EXT. WILSON HARBOR, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAWN

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

WALTER RAY LEE (V.O.)
All fiction begins as a Truth, and all Truths become fiction. And so we are, both.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

Seagulls fly thru rainy mists from the THUNDERING Niagara Falls, tourists are staring down from the sidewalk at the bobbing Niagara River sightseeing boats filled with tourists in blue raincoats, maneuvering on the Niagara River near the base of the Falls. The mists rise up to the sidewalk above, where tourists gawk, make selfies and walk along the guardrails near the Falls. Emerging out of the crowds we see BILLY SHAKES, an athletic woman mid-30's in a jogging suit. Billy is sitting on the grass next to a wheelchair carrying WALTER RAY LEE, an elegant man mid-60's wearing an eye patch over his right eye.

WALTER RAY LEE
Billy, I am usually delighted, enjoying the ride here and these strolls along the Falls, but today, it all seems rather boring.

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

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

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

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

WALTER RAY LEE
(shouting, pointing)
PORT! STARBOARD!...PORT! PORT!
INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL NEW YORK, NEW YORK - DAY

Streams of light and commuters flowing through the Terminal as MARY HUNTERS, a brash business woman mid-40's, runs weaving around people, shoulder briefcase, gun case and wheeled luggage flying, towards an exit.

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

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

BARNEY

Donald!

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

BARNEY

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

DONALD DABOSS

Tackling is an art form, Barney.

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

DONALD DABOSS

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

Donald makes football moves with his body.

DONALD DABOSS

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

Donald rifles a surprise underhand football pass that knocks Barney out of his chair, CRASHING him to the floor.
EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK – DAY

Billy is running behind Walter in his wheelchair, weaving playfully around the tourists next to the THUNDERING Falls, when she suddenly sharp turns them off the sidewalk into a grassy shaded area and stops under a shade tree, both laughing. Billy leans over onto the tree and catches her breath, then starts to dance like a victorious boxer when a PARK RANGER, a stern stout mid-30's man, approaches them while talking into his SQUEAWKING shoulder-mic radio.

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
Hi.

DONALD DABOSS
(glances up quickly)
Mary! Shut the door. Sit.

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

DONALD DABOSS
Open the folder. Read.

MARY HUNTERS
(scanning papers)
So...I'm heading to...Niagara Falls.

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
Heh. You read my report. She just vanished.

Donald stands, grabs the football off the desk and begins to pace.
DONALD DABOSS
(points at her)
She vanished? Was there a big poof of smoke too? Excuses don't wash here. You know that better than anyone. YOU need to find her, again, and take her out. Do it fast. That's a direct order from upstairs. They don't...like...excuses! I read your report.

Donald picks up the folder.

DONALD DABOSS
(waving papers)
This is the first report, ever, where you had to make an excuse.

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

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

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

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

DONALD DABOSS
Wow. That's the new one, huh?. Impressive.
MARY HUNTERS
Three-oh-eight, semi-automatic, delivers three rounds into a five-inch area, from five-hundred yards. I have all the permits. So, my sheriff here, rides along wherever I go.

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

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

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

Donald grabbing paperwork and opens the door.

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

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

LILY
I like your red purse, nice touch. It was hard, but, I found you the last room in Wilson, New York, at little place called, Willy's Inn.

(MORE)
LILY (cont'd)
When you get to Niagara Falls look
for, Wilson Taxi. I just text you
everything.

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

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

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

PARK RANGER
Alright, have a good day, Billy.

BILLY SHAKES
You too, officer. Thank you.

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

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

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

BILLY SHAKES
Yes!

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

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

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

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

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

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

BILLY SHAKES
Ah! And, what were YOU just
writin'?

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

BILLY SHAKES
Ooo! That's a good one.

WALTER RAY LEE
Thank you. Seems our little joy
ride gave us a second wind.

BILLY SHAKES
Read me that introduction to your
newest play again.
WALTER RAY LEE
(flipping pages)
OK...In another place, in another
time, in another voice, in an
endless lifetime, on a stage, in
the mind, Aye, once again, the
Inner Pen now comes to life to
move us...

INT - RALEIGH LIBRARY, BLOODY TOWER, LONDON - DAY

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

WALTER RAY LEE (V.O.)
...See past this life, as before,
to the One We had chosen to be.
Long ago, in a high tower, fallen,
with only: a quill pen, black ink,
and handmade fine paper...

Close-u[ of quill dripping ink into the ink well, then
finishes wring the last four letters: 'Club'.

WALTER RAY LEE
Black ink, made of living water.

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

Billy and Walter under shade tree, same location.

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

INT. COCKPIT OF SMALL PLANE - DAY

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

WALTER RAY LEE (V.O.)
...seen anew scene as One awakens
each day, listening for the silent
words within the inner Master
heart.
EXT. SMALL PLANE ABOVE NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

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

WALTER RAY LEE (.O.)
Words, crafted, fare well to All, curved lines together, lead within to the sacred, play. The Curtain rises Up, only to Fall, All move, to The End, past credits of all involved unseen.

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

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

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

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

TWO WINDS
(loudly)
Be right with you!

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

TWO WINDS
You need some help?

MARY HUNTERS
I did!

She shuts the trunk door, walks around and opens the sliding side door, getting in. POV from behind Mary as Two Winds looks in the rearview mirror at her. Two Winds picks up a clipboard and scans the paperwork, then turns around in his seat to face Mary.

TWO WINDS
Mary Hunter?

MARY HUNTERS
It's Hunters. With an s.
TWO WINDS
Oh, OK. Just you?

MARY HUNTERS
Yes. Obviously.

TWO WINDS
OK. I always ask. You need some help?

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

TWO WINDS
Sorry. Where you goin'?

MARY HUNTERS
Wilson, New York.

TWO WINDS
Where in Wilson?

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

TWO WINDS
So, you need some help?

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

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
OK. Fine. So, what's your name?
TWO WINDS
(eyes shut, softly)
Two Winds.

MARY HUNTERS
(after a moment)
Hey. Two Winds.

His eyes are still closed.

MARY HUNTERS
Two Winds! Hey! Are you OK?

He opens his eyes and smiles.

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
Yes! That's it.

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

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

TWO WINDS
Sure.

He turns around, starts the engine, shifts into gear and the van begins to move. They drive along in silence.
MARY HUNTERS
(yawning)
I'm from New York City. Came out here to find somebody in Wilson, by the name of Billy Shakespeare.

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

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
(yawning)
Sorry, I'm tired. The plane seat was uncomfortable.

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

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

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

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

TWO WINDS
Standing here, seeing and feeling the awesome power of Nature, it is easier to grasp that we are all connected to the Divine, in the way that we need.
MARY HUNTERS
But too many humans are fighting like in-laws trying to describe that power and make others see it their way.

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

Mary and Two Winds gaze sideways at the Falls silently.

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

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

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

He moves his hands close together:

TWO WINDS
You move in real close to someone.

He moves his hands apart:

TWO WINDS
If there is doubt, they'll move out.

His hands move closer together, closer, then together:

TWO WINDS
Now, if they stay put, or, if they move in, then it begins.
MARY HUNTERS
Wow. That's good! That's REALLY good. OK! Yeah, I get it. Huh!
Thank you. Where were you when I needed to know that when I was 16.

TWO WINDS
(opens his wallet)
Here's a picture of me at 16.
Standing under a natural rock arch on the Mississippi River.

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

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

EXT. FRONTEPAC STATE PARK, MINNESOTA - DAY

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

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

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS STATE PARK, NEW YORK - DAY

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

MARY HUNTERS
That big rock outcrop looks like a face.

Mary hands the photo back to Two Winds.

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

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

TWO WINDS
I bet most people in Minnesota have never even heard of this big old rock arch.
MARY HUNTERS
I've never heard of an arch on the Mississippi, except at St. Louis. You should write a book about it. Just record yourself, use a cellphone. All ya hafta do is talk.

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
I remember coming here as a kid.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. SPOOKY OLD MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY

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

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

Mary hands her business card to him.
TWO WINDS
(looks at the card)
Literary agent. OK. Cool. I have another pick-up, so, gotta go.

Two Winds gives her a big smile.

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

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

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

Two Winds hands his business card to her.

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

MARY HUNTERS
(waving her hand)
Good night! Thank you! Bye!

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

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

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

INT - INN ROOM - NIGHT

Mary sits, open her gun case, look inside then close it, open her purse, checks the Glock handgun, and returns it into he purse. She begins browsing thru the pages of the Billy Shakespeare website and clicks on a picture of Billy, hits the print button, then clicks open a video clip of Billy at a coffee house rap blast.
BILLY SHAKES (O.S.)
First touch love within and, from there Be, That perfection, healing others Being real, from you, through you, to all That love is, to everyOne.

Applause from computer speakers.

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

POV from behind Mary, as she clicks again.

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

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

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

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

INT. ROOM BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

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

INT. INN ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. SEA CAPTAINS LIVING ROOM WITH FRONT DESK - NIGHT

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

MARY HUNTERS
(shouts)
HELLO?

The WHINE of a vacuum cleaner in another room turns off. The plump but very elegant female innkeeper LEONA HOMSLEY, mid-80's, appears from the door behind the front desk wearing a large nametag. Mary sets her red purse on the front desk.
LEONA HOMSLEY
How do you like the room, Miss Hunters?

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
(startled)
You know her?

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
(opening her purse)
Well, thank you for sharing that, Leona. I'll talk with you in the morning, thank you for the bulb. Please put the charge for the printout on my room bill. And, this is for you.
Mary opens her red purse, reaches in, pulls out a five dollar bill and hands it to Leona.

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

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

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

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

Leona winks a Mary.
LEONA HOMSLEY
Whatever!

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

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

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

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

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

LEONA HOMSLEY
God nigh, dear.

Mary slinks away out the back door.

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. NURSING HOME ENTRANCE - DAY

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

INT. NURSING HOME LOBBY  - DAY

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

FLORENCE NOYCE
May I help you?

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

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

FLORENCE NOYCE
Who?

MARY HUNTERS
(clears throat))

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
(feigned dignity)

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

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 (MORE)
WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
very pleased to be, or maybe not to be, at your service.

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

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

BILLY SHAKES
Well, I don't know.

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

JO DUSTZ
Walter! Shut it.

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

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

Jo points at Mary.

MARY HUNTERS
Of course, on me. Expense account!
Mary grins at Jo.

BILLY SHAKES
Well, OK.

MARY HUNTERS
Great! Tomorrow. Around noon work for you?

Billy nods her head yes.

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

BILLY SHAKES
How did you know that?

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

MARY HUNTERS
(to Billy)
Not much, really. You certainly are a fine talent, really fantastic with words.

BILLY SHAKES
(nervously)
Can we talk about this tomorrow?

WALTER RAY LEE
Where is she hiding her frog wand? Turning someone else's labors of love into dollar lily pads she can float upon eternally. Locking souls onto a chain of one ending notes the color green she can bring to a bank for their future contract, that only a lawyer for god could break.

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

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

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

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

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

Billy and Walter exit down a hallway.

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

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

JO DUSTZ
Uh-huh. Professor Walter, be just a little-touched up top at times. Well, OK, a lot of the time. Most days, I don't understand what he's chattering on about. But there's something special about him, I admit, he can say the most precious, charming things. A true romantic. He's the best poet I know. Now, I don't know too many, but... He's always writin' in the garden, feedin' his birds, carryin' his little notebooks everywhere. Madly protective of (MORE)
JO DUSTZ (cont'd)

them. Won't let anybody read them, not even the doctors. But, he likes to escape a lot. Oh, he comes back. Disappears into town every couple weeks. I've taken a long look at his little notebooks.

FLORENCE NOYCE

Jo!

JO DUSTZ

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

Jo shrugs her shoulders and raises her hands in innocence.

FLORENCE NOYCE

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

The shuttle driver heads out the front door.

MARY HUNTERS

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

Mary turns and exits thru the doors.

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

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

MARY HUNTERS

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

Two Winds nods yes as a SQUAWKING seagull poops on his hand.
Mary wipes it with a napkin and puts it aside:

MARY HUNTERS
(giggles and smiles)
Ooh. Got cha! Here. There. Now,
what can you tell me about Walter.
Out at The Harbors nursing home.

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

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

TWO WINDS
Look. I went with her to New York
just to help her get around as a
favor. She's a good kid. I've
known her since she was in
diapers. I once lived in New York.
It was news to me that she was
some writer, Billy Shakespeare,
until this summer. She doesn't
want me blowing her cover. She
probably picked writing up from
hanging around Walter, who's known
Billy and her mom for years.
Billy's mother has this, gift, of
inner sight. She's a psychic. Can
read a person just by touching
their hand. Can tell them stuff
about their past lives. Whether
it's true or not is another thing,
but it seems to help people
understand their current life.
Empowers them to live a deeper,
more meaningful way. It was after
she told Walter about his past
lives, just after his wife
Elizabeth died, that he flipped
out. Depression, grief, illness.
MARY HUNTERS
What? So he's nuts? That's why he's in there?

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

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

TWO WINDS
Hey, we're the only taxi in town.

MARY HUNTERS
Well, I need help.

TWO WINDS
Yep. We all do. When two elders pass while traveling, they share news and then their hearts sing its wisdom. Words singing in my heart, that is what fuels my journey. No matter which direction the journey takes me, home is always here, inside. So one does not waste words, only shares them, the most powerful ones. Love.

MARY HUNTERS
(gazing at him)
Love...this view, of the harbor here. And the birds, the sunlight twinkling on the water. But last night, I saw a ghost in my room! Freaked me out. A sea captain, in a mirror.
TWO WINDS
You're kidding.

A busboy arrives with a bread basket.

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

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

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

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

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

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

POV looking down from above, Two Winds is talking to Mary.
TWO WINDS
My friend had talked all day long about, hearing the voice of the
goddess, and angels. And I thought: I never hear anything!
How come I don't hear the voice of the
goddess? And right then, just
as I thought that question, two
big black crows swooped just
inches over my head and flew off
straight towards that mountain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS (V.O.)
Oh, my.
TWO WINDS (V.O.)
The birds began to sing again and flying bugs reappeared, as I sat there dazed in bliss. After a minute, a total silence and peace again settled over the entire valley.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mary giggles and motions to the waitress walking behind her:

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

MARY HUNTERS
It happened again?

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

Two Winds is in prayer on a rock ledge.

TWO WINDS (V.O.)
In a way. The wind at Rachel's Knoll touched me once more, but, ever so gently, so softly. And it was then I suddenly realized my true spiritual name, Two Winds. It was so obvious. I was crying, and laughing, both at the same. I carefully turned over and kissed that red rock ledge, laying with my heart upon it, sending my heart beat into the earth. Then I felt a great challenge given to me, to stand up. STAND UP! Let's just say, that over all those years, I always had to CRAWL like a spider out onto that high ledge to sit and pray. The sheer 100-foot cliffs below made me tremble for my life. And as I tried to stand, with wobbly legs, fear, I kept saying over and over, I can't do this alone.

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

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

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
This calls for a toast.

Mary raises her glass.

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

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

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

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

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

Thank you, Two Winds.

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

MARY HUNTERS

(giggling)

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

EXT. NURSING HOME DRIVEWAY - DAY

The shuttle bus drives past The Harbors sign.

INT. NURSING HOME ROOM - DAY

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

WALTER RAY LEE

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

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

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)

Make yourself comfortable, please.

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

MARY HUNTERS

(purse in her lap)

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

She extends her hand and he takes it, and for a moment we see close-up as their eyes connect briefly:
YOU can call me Walter. OR, you can call me Professor Walter, or Captain Walter, or just The Professor.

Their hands release.

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

Am I a shark?

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
WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd) 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, (MORE)
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

MARY HUNTERS
I'm gonna get the sodas now.

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

INT. NURSING HOME HALLWAY - DAY

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

GARY DUHGARDO
You need some help?

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

GARY DUHGARDO
Let me help you.

Gary begins helping Mary pick up quarters:

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

MARY HUNTERS
Nuts? Really?

GARY DUHGARDO
Not nuts, dramatic, OK? A little nuts, but aren't we all somewhat eccentric, hopefully interesting personalities? Some broken cookies happen, even with the best cook. He's like a big roller coaster, up (MORE)
MARY HUNTERS (quickly sits)
Sit with me for a second. Tell me more about Walter.

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

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

Walter's voice is heard from down the hall.

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)
(shouting)
Miss Hunters?! Are you lost? Did you bribe the machine yet to deliver you the nectar of the Gods? Coca Cola! Original formula, please!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mary nods yes.

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

GARY DUHGARDO
Yep, ya have ta ride the bull! The real rodeo of life ain't about just ridin'. It's about TAMING your bull. It's your bull. Own it. Master it. Master your own bull first, then you can ride anyone else's, without being thrown. And you'll be a better person for it. For knowing how to ride!

Gary leans back in his chair, puts his hands behind his head, stretches out his legs and gives her a big smile:
WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)
(shouting)
Miss Hunters! I can hear you
talking it up with my guardian all
the way down here! You need some
help?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. NURSING HOME ROOM - DAY

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

MARY HUNTERS
(loudly)
I'm back!

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

MARY HUNTERS
(loudly)
Take your time!

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)
Testing 1, 2, 3. Testing 1, 2, 3.

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

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)
My blood pressure always rises
when YOU take it, love.

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

INSERT: POEM FROM WALTER'S NOTEBOOK:

       BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)
SoaringTogether, in formation,
theLoudest Heart Still Sings,
winds dance, all of us blowing
leaves roll, like earth and sun,
forever more.

We hear Walter in the bathroom.

WALTER RAY LEE (O.S.)
Good morning, cells! Trillions
wave! All doing something, keeping
alive, without even a thank you
from the host. OK, Thank You,
cells in my body.

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

INSERT: POEM FROM WALTER'S NOTEBOOK:

       BILLY SHAKES (V.O.)
One dances, face to the Light, in
shadow turned Away, theWheel turns
(MORE)
and All do, tiny Universes
everyONE, Where? you Look and
think, thoughts Mine dig.

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

INSERT: POEM FROM WATER'S NOTEBOOK:

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

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

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

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

Flushing is heard behind the bathroom door.

Walter Ray Lee (O.S.)
All done, Hunters. Everything is clear.

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

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

Mary Hunters
Oh, just wanted to visit with you first.
WALTER RAY LEE
(rolls to desk)
The Curtain rises again, after the Intermission for Act 3: Extreme Selfishness Leads To Ruin, followed by the finale: When Accounts Come Due. What walls defy this rush of love within, to everything & back again. This grand movement our love flows, into all fields, of existence...

He frowns and begins rearranging his notebooks:

WALTER RAY LEE
This is odd. My notebooks are all out of order...

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
(gulping soda)
No, but I've got a gun.

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

Mary looks down and away, nodding yes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
Walter. Why don't you tell me about you? What was it, that Billy's mother told you about your past lives, after your wife died?
WALTER RAY LEE
(agititated)
Please, leave your shark outfit in the closet, Miss Hunters! It's much easier to CHARM snakes into your basket then to bite them. Even the hardest stone, when held close to a heart, is beatin' with Love. You can't do it alone, Mary. Only love we are, nothing else.

The lamp light on the table begins to erratically flicker.

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

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

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

Walter rolls to the doorway shouting after her:

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
Wow. Those are some wonderful stories, Billy. You sure have a

(MORE)
MARY HUNTERS (cont'd)

vivid imagination. Tell me, where
did you learn how to write so
well? Who was your mentor?

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

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

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

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

Mary begins tapping the table with her pointer finger:

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

We move closer as Mary leans in close to Billy.

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

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

Billy starts to sob uncontrollably, grabbing a napkin.
MARY HUNTERS
Billy, half the entire hospital staff has probably read his notebooks. Are all your writings his?

After a long pause Billy begins to composes 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 there own. The right phrase, just the right perfect word, crafted before or after one another, unlocks me from all these day to day challenges and hardships we face as people, with these, imperfect lives we live. I became an agent just be around writers, just to listen to them speak. But somehow, somewhere, I see now I forgot how to listen, deeply listen, for the essence and truth of words that spark my heart and mind to joy.

BILLY SHAKES
Uh-huh.

MARY HUNTERS
You're gonna have to tell Walter.

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

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
(softly to herself)
Ouch. Didn't see that comin'.

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

MARY HUNTERS
So, who was it?

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

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

BILLY SHAKES
Yup.

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

BILLY SHAKES
Yup. But the family records show he never went to America. He sent his ships, and they brought it back.
MARY HUNTERS
And he put his coat on the ground, over a mud puddle, for the Queen to walk over.

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
What discovery?

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

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

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

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

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

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

BILLY SHAKES
Yeah, basically. I guess so.

MARY HUNTERS
(sipping wine)
Hmm...Interesting.

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

Billy pulls out a post-it note from her purse, reads it.
BILLY SHAKES
So long lost souls fare well after all, the only real power, love, is why, once tasted, forever touched, joined then in bliss, perfection.

MARY HUNTERS
So why is he at The Harbors?

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
Can see that.

BILLY SHAKES
Walter has actually made that place into a home, so for a lot of the people in there it is the only home they have now. So make the (MORE)
BILLY SHAKES (cont'd)

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

MARY HUNTERS

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

BILLY SHAKES

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

MARY HUNTERS

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

BILLY SHAKES

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

MARY HUNTERS

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

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

TWO WINDS

Hi.

MARY HUNTERS

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

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

TWO WINDS

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

MARY HUNTERS

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

TWO WINDS

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

MARY HUNTERS

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

TWO WINDS

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

MARY HUNTERS

Billy said Shake-hyphen-Speare was just a pen-name for Sir Walter Raleigh. She claims that Walter, I mean THE Sir Walter Raleigh, wrote the plays that Shakespeare the actor, produced and acted in. Sir (MORE)
MARY HUNTERS (cont'd)
Lee. Oh, my head is a spinnin'
with this one. They'll think I'm
crazy back at the office.

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

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

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

Mary looks up and stares at Two Winds.

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

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

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

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

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

TWO WINDS
(closing his eyes)
Just for today, just for the rest
of the day, just for this moment,
(MORE)
TWO WINDS (cont'd)
so help me god, cast off all
fruits not Yours, shared forever.

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
Fine. Go for it.

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

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

TWO WINDS
Are you a writer?

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

TWO WINDS
(smiles)
I dabble, take notes, listen to my
heart speak. I've been working on
this one short story for a few
years.
MARY HUNTERS
Really? Well, of course! More
secrets. This must be: Secrets
Revealed Day. So, tell me about
it. Seems no one here is really
who they seem to be.

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. BLUE MOUNDS STATE PARK, MINNESOTA - DAY
Two Winds is walking around the ancient natural rock
amphitheater at sunrise.
TWO WINDS (V.O.)
In Minnesota. Blue Mounds State Park.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
(frowns))
Aw.

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

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

TWO WINDS
Here's the manuscript. It's just a few pages. I'll be back in a bit. Cheer up.
MARY HUNTERS
(fake suspicion)
Is this a set-up? Part of Walter's plan?

Two Winds stands up.

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

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

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

INSERT: LOBBY GRANDFATHER CLOCK CLOCKFACE TIME 9:05

INSERT: LOBBY GRANDFATHER CLOCK CLOCKFACE TIME 10:10

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

TWO WINDS
It was that bad, huh?

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

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

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
Doctor Livinstun?

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

DR. LIVINSTUN
Thank you. One over there, too. Thanks.

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
(clears her throat)
Ahem...You were saying, about Walter?

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

MARY HUNTERS
(yawning)
So can my boss... Excuse me. Thanks, doctor, for your time. Oh. What about Billy? Billy Shakes.
DR. LIVINSTUN
What about her?

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
Thursday afternoon at the Boat House.

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

MARY HUNTERS
That's Hunters. Not haunted.

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

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

DR. LIVINSTUN
You're welcome.

Mary exits the office.
INT. NURSING HOME DAYROOM - DAY

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

INT. NURSING HOME HALLWAY - DAY

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

INT. NURSING HOME DAYROOM - DAY

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

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

He slowly leans in to kiss the Bride.

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

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

She kisses the Sea Captain.

BRIDE
KNOW not anymore, just FEEL, be led by your HEART, and nothing else. We fix our gaze True within, Love, all day into the deepest closest night, holding each matter 'til sleep we drift into. And awaken, to twinkle smiles, and all (MORE)
BRIDE (cont'd)
good things again. And again; each
day, into eternity, with you. I.
Love. You.

SEA CAPTAIN
And I, you...

They kiss again, and embrace in a hug tightly.

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

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

INT. NURSING HOME HALLWAY - DAY
Mary turns to see another old elderly couple walking in
the hallway towards her.

MARY HUNTERS
Hi.

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

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

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

Walter wipes his tears away with his hands.

MARY HUNTERS
You're upset.

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

MARY HUNTERS
Who were those people, Walter?
Where did they go?
WALTER RAY LEE
College students, practicing a scene from one of my plays. A tragedy. They are free spirits, from another time, another place, yet still, here. On the day of their wedding, a long time ago, their boat sank on the way to their Toronto honeymoon. They drowned, and are buried in the old cemetery, next to Willy's Inn.

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

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

Mary takes Walters hand in hers.

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

WALTER RAY LEE
First...join me, please, in the garden. Yes?

INT. NURSING HOME GARDENS - DAY

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

MARY HUNTERS
It's s peaceful here.

WALTER RAY LEE
One senses precisely all movement on the surface of calm water. Even (MORE)
WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
a tiny wave touches all shores.
How more so your love?

Brief silent pause.

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

Walter points to his heart.

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

WALTER RAY LEE
Yes. I know.

MARY HUNTERS
You know?

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

MARY HUNTERS
So, you're not upset?

WALTER RAY LEE
Nope.

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

WALTER RAY LEE
Nope. Because, they are not all
mine.
MARY HUNTERS
Everyone said you protected your books madly, like they were gold.

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

MARY HUNTERS
Like the entire staff.

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

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

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

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

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

WALTER RAY LEE
No. Like you, like all the Living People of Mankind, I have no name. I am One of The Living People. Our eternal souls have no name. People (MORE)
WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
call us certain words which they
use to identify our current form.

MARY HUNTERS
I have no name?

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

MARY HUNTERS
(gags and laughs)
Buddy Yacker?

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

MARY HUNTERS
When did it change to Walter Ra
Lee?

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

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

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

Walter sobs, his head onto Mary's shoulder, for a moment.
MARY HUNTERS
Walter. Walter. I'm so sorry.

WALTER RAY LEE
The hardest thing is to bury your own.

A silent pause as Mary hugs Walter.

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

He continues to sob.

MARY HUNTERS
Walter. You're a good man.

They sit in a long embrace, then gathers himself.

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

MARY HUNTERS
I'm sorry, Walter. Are you OK?

WALTER RAY LEE
This little planet. So beautiful, for one big crime scene. When I was seventeen, I went camping with friends. Never shot a gun before. So, I took a morning walk with a twenty-two pistol. Spotted a ground squirrel, took aim and shot. Bang! Missed. He just sat there on a tree stump, looking at me. Aimed again. Bang! He flipped backwards onto the ground with a small hole right through him. Suddenly out of the underbrush another squirrel came running over to the body, frantic. It looked (MORE)
WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
right at me. We both realized I just killed his buddy. It was squeaking at me, terribly upset. Broke me up into tears. Affected me deeply. Never fire a gun again.

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

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

They gaze at each other and Walter smiles.

WALTER RAY LEE
It was only after I told all this, in the strictest confidence, at a meeting of the local Wilson poetry club that, of course being the well-placed high-minded gossips they are, word spread around town like wildfire, that I was a little goofy. So many masks people see. So, Mary, it seems I've, been on top of the world many times. And for karmic sake, I don't need to go back. I don't want, to go back. Been there, dun that. Not interested. That scene is gone, if I choose to file it in my mind under MINE, which I won't do again. Forgive me. And so, on to other dreams, without the burden (MORE)
WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
of regrets, only, happiness and
love. I certainly don't want, or
need, any trip to fame. But, Billy
does, Billy wants...to take The
Ride.

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
Oh, my god.

WALTER RAY LEE
Well, after experiencing that, I
knew what Divine Love really was.
I had felt it, and it had healed
me, physically. And it is still
healing me, spiritually. One
rarely finds that kind of Divine
love on this planet. Except with
miracles, that last only a few
moments, yet, impact one forever.
You can't even function when That
Presence is with you. All one can
do is, sit, and be with it. The
Presence, the Love, and Peace, of
(MORE)
WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
of the Divine, when it passes,
all, understand. Most people, who
experience That kind of complete,
love and bliss, pass on over.
Poof! Gone! I got it, I'm outta
here! I'm stayin' over There! with
That! The simplicity of being
loving, is the dedication, to the
wellness of all, for these
Creations are from One, True Love,
whom we shepherd for.

A mother holding a baby and an old woman walk by. A young

girl approaches and gently touches Mary's purse, looks
puzzled at Mary, then runs off rejoining her family.

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

A silent pause, only birds CHIRPING in their cages.

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

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

He raises his eye patch and winks at her.

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

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

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
Why is your eye patch always switching eyes? Is that for real?
Mary and Walter sit silently for a moment watching all the birds in their cages.

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

MARY HUNTERS
Certainly. It would be my pleasure, Captain.

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

MARY HUNTERS
OK. Buddy.

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

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

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

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

MARY HUNTERS
Wow.

WALTER RAY LEE
Yep. Their young boys must join a women's lodge first, to learn how to become a woman. They won't allow boys into a men's lodge (MORE)
WALTER RAY LEE (cont'd)
until after they first graduate
from the women's lodge as a
certified woman! Quite an
interesting world we inhabit, eh?

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

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

EXT. NIAGARA FALLS AIRPORT, NEW YORK - DAY

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

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

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

TWO WINDS
Sure will miss you.

MARY HUNTERS
Cheer up! I'll be back in three
weeks. I agreed to go with Leona
and her poetry club for their
annual charter boat ride on her
grandsons boat. Please let me know
if you hear from Walter!

TWO WINDS
I dunno. Seems he's gone for good
this time. Been nearly a week
since he jumped ship. Never been
gone this long before. Three days
once. Cops found him drunk on some
New Hampshire beach. Said
something about how he missed
seeing the ocean and lonely
barmaids in ports.

MARY HUNTERS
I'll have the paperwork ready for
you to sign when I get back. You
may have to change the name
though, to sometime
like...Minnesota Mysteries. or
something like that. Please start
recording your little wisdom's and
stories.
TWO WINDS
You can't monetize spiritual advice to a friend. Sometimes things are more powerful when they are spoken to you unexpectedly, when Great Spirit needs to teach us a lesson. People find the teacher they need to hear from.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TWO WINDS
Fare Well. Mary Poppins!

Mary freezes and stares at him.

MARY HUNTERS
Who told you that?

TWO WINDS
What?

MARY HUNTERS
Who told you, my last name?!
TWO WINDS

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

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

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

TWO WINDS
You need some help?

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

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

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

THE MC
HI, EVERYBODY! How you all doin? Tonight we have a very special guest joining us in just a few minutes! Last month, right here at Joe & Diamonds, we held our first annual Twitter #LIFE@140 contest and we have the winner here tonight, Billy Shakespeare! She's gonna treat us all to a reading of her words. Now if that won't do it for you, then go to the bar, have a few shots of expresso, until you change your attitude! We're gonna have fun tonight, people!
CHEERS and CHAPPING as loud thumping dance MUSIC begins to blare.

EXT. CAMPSITE BY A LAKE - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

FLORENCE NOYCE
(hugging Jo)
All these years, we been waiting for the world to hear our words.

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

JO DUSTZ
She better read one of mine.

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

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

Walter clangs his beer can with a swiss knife.

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

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

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

WALTER RAY LEE
(clanging his can)
The merry hunter has taken the bait! Our plot has now arrived at a glorious moment. Our Muses now will strike in the heart of the evil empire!

JO DUSTZ
Walter! Sit down, and shut up! We just a little informal poetry club here, OK? I know ya spent a lot of time copying all our verses and poems into your little notebooks. But any more outbursts and I'm gonna wrap you in duct tape!

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

Jo glares eyes bulging at Walter and points her finger at him, silently mouthing 'One more time! One more!'
TWO WINDS
Got it! I think it started already.

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

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

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

TWO WINDS
Good luck, BILLY!

Everyone raises their beer can.

INT. BAR AND COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

BILLY SHAKES
Hashtag Life@140.

Many people APPLAUD politely as we move slowly around her.

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

Wild APPLAUSE from around the room.

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

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

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

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

Crowd LAUGHTER and scattered CLAPPING.

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

Polite APPLAUSE. We look down, circling above her.

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

Scattered APPLAUSE, WHISPERS heard, then silence.

EXT. CAMPSITE BY A LAKE - NIGHT

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

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

Scattered CLAPPING IS heard from the computer speakers.

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

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

LAUGHTER and CLAPPING heard from the computer speakers.

GARY DUHGARDO
Mine. Yes! Sweet.

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

Sustained APPLAUSE is heard from the computer speakers.

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

BILLY SHAKE (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
accidently elbows Dr. Livinstun in the head. An arm of Dr
Livinstun jerks wildly, bumping the laptop off the picnic
table and it crashes to the ground.

JO DUSTZ
WALTER! So help me!

Two Winds picks up the laptop and examines it.

TWO WINDS
Broke the screen.

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

WALTER RAY LEE
Goodnight my peace.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. BAR AND COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

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

APPLAUSE and a few WHISTLES..

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

APPLAUSE and scattered LAUGHTER. POV from behind her onstage,

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

EXT. CAMP SITE BY A LAKE - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

INT. BAR AND COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

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

APPLAUSE.

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

MURMURS and APPLAUSE.

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

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

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

APPLAUSE.

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

EXT. CAMPSITE BY A LAKE - NIGHT

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

WALTER RAY LEE
I am going, to wrap you, in duct
tape.

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

WALTER RAY LEE
Trixie! Come join me by the fire.

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

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Billy is on stage, close-up

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

Polite APPLAUSE.

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

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

BILLY SHAKES
Thank you.! Goodnight, for Love!

Standing ovation, CHEERS, APPLAUSE and WHISTLES.

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

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

EXT. CAMPSITE BY A LAKE - NIGHT

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

WALTER RAY LEE
Under stars, cats play while dogs lay, all hearts roaming, in dreams we. After midnight, hear for miles, the deep silence...
Far off in the distance: two dogs muffled barks.

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

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

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

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

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

WALTER RAY LEE
(seductive voice)
Permission to come aboard?

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

TRIXIE (O.S.)
Oh, my. That's a stiff salute, Captain.

EXT. WILSON HARBOR, WILSON, NEW YORK - DAY

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

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

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

Two Winds and Mary holding hands near the front of the boat as Billy holds onto to the ladder to the upper deck with one hand and a champagne glass in the other. Donald sits arms folded sunning himself on the very back rail. CAPTAIN MAYAYE, an early-30's boyishly handsome stout man, is on the tiny top deck sitting in his captain's 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.

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

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

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

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

GARY DUHGARDO
(shouting)
WHERE'S DOC?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Walter turns around to face Jo right when the boat hits
the wake of a speedboat passing in front, making Walter
lose his balance and almost fall, but he grabs the engine
throttle, sending the boat lurching sharply forward at
full speed. The thrust momentum pushes Donald and Walter's book out the back of the boat into the lake as the entire lunch set-up slides into the lap of Leona and Florence as Jo falls onto the lap of Florence while Trixie is wrapped around the back of Captain Mayaye who grabs Billy in a bear hug to keep balanced. Gary can't keep balanced and slips backward into the lap of Leona. Walter up top has wrapped himself around a canopy post and all hold on for dear life. The boat speeds away full blast as Donald bobs in the water far behind them. The Captain extracts himself from Billy and Trixie, finally clawing his way back up the ladder to the controls and the big boat slows down, turns slowly around and heads back to Donald. Mary throws a big white floatation ring out to Donald and he swims to the ring as Walter's book floats by him and we close-up on the book.

INSERT: FLOATING BOOK OPENS BY GUST OF WIND

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

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

Billy shakes (V.O.)
Only Love we are, nothing else.

THE END.