exits the room as the lightbulb quits flickering. Walter rolls to the doorway.

WALTER RAY LEE

(shouting after her)

Fare well, sweet one! ONE! A word with THREE letters! Three letters in ONE! And three letters in 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

We are at the outdoor table of Mary and Billy sharing lunch with a bottle of wine. Mary's purse is on table.

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 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. YOU'VE been pirating HIS writings! The same words you've used to win contests are the same words I found in Walter's notebooks. That's fraud. That's prison time.

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, grabingr a napkin.

MARY HUNTERS

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

After a long pause Billy begins to compose herself.

BILLY SHAKES

(drying her eyes)

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

MARY HUNTERS

That's what I love about words
too, Billy. I love words. They
have a life all their own. The
right phrase, just the right
perfect word, crafted before or
after one another, unlocks me from
all these day to day challenges
and hardships we face as people,
with these, imperfect lives we
live. I became an agent just to
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 a bit 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

Ouch. Didn't see that comin'.

BILLY SHAKES

(holding wineglass)

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

MARY HUNTERS

So, who was it?

We move slowly back in closer to them.

BILLY SHAKES

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

MARY HUNTERS

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

BILLY SHAKES

Yup.

MARY HUNTERS

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

BILLY SHAKES

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

MARY HUNTERS

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

BILLY SHAKES

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

MARY HUNTERS

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

BILLY SHAKES

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

MARY HUNTERS

What discovery?

BILLY SHAKES

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

MARY HUNTERS

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

BILLY SHAKES

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

MARY HUNTERS

Well, maybe they were a little slow.

BILLY SHAKES

You see, that's why there have always been serious questions raised about who really wrote those plays. There are no original scripts. None. And no records of Shakespeare ever socializing with nobility ever, except at the theater. You see, most all rich people back then, the nobility class, used pen-names for their public letters, and in many cases with a hyphen in the name, just to let you know. That was THE big standard clue in those days that a pen-name was being used by the writer, using a hyphen. The Bards very first published verses and plays 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.

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.

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

I never thought of it that way, but yeah, kinda, I guess so, basically.

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 and reads it aloud.

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

(MORE)

BILLY SHAKES (cont'd)

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

MARY HUNTERS

So your saying, he put himself in, and maybe 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

I can see that. Can definitely see that, yeah.

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

(MORE)

BILLY SHAKES (cont'd)
 sure all the cages are cleaned and
 maintained properly. Most are ones
 he brought with him when he moved
 out of his house and into The
 Harbors. He can watch them from
 his room window, And if he is in a
 really good mood, and he likes
 you, and you're a woman, he can be
 off the charts charming and
 romantic.

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
 OK, tell you what. 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

We see Two Winds enter 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
 (MORE)

MARY HUNTERS (cont'd)
 staff must think I've moved in
 here.

Two Winds sits as 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 this. The same words Billy used to win contests are the same words I found in Walter's notebooks today. That's fraud. That's prison time.

TWO WINDS

For you going through his stuff, or for Billy? 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.

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

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (cont'd)

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. Just relax and have fun playing their little games. For 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

So 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 title right now is, Stonehenge of America.

MARY HUNTERS

A Stonehenge? Here? Where? In what state park?

TWO WINDS

Blue Mounds State Park, in Minnesota.

MARY HUNTERS

Blue Mounds State Park? Never heard of it. Where in Minnesota?

TWO WINDS

A couple miles north of Luverne, Minnesota, right off Interstate 90. In the very corner of southwestern Minnesota.

MARY HUNTERS

Huh. Sounds VERY interesting. Did 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

Aw.

TWO WINDS

I won't be long. I promise to come
right back.

We move out as Two Winds reaches into his backpack, 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? OK! I'll take a look.

Two Winds rises, leaves the table and exits the room as
the waitress walks over and delivers another glass of red
wine. We move closer to Mary as she opens the manuscript,
reads for a moment then closes it, takes the big gulp of
wine, then re-opens the papers and begins to read. We
hear Two Winds voice speaking.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

In October 1990, I drove 200 miles
west from Minneapolis with my
partner at the time, Bonita
Ananda, to visit Pipestone
National Monument, an ancient rock
quarry and landmark in
southwestern Minnesota.

EXT. PIPESTONE NATIONAL MONUMENT, MINNESOTA - DAY

We see Two Winds and Bonita, a short, thin red-head
woman, mid-40's, walking by a shallow rock quarry.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Pipestone is considered sacred to
all Native Americans for its
purple Sioux-quartzite rock layers
under the soil. For eons the
native people have harvested the
rock from small shallow quarries
for use in making ceremonial
peace-pipes.

EXT. CREEK, PIPESTONE NATIONAL MONUMENT, MN - DAY

We are on the opposite side of Pipestone Creek looking across at Two Winds and Bonita walking along the blacktop trail.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We wandered next to Pipestone Creek decorated in beautiful fall colors. Along the creek path are many unique rock formations. The first thing one sees is a natural rock face, identified by a sign as, The Sphinx.

We are above the creek some 20 yards away as Two Winds stands upon the old elder rock face outcrop:

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Another rock formation juts out over the creek and from the side looks like a wrinkled old elders face.

We are in an empty parking lot next to their car as Two Winds and Bonita are about to get in. Two Winds tales off running back towards the trailhead:

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Just before leaving Pipestone I realize I forgot my backpack over near the quarry. We were in a hurry to get to another State Park so I had to run back to look for it.

EXT. TRAIL, PIPESTONE NATIONAL MONUMENT, MINNESOTA - DAY

We are beside Two Winds as he runs with his backpack along a dirt trail through the prairie.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

After finding my pack I was running back down the trail, when past-life memories washed over me, of joyfully running that same trail as a native young boy.

We see a young native SIOUX BOY running along the same trail.

EXT. MINNESOTA STATE HIGHWAY 75, LUVERNE, MINNESOTA - DAY

We are along side Bonita and Two Winds driving a a 2-door black 80's Honda Accord south down the highway.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We left Pipestone later than planned and drove the 26 miles south to Blue Mounds State Park, wondering if we would get there before the park closed. Our only reason for wanting to go there was to see buffalo. Blue Mounds is an old Native American rock quarry with 100-foot tall deep blue cliffs and has a the largest bison herd in Minnesota.

EXT. NORTH ENTRANCE, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAY

Two Winds and Bonita are sitting in their car at the entrance gate. A woman park ranger hands them a brochure.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We arrived just before closing time and glanced thru the park-brochure handed to us at the entrance. We were startled to read that the southern area of the park has a quarter-mile-long line of rocks aligned east to west that marks where the sun rises and sets on the spring and fall equinoxes. Wow! We were excited that there was an ancient equinox site right in Minnesota that we never knew about.

EXT. BUFFALO CORRAL, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAY

We are behind Two Winds and Bonita as they gaze through a wood slat fence to observe a dozen young bison.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

The park was about to close so we briefly viewed a few young buffalo thru the wood slats of a corral. The big bison herd was somewhere out on the prairie.

EXT. SOUTH ENTRANCE, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAY

From the parking lot we see Two Winds and Bonita jogging up the road towards the cliff top.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We then quickly drove over to the south entrance and fast-walked up the sloping asphalt road that rises to the top of the adjacent 100-foot cliffs, and headed into the Visitor Center.

We see them walk into the Visitor Center.

INT. VISITORS CENTER, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAY

We are inside the Visitor Center as Two Winds and Bonita walk about looking quickly glancing at the exhibits.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We glanced at the exhibits for a few minutes.

EXT. TRAIL, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MINNESOTA - DAY

Two Winds and Bonita begin walking along a dirt trail.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Then we hurried back outside to the hiking trail, to go find the rock alignment.

EXT. ROCK ALIGNMENT, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAY

We follow Two Winds and Bonita up to the ancient quarter-mile-long alignment of old blue quartzite rocks.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Soon we were standing in the middle of the east-west configured rock alignment of old quartzite stones, piled-up about 3-feet high, set in wild flowers. Off in the distance we could see a big boulder sitting on the prairie near the west-end of the alignment.

EXT. EAGLE ROCK, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MINNESOTA - DAY

We are following Two Winds and Bonita fast walking over to Eagle Rock.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We fast walked over to the huge boulder and a sign, with some historical facts, stated its name: Eagle Rock. (begins to crawl onto the rock) I crawled up to stand on Eagle Rock, and looking out over the valley I could see into both Iowa and South Dakota. I surveyed the landscape briefly,

EXT. ALIGNMENT-EAST, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAY

We are behind Two Winds and Bonita looking over the eastern end of the rock alignment:

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Then we then headed over to the eastern-tip of the alignment, that ended in a circular clump of trees where three huge boulders sat. I took pictures there, then returned to our car as the park was closing.

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

We are behind Mary as she sits at an indoor table reading a manuscript.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Because of the significance of the east-west rock alignment, as we drove away, we promised ourselves to return the next spring, on the equinox.

She lowers the manuscript to gazes out the windows into the busy Harbor. Some diners are LAUGHING. She takes a sip of wine, picks it up again and continues reading.

EXT. MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ST. PAUL, MN - DAY

Two Winds and Bonita are walking by the Minnesota Historical Society, notice it's open and walk to the door, stop to read the hours sign, then walk inside.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

After attending the St. Paul Winter Carnival in January 1991, we were returning to our car and noticed by chance that the Minnesota Historical Society was open.

INT. HALL, MINN. HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ST. PAUL, MN - DAY

We see behind them as Bonita exits left and Two Winds continues down a hall.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Bonita headed to the Library while I wandered about, until I was drawn into the Map Room.

INT. ROOM, MINN. HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ST. PAUL, MN - DAY

From the side we see Two Winds searching through a big metal cabinet with thin drawers and finds a map, pulls it out, lays it on a table and begins to closely study the map on a table.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

I poked around for a while in some drawers and found an old fragile 1800's military map of Minnesota territory. A small face and the words, The Head, were hand-scrawled in ink, right where I thought Blue Mounds State Park would be located. The Head? Hmm. The Head! The Head, I suddenly realize, was most likely a reference name, some military map makers shorthand name way-back then, for Eagle Rock.

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

We are close to Mary sitting at an indoor table reading a manuscript.

MARY HUNTERS

The Head. Wow!

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

From a military standpoint, the broad expansive view on top of that high ridge, on top of Eagle Rock, is a strategic position overlooking the entire area, south and east. Eagle Rock was a landmark: The Head. I thought a lot about the ancient alignment that winter and looked forward to our return in the spring, especially after seeing that old military map.

Mary sets the manuscript against her chest and gazes out the windows briefly, then returns to reading.

INT. MID-1980'S HONDA ACCORD - NIGHT

From the backseat we see Two Winds driving with the wipers on and BONITA is looking at a Minnesota road map with a flashlight. The outside weather is a near white-out snow storm.

TWO WINDS

The weather in Minneapolis the night before the March 1991 spring equinox was snowy and cold, so Bonita and I set off on our return journey to Blue Mounds before midnight, to make sure we got there before the sunrise, due at 7 am.

EXT. SOUTH ENTRANCE, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - NIGHT

We are behind the car watching Two Winds and Bonita unpacking their gear from the trunk.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We arrived at around 4 in the morning, tired and exhausted from driving slow for 200 miles through a snowstorm in limited visibility conditions. The snow had stopped, and it was dark, foggy and a comfortable 32-degrees with no wind as we unpacked our gear. Our bodies were tired, but our spirits were strong and soaring.

We follow behind them as Two Winds and Bonita begin walking up the service road next to the cliffs.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We walked around the locked gate, into the parking lot next to the cliffs and onto the asphalt service road leading up to the Visitor Center.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - NIGHT

We are in front of Two Winds and Bonita as they walk up the service road next to the cliffs and stop:

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

But we both stop in awe, to gaze up at a thick spiral column of barely visible light. The spiral energy beam seemed to be stationary, coming from where I guessed was the top of the ridge near where Eagle Rock sits. It wasn't reflected moonlight we were looking at because the new moon was five days earlier and moonrise was after sunrise. We debated and decided maybe it was occurring from a combination of the fog, the humidity and an emanating earth energy field that was revealing the very subtle spiral beam. As we walked further up, the spiral didn't seem to move. After reaching the top of the cliffs we headed toward the Visitor Center and the trail that leads to the rock alignment.

EXT. VISITOR CENTER, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - NIGHT

We are behind Two Winds and Bonita as they stop walking near the start of the trailhead past the Visitors Center.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We both suddenly stop, frozen in our tracks, and stare at the big tree on our left, just past the start of the trail. All the leaves on the tree were shaking, and there was no wind. To this day, thinking about that moment gives me the goose bumps.

BONITA

It's a guardian tree. We have to say a prayer here.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Bonita silently reaches into her backpack and pulls out a small clay smudge pot filled with herbs. She took off the cover and I helped her light it. She stoked the smoking embers inside the smudge pot with an eagle feather and began to smudge me with the smoke. And then I smudged her. She then slowly approached the tree, which was still shaking its leaves in the still air, and smudged it. I prayed softly aloud.

TWO WINDS

Great Spirit, We seek permission to enter these sacred grounds, for our hearts to be opened, for the Ancient Ones to be now in our hearts and see thru our eyes the true nature of your creation. Aho.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Feeling a deep sense of love and peace, we leave behind the still shaking guardian tree and started up the path. As we're walking we look west and see that the spiral beam has faded away.

EXT. ROCK ALIGNMENT, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - NIGHT

We are in front of Two Winds and Bonita as they arrive at the intersection of the trail and the rock alignment.

TWO WINDS

We arrive at the place where The Path crosses The Flowing Stream of Stones In Sacred Alignment, gathered together with wisdom, pure intention, love & peace. Standing on that east-west alignment of sacred stones, all alive, in the totally silent hours before dawn on the spring equinox, was absolutely timeless and beyond words. We stood there, hearts open, gazing at the still quiet landscape all around us, the fog shrouding the adjoining farmlands below, making all the farm lights look like floating stars on an endless sea in a milky galaxy surrounding us on all sides. My thoughts turned to an age and of a people long ago. The before-dawn perfect-peace settled upon us as we sat in awe in the now-time of Great Spirit's creation. After a seeming endless eternity of tranquility and beauty, we noticed the eastern sky was becoming twilight and could see the sacred land more clearly. The clouds above were thick and I realized the sunrise might not be visible. We stir and decide to go explore the eastern edges of the alignment.

EXT. ALIGNMENT-EAST, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAWN

We follow behind Two Winds and Bonita walking over to the eastern-end of the rock alignment.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

The sacred stones slope with the angle of the ridge and flows from the lower eastern end up-to the higher western end and Eagle Rock. As we approach the eastern tip we are amazed at the open views before us. When we first visited in October, all the leaves were on the trees and bushes. But now the leaves had dropped-off over the winter and this circular area, out of where the eastern end of the alignment begins, was revealed in all its wonder. We could see how the protruding rock stratum has an amphitheater-like design. And

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 surrounding the center of the formation are old craggy trees spaced about in a big circle, with their limbs shaped like, shaped like they were frozen in some kind of dance! They reminded me of the trees in the movie, The Wizard Of Oz. I almost climbed down into the area but we decide to walk around it, to the east side that is fronted by three huge boulders.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAY

We follow Two Winds and Bonita walking around to the eastern entrance of the amphitheater.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)
 Two large trees guard the east entrance and as we walk up to them a large branch is hanging down that Bonita reaches up and touches with her pointer finger, silently communing with the tree for a minute, seeking permission to enter. We then walk in between the two biggest boulders and enter into the natural amphitheater.

We follow Two Winds and Bonita as they walk around the inside of the natural rock amphitheater.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)
 We wander around the circle of trees, looking for a place to sit and watch the coming sunrise. At the spot the where the alignment meets the amphitheater is a small rock ledge! Wow! I sit...and find I can look directly east between the two huge front boulders. Another Stonehenge, but made naturally! Oh, my. And I just knew that THIS is where ONE must sit. Visions flashed, of all the many souls over the eons of time that had sat there, still, waiting for the Sun to rise in the east between the two living boulders. In that moment, I felt, all of creation is alive, and forever now is. I notice to the left of the two main boulders is another taller boulder, with a narrow dark passageway in-between. I arise and go to the passageway.

EXT. THE PASSAGEWAY, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAY

We are in front of Two Winds and Bonita stepping carefully between two big boulders on stepping stones.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

The passageway is narrow at first then widens, with many small stepping-stones between the boulders inviting us in. I entered first and we stepped forward east with a hand on each side for balance. In a few feet I stop, because, at first my left hand felt just rough surface, and now my hand lay upon a perfect smooth one, with lines embedded. My body shifted to clearly see what lines lay here. My left hand lay upon the lines of, teepee poles!

TWO WINDS

Bonita! Look at this!

BONITA

Oh, my goodness. WOW!

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

A marvelous 4-foot by 2-foot still-life native village scene, complete with women, children, men returning on horseback with the leader holding a staff with flag, elders sewing, women cooking over smoking fires, children playing in a stream, dogs running around, a dozen teepees and trees was perfectly carved into the side of the left boulder.

BONITA

This is fantastic.

TWO WINDS

(with irony)

Well, they didn't mention this in the park brochure.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We stood there in awe for quite a while viewing and discussing the artwork before stepping out the other side, to the east.

We are in front of Two Winds and Bonits as they step out of the passageway and return to the trail.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAY

We follow Two Winds and Bonita returning to the middle of the natural rock amphitheater.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We headed back around thru the two main boulders to the circle of dancing trees, looking for other hidden secrets. We notice that in the center of the circle is a small rounded boulder. Stepping over to it, Bonita got her smudge pot out and smudged the rock, then paced around the trees while smudging the whole area. On the ground next to the rounded boulder lay a tree branch shaped like the letter Y, like a tuning fork, with a big chunk of ice-crystals surrounding its curved downward handle. I felt the need to pick it up, so I reached down to lift it. And when I did, a strong wind began to blow from the north. By instant knowing, I turned the branch into the direction the wind was blowing, and the wind calmed to a gentle breeze.

TWO WINDS

Bonita, look at this. If I point it into the wind, it almost stops, But if I point it away from the north wind, the wind picks up speed and gets stronger!

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

An intuition came to me, Follow the gentle wind. So we did. The wind was flowing down the hill from up top, so up we climbed.

EXT. HIGH POINT, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAY

We follow Two Winds and Bonita climbing up the steep side of the nearby hill, up to the highest point in the park.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

At the very top of the hill was an area where the tall grasses were bent over from deer resting there. It also seemed to be the highest point of the prairie, as it slopes down from here all around. And when I looked to the west where Eagle Rock sits, oh, my goodness!

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (V.O.) (cont'd)

Eagle Rock, from that exact vantage point, was suddenly revealing itself. That giant boulder, seen from the high ground where we stood, had morphed into the head of a wrinkled native elder gazing up towards the sky. The Head! Of course! We had finally discovered the now obvious symbolism recorded on that old military map.

EXT. EAGLE ROCK, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MINNESOTA - DAY

We follow Two Winds and Bonita walking to Eagle Rock.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We quickly made our way over toward The Head through the tall grass, but discovered that the closer we got, the more the face image fades away, to become just a big ol' boulder. Next to The Head are many large room-sized flat slabs of protruding Sioux-quartzite. Bonita sat down nearby on a small boulder while I curiously climbed on top of The Head, then crawled down the opposite side, just out of her view.

BONITA

(laughs then shouts)

IT LOOKED LIKE YOU JUST CRAWLED INSIDE THE HEAD!

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We laughed and spent some time there exploring areas around and beyond The Head. Full daylight had arrived so we decided to return to the amphitheater and inspect the incredible village-life carving once more before leaving.

EXT. THE PASSAGEWAY, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAY

We are in front of Two Winds and Bonita as they return to the passageway between the two huge boulders.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Back at the passageway, we balanced ourselves again on the small foot-rocks between the two boulders and, once more, we were shocked.

TWO WINDS

Bonita, it's GONE!

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

It was no longer there. Just a rough rock surface greeted our hands and eyes. Then I realize, it is still here, only now our physical eyes could not see it. We had been given a supreme gift, a private viewing, and now this unique art gallery was closed. We were stunned, yet understood in our hearts to be very grateful for all the super natural gifts we received. We knew now was the time to journey back home. The park would soon open and fill with tourists.

EXT. ROCK ALIGNMENT, BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MN - DAY

We follow Two Winds and Bonita walking back up the path west to the rock alignment.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

We walked back to the middle of the alignment of sacred living beings and prayed again, silently. The clouds were still thick above us. And even though we had witnessed multiple miraculous things, I still wanted to see the sun. So, I lift the branch to the sky and begin making small-circles in the air, around and around, pointed at where I thought the sun was. Within a few seconds the clouds began to rapidly move apart, and the full glory and light of our sun revealed itself to us standing there in unity with all!

The clouds in the sky part and the sun beams upon them.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

Lowering the branch. Bonita and I hugged and kissed.

BONITA

WOW! It worked!

TWO WINDS (V.O.)

I realized later that I hadn't done anything right-then. It was that we had been given one last

(MORE)

TWO WINDS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 gift. Humbled and thankful beyond
 words, I returned the branch to
 its rightful place, inside the
 circle of the dancing trees. We
 took many pictures that morning
 but they came back after
 development all black!

We begin rising high above the park, for a birds eye view
 of the entire landscape.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)
 A week later I had a dream, where
 I saw that the flat rock slabs
 next to The Head was a ceremonial
 area: the place to give birth & to
 be born; the place to go home in
 the sky. We did not see the
 sunrise that perfect morning; but
 not the visible rising, only the
 invisible spiritual rising; the
 one that exists in another place
 in now-time; the one that opens a
 doorway for a few precious moments
 every year on the equinoxes. I
 have witnessed the light of dawn,
 beyond all eyes of this world, in
 a very beautiful sacred place,
 that only spirit eyes can see,
 Stonehenge of America. When you
 visit Blue Mounds State Park,
 please remember: You are on sacred
 earth; leave it as you find it,
 with love and peace full memories,
 and with the reality the most
 sacred place of all lay now within
 All-Things-Your-Heart, in peace
 and love, forever.

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

We see Mary in tears at a dining room table. Mary sets
 the manuscript down. 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
 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

We see across the bar Mary and Two Winds kissing on the outside bar deck in the moonlight as a band is tuning up.

BAND SINGER

This song is called: My Song Is
The Only One.

The band begins to play.

BAND SINGER

My-Song is The-Only One that
Opens_up-Your-Heart I-realized
My-Life-without-You
was-bro_ken-from-the-start
Because-I Love_You_ You-are My
Love! Your Love is The-Tune
Playin_in_My-Heart!
You-know-I-Love_You_ You-are
My-Love! Your Love
is-The-Tune_Racin-round_My-Heart!
The-First-Time_that-I met-You_
My-Heart-burst into-flames
I-Knew-Right-Then
You-are_My-Soulmate_
I'd-never-be-the-same
Because-I-Love-You_ You-are
My-Love! Your Love is-The-Tune
Spinning-in-My-Heart
I-said-I-Love-You_ You-are
My-Love_ Your-Love is-The-Fuel_
Driving on-My-Heart I-found-you
love_ You-are my-Love_ Your Love
is-The-Tune Beating-in-My-Heart_
I-found-your-love_ You
are-my-Love_ Your Love is-The-Key
Turning-on-My-Heart! So Mar-ry
Me_and Ho_ld Me-close forever_
E-verything I-want in-Life is-You!
I-know-Our-Love is Sa_cred
One_endeavor! Your-Eyes-reveal
Your-Love so-Pure, so-True
Take-My-Hand_ You're-the-Band_
Round-My-Heart_ Off-the-chart_s!
Your-Song is The-O-nly One that
O-pens-up My-Heart
Each-day-let-Me-hold-You May-We
ne_ver_ever-part For-Ever-Love_
You are-My-Love!
A-Rose_Fully-Bloomed_planted-in_My
-Heart_ I-Only-Love-You_ You

(MORE)

BAND SINGER (cont'd)
 are-My-Love! Your Love fill-in-Me
 Overflow-My-Heart!
 Our-Love_Light-Divine flows-out
 of-Heaven Touching_All the-World
 to-night We Do!_I-Do_ I-pledge
 My-Life, My-Deams to-being
 Your-One_The-One Just seal-Me
 with-a-kiss if You-Approve
 Our-Love_Light-Divine flows-out
 of-Heaven_ Touching_All the-World
 to-night We Do!_I-Do_ I-pledge
 My-Life, My-Deams to-being
 Your-One_The-One Just seal-Me
 with-a-kiss if-You-Approve
 Our-Love_Light-Divine flows-out
 of-Heaven_ Touching_All the-World
 to-night We Do!_I-Do_ I-pledge
 My-Life, My-Deams to-being
 Your-One_The-One Just seal-Me
 with-a-kiss if-You-Approve Just
 seal-Me with-a-kiss if-You-Approve
 Just seal-Me
 with-Your-Kisses...Make-Me Move_.

Song ends. CHEERS and APPLAUSE. The rope lights flicker as Mary and Two Winds kiss and embrace.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE - DAY

The next day we see Mar sitting, 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?

We are seeing from the corner of the office as 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
 One over there, also. Thanks.

MARY HUNTERS
 (sits and yawns)
 You were saying about... Excuse me, didn't get much sleep. You were saying about Walter?

DR. LIVINSTUN
 Yes, well, I can't specifically comment on Mr. Lee's condition,
 (MORE)

DR. LIVINSTUN (cont'd)
 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.

We are behind Dr. Livinstun as Mary exits the office.

We see Walter from the front, sitting in a wheelchair and writing in one of his notebooks, occasionally glancing up to watch the birds in their cages. Mary quietly walks up behind him, stops twenty yards away, then quietly sits down on a bench on the path, setting her purse next to her. She yawns and closes her eyes. After a few moments Mary's head drops down and she falls asleep.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

Mary is dreaming and we see darkness that changes into an out of focus hotel ballroom. We hear APPLAUSE and dim CONVERSATIONS and the TINKLING of glassware and silverware. Coming into focus is a formal awards dinner. A banner hangs behind the head table: ANNUAL CHRISTMAS AWARDS DINNER ~ Sponsored By ~ QUILL & INK PUBLISHING. we see everything from in front of the head table. At the head table are men and women, including Mary, Walter, with Donald sitting at the side of Barb Quill, who is standing and speaking behind a wood podium on the table.

BARB QUILL

(obviously drunk)

Thanks for the company history video, Donald. NOT! Do we have to ruin the holiday joy by watching that crap every year?! And having to socialize with people you can't stand to be around otherwise. What that about? Thank god for the open bar. And, a last and final farewell to the those who will drink too much tonight, and get

(MORE)

BARB QUILL (cont'd)
 fired tomorrow. Ta Ta! Although,
 they can't fire me. Can they? In
 just a monument, tall moment, I
 want to introduce this years
 Catch of the Year award to a wild
 'n crazed guy, Sir Walter
 Spearshaker! Did I get that right?

Polite APPLAUSE.

BARB QUILL
 But first, to introduce him, or
 them, he's many voices, I want to
 recognize our secret agent, our
 very own Mary Punter, Hunters.
 She'll tell, she can pick 'em,
 tell US how she poached, spending
 my money, lots of it, was such a
 fine soldier. Who will made me
 oodles of money! No bonuses this
 year! I'm cuttin' wages! Just
 kiddin'. Shh. Shh. She's this
 years Employee of The Whole Frigid
 World! My girl, Mary Hunters,
 hunters!

Sustained applause while Mary comes to the podium. Mary
 gets a cheek kiss from Barb, who whispers something into
 her ear then sits, then falls off her chair.

MARY HUNTERS
 Thank you. Thank you very much.

Roar of cheers and applause continues.

MARY HUNTERS
 Thank you! Thank you, Barb Quilt.
 A little too much sauce there,
 Barbie? Throw a little water on
 her. OK. Now, like most of you, I
 first followed Billy Shakes. Until
 I discovered that Walter was
 really Billy, and then I... I... I
 fell...um. I fell in, love...with
 Two Winds.

As Mary begins to weep and everyone applauds and cheers.

EXT. NURSING HOME GARDENS - DAY

We are close in front of Mary as she jerks her head up,
 opens her eyes and silently gazes towards Walter. We see
 him from the front and he looks asleep but is smiling. He
 opens his eyes to watch the birds then begins writing in
 one of his notebooks. Mary is twenty yards behind him,
 sitting quietly on a bench on the path. Looking from
 behind Mary we see a thick white fog rolls into the
 gardens out of nowhere, and two people appear out of the

fog near Walter: 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 kisses Bride.

SEA CAPTAIN

My One Darling Love, the perfected
beauty, charms and wisdom of your
world here I look forever after,
you! Now We are One, in Spirit,
in deed, and fortunes in all
service to the Divine, for all
time.

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 now mine. I seal our unions
with a kiss.

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 in to. And
awaken, to twinkles and 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, and will touch every Being
found until returning, back and
forth, our waves crest and roll
in, then gather, my love.

BRIDE

Then, say no more words. Show me
them! With you lips and soul,
touch me.

They engage in a long kiss as a dense fog rolls in again to surround them totally and then slowly rolls away and they seemingly disappear from the gardens. The only noises in the garden are birds CHIRPING in their cages. Mary runs over to Walter, who has his eyes closed.

MARY HUNTERS

Walter! Walter! What just
happened?

We are in front of Walter who is startled by Mary and drops his pen and notebooks. She quickly bends over and picks them up, handing them back to him. Their hands slightly touch for the very first time, and Mary sees tears running down his cheeks from both eyes. We see them both from the side with some bird cages behind them.

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 day dreaming a bit. Got a
little emotional. Here sit down.
Enjoy the gardens and lake here
with me a while.

MARY HUNTERS

Who were those people, Walter?
Where did they go? That was the
captain, in my room, the photo on
the wall.

Long pause as she sits on a bench next to him. We are behind them, silently watching two sailboats passing in opposite directions. We see them from the front.

MARY HUNTERS

Who were those two people, Walter?
Did you see them?

WALTER RAY LEE

I see them all the time. They are free spirits, now, 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 saw him in my room mirror.

WALTER RAY LEE

They are truly my loves lost reminder to live and love every moment, for it may be the last. We are all eternal, sacred, holy spirits of radiant love light, now remembering what can never be forgotten, or ever lost completely. The unspeakable knowing-ness, of the joy bestowed by the releasing of a soul unto their own reward, after surviving the trials and temptations of this life here on earth.

We see a yacht speeding by on the lake with a loud party of young sunbathers. We are in front of Walter and Mary.

WALTER RAY LEE

And then, the Final Doorway, the last path, and byway that all souls come to, finally, arriving at the same conclusion: that all the ego-centered and selfish ways of this world lead to utter and complete spiritual darkness, suffering and death. Upon which state of being one finally surrenders to, all see that tiniest hint of a radiant light, that shines The Love, from far beyond the voids of all time and space. Once realized, THAT soul has paid the price!...which no time, or money, or effort, ever could pay, or get, at any cost. For the realization of the source of ones inner truth and strength is then grounded, and secured, upon a rock and foundation not of this world.

Mary takes Walters hand in hers.

MARY HUNTERS

Walter. I need to tell you...

WALTER RAY LEE

That Truth, perfect, sets us all free, and it is indeed only a matter of time, until All traverse to that Final shore. And We here now, at no matter what the cost before, knowingly are kin with all those yet to cross that final threshold. And so, we say to our most holy sisters and brothers yet to cross, that You are not alone. You, are not, alone! ALL have missed the mark somehow or another, Miss Hunters, and only by recognizing, and forgiving our own, and others, mistakes, and ignorance, with compassion, love and kindness, does our inner voice of truth arise within; that then establishes only the beginning of our endless, and eternal journey with our higher power, Self.

A fog horn blows in the distance.

WALTER RAY LEE

Mary, my eternal friend.

MARY HUNTERS

(crying, softly)

I don't have many.

WALTER RAY LEE

With so many souls along your path, lifted up by YOUR passing-by each day, that find joy now in each and every little thing. Yes, in deed we are somehow all holy within this perfect earth dream, a created holy ones, unfolding of we the divine creators. And that one god-us, by whatever name, has NO darkness within, only radiant divine light. And we, all created from one divine image, yes, so too, we are all divine light. And we see our divine light, within every one, Divine, no matter what. Everyone IS holy, every a sister or brother, and we love, every ONE, not hate any ONE, for, we are all ONE, love.

A long pause as Mary looks for and finds a tissue paper.

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?

Long 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. I
write to document what is NOT
important. To wake up, here.

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 your poems?
Making up a complete website,
pretending all your words were
hers?

WALTER RAY LEE

Nope.

MARY HUNTERS

Well, why not? Everyone said you protected your books madly like they were gold.

WALTER RAY LEE

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

MARY HUNTERS

Most likely the entire staff.

WALTER RAY LEE

I realized a few years back, what better place to serve others and relieve the suffering of the human spirit than right here. Soon I began to meet the locals here, who were some of the nicest people I'd ever met. So many of them worked right here. I was befriended by 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

Does Billy know you set her up, like me?

WALTER RAY LEE

Most writers never make money publishing their book. You know that, Miss Hunters. So many books
(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 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 locals
 and, presto! And 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,
 squeeze away. BUT, it won't be me.
 No, this goose is too old now.
 Look at me. I have just one good
 eye. My retina detached after my
 chemo and radiation cancer
 treatments, so thus, the eye
 patch. My eyes cross. Double
 vision. Cancer. Four major
 surgeries. I require medical care.
 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 as 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
 (MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 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... Buddy Yacker,
 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

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.

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)

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. I began to really ponder my life, and recognized certain similar patterns. She told me about Raleigh. Another important past life I had was, Samuel, of the Old Testament. Which is funny because my father used to call me Sam when I screwed up. Prophet or for profit? I like both. And then there was Rameses The Second, the ruler of ancient Egypt, who became king as a kid, just a teenager, and lived to be 90. Built all those huge temples in Egypt. It was only after I told all this in the strictest confidence to a meeting of the local Wilson Poetry Club that, of course being the well-placed high-minded gossips that they are, word spread around town like wildfire that I was a little wacko. 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, done that. Not interested. That script is gone, unless I choose to file it in my mind under MINE, which I won't do again. And so on to other dreams, without the burden of regrets, only happiness and love.

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)

For gods sake, even Christ rejected the temptation of being offered ruler over all the kingdoms on Earth. Why? Because he already was. It wasn't Satan's offer to make. I certainly don't want, or need, a 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: Sentence fragments, little snippets, memes, and then rhyming them and rearranging them into perfections. As a young man I went to a christian retreat in Aspen, Colorado. A dozen of us decided to take a whitewater river raft trip down the Colorado River and got terribly sunburned. After returning in late afternoon we began our usual nightly prayer meeting after dinner, with about five minutes of silent prayer. After a couple minutes, suddenly this wonderful energy, a cloud, or blanket of joy and love, suddenly enveloped all of us. It filled the room for just a minute. We were all crying and shouting in joy. Then it gently dissolved away, vanished. Someone yelled out that their sunburn was gone. And we opened my eyes, and 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

(MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 moments, yet impact one forever.
 You can't even function when The
 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 gives Mary her purse then rejoins 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,
 Mary, or entertain it. or teach it
 anything new. 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 now
 complete. You've unmasked me and
 my books.

Walter pulls a post-it note from a notebook and reads
 from it:

WALTER RAY LEE
 Here, let me read you three
 verses: After a final moment, we
 All leave & meet ThyWill, One,
 reward Arises, here your Life,
 Deeds&directions, clearly Flow,
 spilling Eternally, Love... And
 this one: After, finding eternity,
 one lasts forever, body no, spirit
 yes, so cheer up, every bye gone,
 at intermission & she births all
 (MORE)

WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
 again, you love... And this: So
 deep goes thy soul to heights,
 beyond any boundaries to One,
 still in awe & so All moves yield,
 to a Master scout who Knows, the
 way in, love... Billy wrote those,
 not me. One day at her house, I
 peeked at her diary she had left
 on the sofa. Please don't mention
 this to her. I knew right then she
 had The Gift. She knows how to
 listen with her heart. So please,
 run wild with Billy. She already
 has. It will be our little secret
 triangle.

MARY HUNTERS
 Well, I'd have to think about it.

WALTER RAY LEE
 Even the word one has three
 letters. 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
 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 Shit
 Happens? We can only play the
 cards we're dealt. Will you,
 please, take on Billy? I can't do
 it alone.

MARY HUNTERS
 I don't know.

WALTER RAY LEE
 Come now. Your move. Chess in 3-D!
 Just two rules: Check the power of
 kings and remain on the board.
 Pawns into queens, knights and
 saints, all out to make the king
 bow. Check, mate! Put that on your
 account. WELL? Miss Hunters? Help
 Billy, please.

MARY HUNTERS

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

WALTER RAY LEE

(claps once)

GOOD! Great! It's settled then!
 Lets 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. These words I feel, These words touch so everlasting, for they are our own dream symbols, that whirlwind holding hearts close, is One after two, with three most Holy, entwined, Ah.

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

Meeting in the future, years later, after 1,000's of millions of miles farther, somewhere over there, we'll be together again, somehow. Today is tomorrows dream for those just yesterday, every now now gone in a moment, all of it everywhere, returns to silence, and love, no end. When the full realization arrives, remember this: You are not alone! All have stepped beyond. All step Together! All Friends and Family Light. I need some help, Mary. Could you please push me to my room?

MARY HUNTERS

It would be my pleasure, Captain.

WALTER RAY LEE

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

MARY HUNTERS

OK, Buddy!

Mary pats him on the shoulder, gets up with her purse and pushes him slowly in his wheelchair towards the 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)

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.

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

Thru the front window we see TWO WINDS and MARY 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

Hey, please start recording your little wisdoms 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. Then that last big lesson remains still, for all of us. A step taken together with the one who brought us to this dance of light in spirits.

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

And to always ask for help. You can't do it alone.

MARY HUNTERS

(begins to cry)

Yes, yes, 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, sweetness. May
being loving enter into all your
reasoning, and shared in all your
good works, for the relief of
suffering, anger & war, 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, just
as a train whistle blows. 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. You know what I mean.

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

Oh, 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.

We see close-up Mary and the Porter as they touch hands for a moment and their eyes meet, both twinkling in happiness.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Weeks later. 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 #LIFEat140 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
(MORE)

THE MC (cont'd)
 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

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

JO DUSTZ
 She better read one of mine.

DR. LIVINSTUN

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

WALTER RAY LEE

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

Walter clangs his beer can with a swiss knife.

WALTER RAY LEE

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

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

TWO WINDS

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

WALTER RAY LEE

(clanging his can)

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

JO DUSTZ

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

My 'Life at 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
(MORE)

BILLY SHAKES (cont'd)
 at a time to view, beyond the
 boundaries to, include only love.

Crowd MURMURS.

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

Crowd LAUGHTER and scattered CLAPPING.

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

Polite APPLAUSE. We look down, circling above her.

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

Scattered APPLAUSE, WHISPERS heard, then silence.

EXT. CAMPSITE BY A LAKE - NIGHT

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

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

Scattered CLAPPING IS heard from the computer speakers.

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

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

LAUGHTER and CLAPPING heard from the computer speakers.

GARY DUHGARDO

Mine. Yes! Sweet.

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)

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

Sustained APPLAUSE is heard from the computer speakers.

LEONA HOMSLEY

(raises her hand)

I wrote that YEARS ago! Bless her.

BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)

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

Scattered CLAPPING is heard from the computer speakers.

WALTER RAY LEE

Mine! AGAIN! OF COURSE! TOUCHDOWN!

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

JO DUSTZ

WALTER! So help me!

Two Winds picks up the laptop and examines it.

TWO WINDS

Broke the screen.

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

WALTER RAY LEE

Goodnight my peace.

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

FLORENCE NOYCE

(shouting)

JO! STOP! COME BACK HERE!

LEONA HOMESLEY

Gary! Go stop them! Two Winds,
help me up please.

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

LEONA HOMESLEY

(hand to heart)

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

TRIXIE DUSTZ

(sits with them)

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

LEONA HOMESLEY

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

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

TWO WINDS

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

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

TWO WINDS

(yelling)

LET'S GO! WE'RE LEAVIN'!

INT. BAR AND COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

From the back of the room we see 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 from around the room.

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. We see 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

We see Wilson Taxi driving away from the campsite with
headlamps on down the 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!

We hear 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

We see Billy on onstage 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. We move closer 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 we look up to see a shooting star.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

We see Billy onstage in a 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. We follow THE MC from the back of the room as she joins Billy on the stage.

BILLY SHAKES

Thank you.! Goodnight, for Love!

Standing ovation, CHEERS, APPLAUSE and WHISTLES.

THE MC

Billy Shakespeare, everyone!!

APPLAUSE and some WHISTLES, lit lighters subsides 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

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

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.

We are ear the chairs and look over the campfire at them as Walter follows her. She ducks into the tent as he stops at the door.

WALTER RAY LEE

(seductive voice)

Permission to come aboard?

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

EXT. WILSON HARBOR, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

We are 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. We look 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. We move to the rear main deck and see 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. We look up and see Leona's grandson, 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 HOMSLEY

(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 HOMSLEY

(waving paper note)

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

We hear the sound of the boat engine starter CRANKING, but the engine doesn't start.

LEONA HOMSLEY

(dramatically)

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

The engine starter CRANKS and the engine ROARS to life, making normal conversation impossible and Leona is still mouthing the words to her poem but is not 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 Plorence 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

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

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

We see a WOMAN IN BIKINI lounging on her stomach on a blanket under a tree near the THUNDERING Falls, looking at a laptop and we move close-up to the screen viewing Billy Shakespeare website. Standing beside her a few yards away is the he Park Ranger, staring at her.

FADE TO BLACK

We see large snapshots of PHOTOS fade in and out.

INSERT: GROUP PHOTO OF BOAT CRUISE

We see a group photo of the Wilson Poetry Club in stained clothe on the boat after the lunch mishap, with Walter holding a two-finger V behind Gary's head.

INSERT: WEDDING PHOTO OF BILLY AND CAPTAIN MAYAYE

We see a wedding photo of Billy and Captain Mayaye in The Harbors gardens.

INSERT: WEDDING PHOTO OF FLORENCE AND JO AT THE FALLS

We see a wedding photo of Florence and Jo at Niagara Falls.

INSERT: PHOTO OF MARY AND TWO WINDS WITH NAVAJO WOMEN

We see a photo of Mary, holding her purse, and Two Winds hugging, surrounded by Navajo women in Arizona.

INSERT: OFFICE PARTY PHOTO OF BARB AND DONALD

We see an office party photo of a clearly drunk Barb Quill at a company party, riding on the back of Donald who is down on all-fours like a pony.

INSERT: WEDDING PHOTO OF WALTER AND TRIXIE

We see a wedding photo of Trixie shoving cake into the mouth of Walter standing next to their tall wedding cake that looks like a stack of notebooks, with the hand of a surprised Dr. Livinstun plowed into the side of the cake as Gary is tapping his shoulder.

EXT. BEACH - PRESQUE ISLE STATE PARK, PA - SUNSET

We see the last red rays of the sun disappear below the horizon on Lake Erie. A couple embrace. Birds fly.

BILLY SHAKES (O.S.)
 (whispering)
 All love we are, nothing else.

The END