

UNREAL FATE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The water is calm as HANK ADAMS, 25, jogs along the beach. Six foot tall. Very physically fit. Long hair to his shoulders. Clean-shaven. Muscle-shirt, swim shorts. Unusual semi-circular birthmark on his left ankle. Barefoot.

He stops, picks up a stone, skims it over the water. He reaches for another stone, notices a paperback lying face down in some vegetation. He picks it up, title: "Supernatural Phenomena".

He shrugs, puts the book on a boulder.

A strikingly beautiful heart-shaped rock, two-inch diameter, draws his attention. He picks it up, slides it in his pocket.

He turns to run, spots a rich sedan, one hundred yards ahead, up a sand dune.

WENDY BAKER, 20, pretty, long hair, birthmark on her left cheek, formal dress, gets out of the car. She waves her arm at the driver as if she's upset and shuts the door as the car zooms off.

She shakes her head, takes off her "closed-toe" shoes and carries them as she runs past a bench, down the dune.

Curious, Hank watches her sit on a large boulder, gaze at the water.

She senses his presence, looks toward him.

Their eyes hold, for a long moment.

She turns back toward the water.

Unsure whether he should disturb her, Hank resumes his run, but slows his pace.

He gets close.

She hiccups.

He smiles.

She hiccups.

He coughs, walks toward her.

HANK  
Hey, want some help?

Wendy tries to speak, but hiccups.

WENDY  
I, uh--

She hiccups.

Hank walks behind her.

HANK  
Hold your nose.

WENDY  
(startled)  
Huh?

She looks at him, hiccups.

He nods.

HANK  
Hold your nose closed.

She hiccups, squeezes her nose.

HANK  
Take a big breath and keep it in.

She does.

He puts his hands over her ears.

Moments pass, no more hiccups. He takes his hands away, steps back.

She turns to him, smiles.

WENDY  
Thank you.

HANK  
Too easy.

Wendy cocks her head, questioning.

HANK  
Australian slang.

WENDY  
You're Australian?

Hank shakes his head.

HANK  
No, my roommate.

He points at the water.

HANK  
Go for a swim?

She looks over her dress. Gives him a cute smile.

HANK  
Yeah, well, maybe tomorrow. How  
about a walk?

Hesitant, she looks up the dune.

HANK  
Lost your ride?

She shakes her head.

WENDY  
He'll be gone for an hour... or so.

HANK  
Walk a bit?

Wendy looks Hank over. Looks back up the dune. Nods.

WENDY  
A bit.

They stroll along the beach.

Wendy points at Hank's ankle birthmark.

WENDY  
Since birth?

HANK  
Yes. You?

He points at her face birthmark.

She nods.

WENDY  
So... you fix hiccups.

HANK  
The guy in the car, your boyfriend?

WENDY  
Jealous, already?

HANK  
I did caress your ears.

Wendy giggles.

MONTAGE - Hank and Wendy enjoy one hour, falling in love.

-- They stroll at an average speed, chat.

-- They skip rocks on the water.

-- They "dance" in shallow water, challenging the waves to rise up their legs.

-- They laugh.

They stroll, slowly.

WENDY  
He'll be coming soon.

Hank nods. He reaches for her hand, touches it gently.

She puts hers in his.

They take five more steps. Hank stops.

Wendy takes one step. Stops.

They look at each other. A short eternity.

HANK  
When I first--

WENDY  
--saw you.

They laugh.

HANK  
I thought...

WENDY  
I knew you.

They smile.

He steps toward her. She steps toward him.

They kiss. Ever so lovingly.

Wendy's phone RINGS. A car horn BLARES.

She checks the name. Looks up the dune. The sedan is back.

Wendy bites her lip.

WENDY  
I'm sorry, I--

HANK  
Go ahead.

Hank walks to the water as Wendy talks on her phone.

WENDY  
Hi.  
(pause)  
Please don't be upset.  
(pause)  
Okay.

Wendy looks back and forth between Hank and the car.

She turns to Hank.

WENDY  
I have to go.

HANK  
I--

WENDY  
I'm sorry.

She runs toward the dune.

Hank yells.

HANK

What's your name?

She yells over her shoulder.

WENDY

Wendy.

She stops, turns, looks long.

Hank smiles a longing smile.

HANK

I'm Hank... It's a lovely... unreal  
day.

She smiles back.

WENDY

Yes... it is.

The car horn BLARES again.

Wendy runs up the dune. She stops at the bench to put on her shoes. She slides one foot in. She tries to put on the second one, but something is in it.

Perplexed, she reaches in, pulls out Hank's newly found heart-shaped rock.

She looks down at Hank. He touches his heart.

INSERT - 15 YEARS LATER

EXT. HARPVILLE JAIL - DAY

Small town Harpville, Montana. Population 736. A jail, Post Office, several shops. A quiet little town where everyone knows everyone.

A free local newspaper stand rests next to the jail front door. The headline: PEACEWALKER WILL WALK THROUGH HARPVILLE! A poorly focused photo shows a man walking with his dog along a two-lane highway.

The SHERIFF, 60, kind, knowing eyes, mature with world-sense, steps out of the jail, looks up the street.

His niece, Wendy, now 35, approaches. She's the "local" lawyer, mostly handles drafting wills and JP witnessing documents.

SHERIFF

Hey, Wendy, folks back yet?

WENDY

Next week, but Mom is loving Florida so much that I'm not sure Dad can pull her back here.

They laugh. She hands the Sheriff a large envelope.

WENDY

Here's your papers.

SHERIFF

Thanks. So, six months now. Miss the big city life yet?

She smiles.

WENDY

It's so peaceful here. Growing up, I just wanted to get out as quickly as possible. What do kids know?

SHERIFF

Yes. What... do... kids... know.

He glances inside the envelope.

WENDY

How's Tommy doing?

The Sheriff's face turns serious.

SHERIFF

His autism seems to be a bit better, but his anger fluctuates quickly. He's been helping me while James is on holidays.

WENDY

Does he like pretending he's a deputy?

The Sheriff smiles.



SHERIFF

He can be very cute sometimes. By the way, a friend has a son--

WENDY

No.

SHERIFF

He's a nice fellow from--

WENDY

No.

The Sheriff laughs.

SHERIFF

You didn't--

WENDY

Same answer.

SHERIFF

What if it was "that" guy?

Wendy looks away.

SHERIFF

Sorry, Honey, being your uncle and watching your--

Wendy kisses the Sheriff on his cheek.

WENDY

Thank you, Uncle Bruce. I don't need a man in my life for now.

She points at the newspaper.

WENDY

What's Betty up to?

SHERIFF

She met this guy a couple of months ago in Atlanta. He's walking through all the states, encouraging peace. She convinced him to walk through here.

WENDY

Sounds like another naive dreamer.

SHERIFF

Find out for yourself. Day after tomorrow. Betty's hosting him for lunch.

Wendy shrugs.

WENDY

Maybe.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wendy sits in bed, watches the TV news. The newspaper with Peacewalker on front lies next to her. Hank's heart-shaped rock and a diary are on her side dresser.

ON TV

What appears to be an angle from a helicopter, the TV shows a large campervan driving very slowly through an empty stretch of highway.

Unusual. Eight cameras situated on top. Spaced positioning about three feet apart so that anything outside the van can be filmed.

Written across the van, PEACEWALKER WALKS FOR PEACE.

BACK TO SCENE

Her phone RINGS. She answers.

WENDY

Hi, Mom.

(pause)

Yes, Betty told me to watch.

They're just showing the van.

ON TV

About fifty yards ahead of the van, walks Hank, 40, now known only as "Peacewalker". Sporting short shaggy hair, 1/4" beard & mustache, a cap and easy wear clothes for walking.

He walks with a mission, steadily along the highway.

SPARKY, a beautiful golden retriever trots in front, occasionally sniffs at the ground or looks back to make sure its master is still there.

WENDY (O.S.)  
 Can't really see him. He's got a  
 hat on and far from the camera.

Peacewalker waves to the helicopter news crew.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 There he is, folks, in North  
 Dakota, that lovable, peaceful  
 fellow, Peacewalker and his dog,  
 Sparky. Encouraging all of us to be  
 more loving and peaceful in our  
 lives. -- Now for the Sports.

BACK TO SCENE

WENDY  
 Okay, I'll watch his podcast  
 tomorrow.

Wendy turns off the TV. Talks to herself.

WENDY  
 Peacewalker. Walking for peace. How  
 idealistic can you be?

She grabs her diary, flips through the pages. Stops at June  
 1, 2008. Reads.

WENDY  
 "I met Hank today. Wow. Big WOW!  
 Ted and I had another fight. Do I  
 really love him? Hank is so...  
 so... everything. My soulmate? But  
 my wedding with Ted is in 3 months.  
 Oh, I don't know. I don't know."

She turns more pages. August 1.

WENDY  
 "It's been 2 months. I can't stop  
 thinking about Hank. Can't get two  
 days in a row without fighting with  
 Ted."

August 10.

WENDY  
 "I broke up with Ted today."

August 30.

WENDY

"I finally got time to go back to that little beach town. No Hank. Nobody knew him. He must have been passing by, like Ted and I were. No Hank. No Hank. No Hank. Maybe one day..."

She shuts her diary. Looks at the paper. Pushes it off the bed. She glances at Hank's heart-shaped rock, which always rests on her side dresser. She lies down on her back.

WENDY

Idealistic? Yeah, me, too.

EXT. BARREN HIGHWAY - DAY

Two lanes, a long straight stretch thru empty fields. Whatever were the crops, the stalks are plowed under. Various weeds amongst the clogs of dirt. Barren trees in the distance. Not a building anywhere.

Hank and Sparky walk along in front of the van.

EXT. BUSY HIGHWAY - DAY

Many cars and trucks pass by a hitchhiker. An unknown JOHN DOE, 35, stands with his hand out. 5'6". Matted hair down to his shoulders. Full beard. Scruffy, torn clothes. One shoe, one boot. A dirty duffel bag on the ground.

No one stops.

A pause in the traffic. John Doe drops his hand. Waits for more.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

Typical small-town jail. A fairly big open room, 30 x 30 feet. Two desks. A few chairs. Dart board. Cupboards run along one wall, below windows. Small refrigerator, snack bar.

A sofa that seldom gets used as a bed. A second door that leads to a hallway and the jail room.

The Sheriff sits behind his desk, reads some postal mail.

TOMMY, 30, 220 pounds, very immature, partly autistic, sensitive, excitable ex-football linebacker, prone to anger, spins in through the front door.

TOMMY

Hey, Sheriff, look at this.

Tommy throws the local newspaper on the Sheriff's desk.  
Headline: PEACEWALKER WILL WALK THROUGH HARPVILLE!

The Sheriff doesn't look up.

SHERIFF

Yes, I saw it.

TOMMY

Awesome! I've been watching his podcasts since Georgia. This guy really walks his talk.

Tommy pretends to walk on a tightrope.

SHERIFF

Cute, Tommy.

Tommy grins, proudly.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST AREA - DUSK

Hank slows his pace as he enters a vehicle rest area.

He stops.

A mile ahead, a huge colorful billboard, WELCOME TO MONTANA.

Hank looks around at the rest area.

HANK

What do you think, Sparky?

Sparky BARKS.

Hank nods, turns, waves to KEITH, 30, clean cut, slight, nerdy journalist, driving the van.

Keith grins, pulls a cord hanging down from the van's ceiling. His horn blows, "MOOOOOO."

EXT. RAISED HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A semi runs along another lonely stretch of two-lane highway. A raised section of road, four feet deep gutter gullies. Its lights shine on a huge colorful billboard, WELCOME TO NORTH DAKOTA.

It slows, stops at the sign.

John Doe jumps down with his duffle bag.

The truck drives off.

John Doe disappears into the gutter gully.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST AREA - DAWN

Parked in the rest area, the morning sun causes the van's shadow to shade 500 yards of road.

A tent is pitched on the field side of the van.

INT. TENT - DAY

Big enough. Hank sleeps on his side.

Crows SQUAWK, causing him to stir.

He rolls onto his back. Eyes open. Eyes close.

A long moment.

He smiles.

INT. VAN - DAY

Tall enough to stand in.

Camera gear, computers and video monitors grace one side. Keith sleeps on the other side.

THUMP. SCRATCH, SCRATCH. Birds, probably the crows, land on the roof and search.

Keith wakes.

KEITH

Shit.

He reaches for a baseball bat, grabs and poke-bangs the ceiling.

The birds fly off, SQUAWKING.

He sits up, checks his computer equipment.

INT. TENT - DAY

Hank sits in meditation.

KEITH (O.S.)  
Damn birds.

Hank shakes his head with a compassionate expression.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wendy sleeps. The newspaper lies on the floor. Birds SING outside. She stirs. Drowsy, she gets out of bed, steps on the paper, mumbles to herself as she walks into the bathroom.

WENDY  
Sorry, Peacewalker.

INT. TENT - DAY

BARK, BARK.

Sparky pokes his face into the tent.

HANK  
Hey.

Sparky races in and licks Hank. They roll over together.

HANK  
Another good day, eh, Sparky?

BARK, BARK.

KEITH (O.S.)  
Ready for breakfast?

Hank whispers to Sparky.

HANK  
Breakfast?

BARK, BARK.

Sparky races out of the tent.

Hank crawls out.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

Tommy sits down at his small desk. Takes a big bite into a jam filled donut. Coffee waiting.

He checks his watch, turns on his computer. Website:  
<Peacewalker.com>.

"Video Podcast coming soon"

The Sheriff enters, sits at his desk.

TOMMY  
Hey, Sheriff.

The Sheriff nods, checks Tommy's computer screen.

SHERIFF  
Betty met him yesterday about one  
mile in Dakota.

Tommy's face lights up.

TOMMY  
Harpville's greatest day. Look what  
I got him.

Tommy shows the Sheriff a box of donuts.

TOMMY  
He likes black cherry best.

SHERIFF  
Very nice, Tommy.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST AREA - DAY

Keith finishes setting up food behind the van, on a small folding table with stools. Raisin bread, butter, jam, cheese, juice, muesli protein bars.



Sparky eats from a dog bowl on the ground.

Hank sits.

HANK  
Thanks, Keith.

Hank butters two slices of bread. Adds jam to one slice. Two slices of cheese onto the jam. Cuts a protein bar lengthways. Places it on the cheese. Closes the sandwich and takes a huge bite.

KEITH  
You should patent that recipe.

In between chews, Hank smiles.

HANK  
Energy, man, energy.

Keith eats some peanut butter.

KEITH  
So, how does the peanut allergy work?

HANK  
Eat too much, it kills you.

KEITH  
But you have that needle thing.

HANK  
Yes, the epinephrine auto injector.  
If I eat peanuts by mistake, hit me with it.

Keith acts like he's pushing an injector into his thigh.

KEITH  
Got it. Hereditary or what?

HANK  
All males in my family, going back a fair bit.

KEITH  
Bummer.

HANK  
Could be worse.  
(he smiles)  
I felt bad that I had no shoes--

KEITH  
Until I met someone who had no  
feet.

Keith holds up his glass toward Peacewalker.

KEITH  
You're the most idealistic guy I've  
ever met.

HANK  
Look who's talking. You plan to  
write a book about me!

They laugh.

Hank finishes his sandwich. Downs a glass of juice.

He stands, does some stretching as Keith puts everything  
away in the van.

Hank peers down the road to the sign.

HANK  
Montana, eh?

KEITH (O.S.)  
Ready?

Hank's eyes squint.

HANK'S P.O.V.

Something moves below the sign. It quickly disappears.

Hank shrugs.

KEITH (O.S.)  
See something?

HANK  
Rabbit, coyote, whatever.

He hops in the van.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wendy exits the bathroom with a towel around her. The towel drops to the floor as she opens a dresser drawer, grabs panties and a bra.

She glances at the paper. Shakes her head.

INT. VAN - DAY

Keith looks into a camera, starts a video podcast.

KEITH

Good morning, world, or good  
afternoon, good evening as the case  
may be. Wherever you are on this  
autumn or for some of you, spring  
day.

Keith hits a switch and the largest monitor shows the panorama from the eight cameras on the van.

KEITH (V.O.)

This is Keith Lawrence sitting in  
our van in the middle of what looks  
like nowhere.

Keith works many switches as the screen changes.

KEITH (V.O.)

But, of course it's not nowhere...

The screen focuses and zooms in on the billboard.

KEITH (V.O.)

We're about one mile from the North  
Dakota/Montana state borders.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

A calm Sheriff and an eager Tommy watch the podcast.

INT. WENDY'S BIG ROOM - DAY

Open floor plan. The kitchen, dining room and living room form one big room. A large computer on a desk in one corner. A laptop on her dining table, showing the podcast.

Standing, grabbing a cup from a cupboard, Wendy's eyes go back and forth between pouring her coffee and her laptop.

Her phone RINGS. She answers in between gulps.

WENDY

Hi, Mom.

(pause)

Yes, it's on. Yes, he's walking through here today.

(exasperated)

Mom, come on, I'm tired of relationships. I don't even know him.

(frowns)

Okay, fine, I'll try to talk with him.

(sober)

Yes, that would be more than wonderful. Talk later. Bye.

INT. VAN - DAY

The billboard comes into focus on the computer screen, showing "WELCOME TO MONTANA", with the state flower, Bitterroot & bird, Western Meadowlark. Keith's face reappears.

KEITH

And for those of you who are new to our Podcast, you might wonder who are the "we" that I refer to. So, without further to-do, here's the man the rest of you have been waiting for, Peacewalker!

Keith moves his chair to the side, as Hank slides his chair in front of the camera.

HANK

Good day, everyone. We're approaching our 40<sup>th</sup> state on this peace walk and I hope you're more peaceful today than six months ago. Today's little story happened to me in Thailand. How many of you know that Australians talk more about dying than any other country?

Keith shakes his head.

KEITH

Okay, you got me on this one.

HANK

They talk about death even more than Thailand, where death is very, very open.

KEITH

Spell it.

HANK

Some years ago, I was visiting in Thailand, chatting to a Thai fellow. When he found out I was Australian--

KEITH

You are?

HANK

No, but he thought so.

They laugh.

HANK

I had just flown from Australia. So, when he thought that I was Australian, he got quite excited, as he had spent two years there. He then asked me a very strange question, he said, "One thing I don't understand about Australians, why are they so preoccupied with death?"

Hank gives the audience a cute smile.

HANK

"They are?" I said, "They seem to be like normal Western people. What do you mean?"

Hank makes a thoughtful face.

HANK

He became very serious and said,  
"Well, everywhere I went, everyone  
kept asking me, 'How are you  
to'dy?' 'How am I to'dy?' 'Yes, how  
are you to'dy?'... 'Well, I don't  
know how I'm going to die... so  
what could I reply?!"

Keith bursts out laughing.

KEITH

Good one, Peacewalker. And before  
we leave, tell our new listeners  
and remind our regular listeners,  
why you are doing this peace walk  
through all 50 states.

HANK

A simple message, friends. Peace of  
mind is not a piece of cake. Look  
inward for true happiness. As long  
as you think peace and happiness  
comes from getting things, you are  
missing life's most important  
message.

KEITH

Thank you, Peacewalker. And on  
another level, I have great news:  
our subscriptions have just hit the  
fantastic one million mark!

HANK

That's awesome, Keith. And our  
charity of the week is Rose's  
Orphanage, Meriam, Iowa. If all of  
you gave just \$2, we could give  
Rose's Orphanage a donation of  
\$2,000,000. Would that be  
wonderful? Click on the link below  
if you'd like to give.

KEITH

It certainly would be wonderful,  
Peacewalker.

HANK

With that, friends, we'll say,  
Good-bye for now. Take care. Keep  
peace in your hearts.

Keith changes the computer screen to zoom in on the Montana state welcome sign.

KEITH (V.O.)  
And for those of you who can, join  
us again in about one hour as  
Peacewalker enters Montana.

INT. WENDY'S BIG ROOM - DAY

Wendy smiles as she turns off her computer.

WENDY  
Cute... interesting.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

An upbeat Tommy turns off his computer.

TOMMY  
Great guy, eh, Sheriff.

The Sheriff gives a slight nod.

SHERIFF  
They're expected here for lunch.  
Katie's cafe.

TOMMY  
Grand day for Harpville.

The Sheriff looks over Tommy with the eyes of age and experience. He takes a deep breath.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST AREA - DAY

Hank and Keith leave the rest area. Keith sets the auto speed to 4 mph as he drives next to Hank walking. They chat.

KEITH  
Your fans keep asking.

HANK  
I sat at a desk too long.

KEITH  
Yeah, right, I tell them that and  
they want more.

Hank shrugs.

KEITH  
And I know I promised not to ask.

HANK  
So, don't.

KEITH  
C'mon, do you know how crazy it is  
for me to know you only as  
Peacewalker?

HANK  
Can't spell it, eh?

KEITH  
And nicknames? Hey Peacy, how's it  
going?

HANK  
Nah.

KEITH  
Hey, Walkie-talkie, what's up?

HANK  
Nah.

KEITH  
How about a bit from one and a bit  
from the other?

HANK  
Try it.

Keith works his brain.

KEITH  
Peacewalker... Peace... walk... P-  
E-W-K... Pewk.

Hank puts his fingers in his mouth.

HANK  
Puke?

They laugh.



KEITH  
Okay, what if I guess, and I'm  
correct?

Hank shrugs.

KEITH  
You say "water" and a mess of words  
like you're from Brooklyn.

HANK  
Nope.

KEITH  
Right, because you say "Carolina"  
and heaps like you're from the  
South.

HANK  
Not bad, Sherlock.

KEITH  
So, that's...

Keith squints his eyes at Hank.

Hank makes a "face" in return.

KEITH  
That could be, your folks are from  
Brooklyn and you grew up in North  
Carolina.

Hank stops walking. He looks over the fields.

Keith stops the van.

Sparky comes over, rubs up against Hank's legs.

HANK  
Keith... like I told you before, my  
parents and brother died in a car  
crash. I... I don't want to talk  
about them.

KEITH  
I'm sorry.

HANK  
Let's get to the border.

He strides in front of the van.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wendy flosses her teeth, checks her watch. Turns on her laptop, ready for Peacewalker's state borders' podcast.

EXT. HIGHWAY, MIDWAY TO THE BORDERS - DAY

Hank stops walking.

HANK

Hold on.

Keith stops the van.

HANK

Something in my shoe.

Sparky finds a stick, bites it, brings it to Hank, as he sits down.

HANK

Keith?

Keith hops out.

KEITH

Sure. Sparky.

Tail wagging madly, Sparky takes the stick to Keith. He heaves it into the field. Sparky races for it.

Hank pulls a pebble out of his shoe. He stares at it.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Wendy sits on the bench to put on her shoes. She slides one foot in. She tries to put on the second one, but something is in it.

Perplexed, she reaches in, pulls out Hank's newly found heart-shaped rock.

EXT. HIGHWAY, MIDWAY TO THE BORDERS - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Hank smiles, throws the pebble into the field.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

Tommy throws darts. Checks his watch. Walks over to his desk, turns on his computer, ready for the podcast.

TOMMY  
Real soon, Sir.

The Sheriff sits at his desk, glances over to Tommy. Nods.

Tommy angles his computer so the Sheriff can watch.

TOMMY  
I just love it when Peacewalker  
stands in two states at the same  
time.

Tommy stands with his legs spread wide. He acts as if he's standing on the border line. He stands on his right foot.

TOMMY  
I'm from Montana.

Shifts to stand on his left foot.

TOMMY  
No, no, I'm from North Dakota.

He laughs, loses his balance, falls over on his desk.

The Sheriff grins.

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - DAY

Hank and Keith approach the state line. A large yellow line runs across the road. Keith parks the van to the side. He gets out of the driver's seat, steps into the computers.

Hank walks up to the line, places one foot in Montana and the other in North Dakota.

Sparky sniffs the area.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Keith adjusts the cameras. Yells to Hank.

KEITH  
Okay, live in 5... 3... 1.

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - CONTINUOUS

Hank waves to the camera.

HANK  
Hi, everyone, here I am in state  
number 40, Montana. As I've done  
before, I exist in two different  
states at the same moment. But this  
time it's different time zones, so  
I can say that I not only exist in  
the present, but also in the future  
and the past.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Keith adjusts the viewing camera, so it zooms in on Hank's  
feet spread wide, on each side of the yellow line.

KEITH  
Far-out, bizarre if you think too  
much about it.

They laugh.

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - CONTINUOUS

Sparky BARKS.

HANK  
Looks like Sparky's excited about  
this one.

Sparky BARKS wildly toward something off the side of the  
road in the gutter gully.

John Doe runs up the slope, eyes wide, mad.

He waves a pistol.

Hank puts his hands up.

HANK  
Hey, man, stop, don't.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The podcast computer screen shows Hank's feet and the yellow line. Keith tears his eyes away from the computers, looks through the front windscreen.

KEITH  
Shit!

He turns off the podcast, grabs a cellphone, dials 911.

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - CONTINUOUS

Sparky runs in circles, BARKING.

John Doe SCREAMS.

JOHN DOE  
I have to! It's time to go!

John Doe SHOOTS. Once.

Twice.

Hank falls, dead.

Eyes crazed, John Doe puts the gun to his own head.

JOHN DOE  
I killed him! I did it! Yes!

John Doe pulls the trigger.

Jammed.

He pulls the trigger again.

Jammed.

Again and again, he tries to kill himself but the gun jams.

JOHN DOE  
We have to die together!

He throws the gun down.

Crying like a baby, he curls up in the fetus position on the road.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Keith stares at John Doe. Talks on the phone.

KEITH  
Yes, hurry!

He puts the phone in his pants. Grabs the baseball bat.  
Glances at the blank screen. Eyes back at John Doe.

Keith hits the keyboard a few times.

An automated notice comes on with a Peacewalker logo  
background: "SORRY, COMPUTER PROBLEMS. HOPE TO CATCH UP WITH  
YOU LATER. PEACE."

Eyes on John Doe, Keith slowly comes out of the van.

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - CONTINUOUS

Keith walks over to the gun.

Grabs it. Sticks it in his pants.

He waves the bat at John Doe.

KEITH  
Stay where you are, you bastard, or  
I'll bash your head in.

John Doe stays curled up, crying.

Keith goes to Hank.

Shot twice in the chest. Dead.

Keith pulls out his phone.

KEITH  
You still there?  
(pause)  
He... he's dead.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff and Tommy watch the screen go blank.

TOMMY

Hey!

Tommy hits the "Refresh" key.

No change.

He hits it again.

The screen shows the computer problem's notice.

The Sheriff's face shows his thoughts. He closes his eyes.

TOMMY

This ain't fair. We want to see  
Peacewalker.

Disappointed, Tommy walks over to the dartboard, grabs some darts.

The Sheriff's phone RINGS. He answers.

SHERIFF

Yes.

(pause)

Yes.

He looks over at Tommy. Shakes his head. Shuts his eyes again.

SHERIFF

On our way.

He hangs up. Grabs his car keys.

SHERIFF

Tommy!

Tommy spins around.

TOMMY

Huh?

SHERIFF

Come!

The Sheriff rushes out the door.

Confused, Tommy runs after him.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wendy finishes dressing as she glances at her laptop showing Hank's feet and the yellow line.

KEITH (V.O.)  
Far-out, bizarre if you think too  
much about it.

She laughs along with Hank and Keith.

Sparky BARKS.

KEITH (V.O.)  
Looks like Sparky's excited about  
this one.

A five second pause. The screen shows Hank's feet moving some.

HANK (V.O.)  
Hey, man, stop, don't.

Wendy sees her screen go blank.

WENDY  
Huh?

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - DAY

The Sheriff drives, his face saddened.

Tommy stares out the window, wipes his teary eyes.

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - DAY

Tommy stands off to one side.

John Doe sits in the back seat of the Sheriff's car.

Keith leans against his van, fidgeting. Eyes red from crying.

Sparky sits in the van on the passenger's seat.

An ambulance drives away.



The Sheriff looks at the outline of Hank's body that he drew on the ground. The state border goes right thru the outline. He shakes his head.

KEITH

I thought outlines were just in the movies.

SHERIFF

The press will come later. It's for them.

SHERIFF

Tommy, get the duffle bag.

TOMMY

He killed Peacewalker.

SHERIFF

Yes, Tommy. Get the duffle bag.

In a daze, Tommy drops into the road gutter gully. Grabs the bag.

The Sheriff turns to Keith.

SHERIFF

You sure you're okay to drive?

Keith nods, points West.

KEITH

Just straight?

SHERIFF

You can't miss it. The only motel in Harpville. They're expecting you. We'll talk more later.

KEITH

Thanks.

Keith gets in the van, leaves.

Tommy hops up on the road, stares at John Doe.

Tommy throws the duffel bag towards the car. He SCREAMS.

TOMMY

No... No... No! No! He's not dead!

Tommy crashes down, sobbing.

TOMMY  
He can't be dead. His donuts. His  
walk. I was going to...

Tommy slowly stands, his hands shaking, squeezing into  
fists, opening, closing, opening.

He stares at John Doe.

The Sheriff steps in between Tommy and John Doe.

SHERIFF  
Tommy, stop.

Tommy's entire body shakes.

SHERIFF  
Tommy, stop.

Tommy's eyes dart between the Sheriff and John Doe.

TOMMY  
Sheriff, he killed Peacewalker.

SHERIFF  
Yes.

Tommy's eyes hold on John Doe.

TOMMY  
Sheriff, he killed Peacewalker.

SHERIFF  
Tommy, we take him in. Tommy...  
Tommy, we take him in.

Tommy wipes tears, nods slowly.

SHERIFF  
You drive.

Tommy mumbles as he gets in the car.

TOMMY  
He... killed... Peacewalker...

The Sheriff gets in. They drive off.

A deadly SILENCE.

A crow lands on the road, pecks at the blood in the body outline.

HANK (O.S.)

What?

A second crow lands.

HANK (O.S.)

What the...

The first crow bites at the second.

HANK (O.S.)

Heck...

Hank's foot steps on the outline.

The crows fly off, SQUAWKING.

HANK

Is...

Hank puts his hand down on the outline.

HANK

Shit!

Eyes wide, Hank stands, his hands and eyes running all over his body. No blood on his clothes.

He pulls up his shirt, looks at his chest. No wound.

He looks up the road. Shakes his head.

Looks up to the clouds.

HANK

What the heck is this?

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

John Doe sits in a chair opposite the Sheriff. He stares at a clean peanut butter jar with a slit on the top. Now being used as a coin jar, half full, on the Sheriff's desk.

Tommy stands nearby, fidgeting.

The Sheriff stays calm.

SHERIFF  
So, what's your name?

John Doe doesn't answer.

SHERIFF  
I said, what's your name?

No answer.

Tommy lurches at John Doe, grabs his shoulder.

TOMMY  
He said, what's your name, you  
bastard!

SHERIFF  
Tommy.

Tommy squeezes John Doe's shoulder hard as he drops his head.

John Doe doesn't react at all.

SHERIFF  
Tommy. We do things right here.

TOMMY  
He... he killed Peacewalker...

Tommy squeezes harder.

John Doe shuts his eyes.

SHERIFF  
I know.

TOMMY  
He... he killed...

Tommy starts to cry.

SHERIFF  
Tommy, he will pay for what he has  
done.

Tommy lets go, backs away, curls into his chair, head down,  
tears flowing that he wipes away.

The Sheriff turns back to John Doe.

SHERIFF

Your name?

John Doe opens his eyes, stares at the peanut butter jar.

The Sheriff shakes his head.

SHERIFF

Tommy, help me put him inside.

INT. WENDY'S BIG ROOM - DAY

Wendy sits at her computer desk. The newspaper showing Peacewalker lies next to the computer. She holds some papers, stands, takes two steps toward the kitchen.

Her phone RINGS. She answers.

WENDY

Yes.

(pause)

Hello, Judge.

(pause)

What?!

Wendy slips, drops the phone and papers in shock.

Spaced, she picks up the phone and some papers. She rises and grabs hold of her computer desk.

WENDY

Sorry, Sir.

(pause)

Me?

Wendy fidgets with a pen.

WENDY

No, Sir!

(shakes her head)

Yes, I understand he'll need a lawyer, but I--

(emphatic)

No, I won't do it. I was a corporate lawyer. I just do paper work. Judge, no! You--

(pause)

Yes, Montana, yes, I'm the only lawyer for 100 miles. But--

She shakes her head.

WENDY  
Judge, please...  
(pause)  
Okay, okay, I'll go to the jail.  
But I don't like this.

Wendy turns off her phone. Puts her hand on Peacewalker's photo.

She shakes her head.

WENDY  
My luck. I just start to like him.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

A single large cell (15 x 10 feet) with two beds bolted down. A toilet. Small sink.

A "hallway" room connecting the cell to the office, with a long bench. The soundproof door between the office and hallway room has a glass window.

The Sheriff holds the hallway door open.

Tommy leads John Doe into the hallway room, into the cell.

He pushes John Doe onto a bed.

Tommy stands over John Doe. His hands close into fists, his teeth clench.

SHERIFF (O.S)  
Tommy.

Tommy looks toward the Sheriff.

He steps out of the cell, with his head down.

TOMMY  
Yes.

He locks the cell. Walks into the office.

EXT. HARPVILLE JAIL - DAY

Wendy drives up to the Harpville Police Station. She gets out of her car. Besides her shoulder bag, she holds a paper bag with something inside. She walks to the door. Reaches for the handle.

The door opens as Tommy exits.

TOMMY

Oh, hi, Wendy.

He holds the door open as they look at each other's sad eyes.

WENDY

You okay?

TOMMY

It's not fair!

He races off.

Wendy nods, enters the office.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff sits at his desk.

Wendy enters.

SHERIFF

Hey, Wendy, tough day.

She nods.

He rises, offers her a chair. They sit.

SHERIFF

Judge called.

WENDY

I told him, no... in triplicate!

SHERIFF

He just wants you to tell him, this guy's a super nut case.

Wendy glances to the cell, frowns.

WENDY  
What did he tell you?

SHERIFF  
Just played mute.

She stands. Adjusts her clothes and hair.

SHERIFF  
What's in the bag?

WENDY  
My favorite law school story. We'll  
see if it works.

The Sheriff stands, opens the hallway door.

INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

John Doe lies in bed, facing the wall.

Wendy enters the hallway. Stands still, eyeing John Doe.

She COUGHS.

John Doe doesn't move.

Wendy sits on the bench.

Waits.

WENDY  
Hello. My name is Wendy Baker. I'm  
your lawyer. What's your name?

No reaction.

WENDY  
Do you speak?

Waits.

Nothing.

She RUSTLES the paper bag. Opens it.

Puts her face to it. Takes a long and noisy smell.

WENDY  
Hnnnnnn.



She puts the bag down. Gets up. Walks out. Shuts the door.

John Doe stirs. Looks at the shut door. Looks at the bag.

He takes a good smell. Licks his lips.

The SOUND of the door opening.

John Doe turns his face back to the wall.

Wendy enters, holding a Coke can.

She looks John Doe over.

Sits. Opens the can. POP.

She takes a noisy GULP.

WENDY

Ahhhh.

She pulls a cheeseburger out of the bag. Unwraps it.

Grabs a very long French Fry. Chews on it LOUDLY.

Another noisy GULP.

She places everything on the bench. Leaves the room.

John Doe bounces up. Stares at the food.

JOHN DOE

Fuck.

He licks his lips.

Wendy opens the door. She holds a Ketchup bottle and a small plate.

John Doe eyes her over, up and down.

Wendy ignores him. Sits with her food.

Squirts Ketchup on the plate. Dips a fry in. Eats it.

John Doe stares.

Wendy grabs the burger, takes a bite. Looks at John Doe as she chews.

She takes a second burger out of the bag. Places it on the bench.

She takes another bite of hers.

She puts it on the plate. Touches the wrapped burger with her fingers. Looks back at John Doe.

Her fingers tap the burger.

John Doe's eyes go from looking at Wendy to looking at the burger.

WENDY  
I don't like you.

John Doe licks his lips.

JOHN DOE  
Gonna poison me?

Wendy doesn't reply.

JOHN DOE  
Can I poison myself?

John Doe laughs awkwardly.

WENDY  
If you want. What's your name?

JOHN DOE  
Gonna make a movie about me?

WENDY  
Is that why you killed Peacewalker?

John Doe lies down on his bed, turns to face the wall.

JOHN DOE  
I want the burger.

Wendy shakes her head, walks out.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wendy walks into the office. She leaves the hallway door open.

John Doe yells from the jail.

JOHN DOE (O.S.)  
Give me the burger! Give me the  
burger! Give... me... the ...  
burger!

The Sheriff looks up.

Wendy shuts the door.

SHERIFF  
You got him going.

Wendy shrugs.

EXT. HIGHWAY, CORN FIELDS - DAY

Corn, as far as one can see. Farm houses in the distance.

Hank walks along the highway to town.

He hears a semi coming behind him, in the same lane.

He turns, watches the truck approach.

HANK  
Okay, test time.

It drives right through him.

HANK  
Whoa!

He takes a big breath, nods and continues walking.

He glances upward.

HANK  
So, do I have to walk to Keith?

His body fades.

HANK  
Oh!

INT. VAN - DAY

Still in shock, Keith sits at his computers, preparing a  
thumb drive copy of the murder.

Sparky sleeps with his head on Keith's foot.

Keith stares blankly at the screen.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

It shows John Doe crazy after the killing.

Hank lies dead.

Eyes crazed, John Doe puts the gun to his own head.

JOHN DOE

I killed him! I did it! Yes!

John Doe pulls the trigger.

Jammed.

He pulls the trigger again.

Jammed.

Again and again, he tries to kill himself but the gun jams.

JOHN DOE

We have to die together!

He throws the gun down.

Crying like a baby, he curls up in the fetus position on the road.

BACK TO SCENE

Keith stops the video. Stares at John Doe.

KEITH

I don't even know Peacewalker's  
name.

He puts a thumb drive in. Copies the video.

KEITH

Why?

Keith tears up.

Hank appears behind Keith. He puts his hand on Keith's shoulder.

HANK

Keith.

Keith doesn't respond.

HANK

Keith.

Hank shakes his head.

HANK

Nope.

Sparky wakes. Sees Hank. BARKS.

HANK

Good boy, Sparky.

Wagging his tail madly, Sparky nudges up against Hank.

Keith doesn't look at Sparky. He keeps his eyes on the computer screen.

KEITH

Yeah, Sparky, I wish he was here.

Sparky's tail hits into Keith.

Keith looks at Sparky.

KEITH'S P.O.V.

Keith doesn't see Hank, only sees Sparky licking the air.

KEITH

Sparky?

Sparky licks Keith. Then licks Hank.

Keith shrugs.

KEITH

Weird dog.

BACK TO SCENE

Keith looks back at the computer.

Hank stares at John Doe on the computer screen.

HANK  
Maybe him?

INT. WENDY'S BIG ROOM - DAY

Wendy walks across the room, as she talks on her cell phone to Keith.

WENDY  
Yes, I'm the lawyer assigned to the case.  
(pause)  
Can you meet me there?  
(pause)  
Thanks.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

John Doe lies on his side, facing the wall, asleep.

Hank appears, sitting on the other bed. He looks around.

HANK  
Oh...  
(He looks upward)  
So, is that how I travel?

He looks closer at John Doe.

HANK  
What a mess.

John Doe stirs.

Hank's eyes widen.

HANK  
Hey, you hear me?

John Doe wakes, looks to the hallway. No one.

He shrugs. Closes his eyes.

HANK  
Hey!

John Doe jerks, turns, stares at Hank who sits on the other bed.

Hank smiles.

HANK

Hey?

Scared shitless, John Doe jumps up in the bed, backs himself into the corner.

He shuts his eyes.

JOHN DOE

You're fucking dead!

HANK

Sure, that's why you can see me.

John Doe opens his eyes. Shakes his head. Closes his eyes.

JOHN DOE

No, no! You're fucking dead!

HANK

You said that.

JOHN DOE

You are fucking dead!

HANK

You said that.

JOHN DOE

You... are... fucking... dead!

HANK

You... said... that.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

What's going on in here?

The Sheriff opens the hallway door.

SHERIFF

Huh?

The Sheriff looks John Doe over. Scrunched down, arms over his head.

JOHN DOE

He's fucking dead! He's fucking dead! He's fucking dead!

John Doe keeps his head down, waves one hand over toward Hank.

JOHN DOE  
There. There!

The Sheriff glances at the empty bed.

THE SHERIFF'S P.O.V.

He doesn't see Hank.

SHERIFF  
Who?

BACK TO SCENE

JOHN DOE  
Peacewalker! There, right there on  
the bed, you asshole!

John Doe opens his eyes, looks at Hank, who shrugs.

The Sheriff shakes his head, turns to leave.

John Doe jumps up, grabs the bars.

JOHN DOE  
Wait! Wait. He's there, he's there.  
Can't you fucking see him!

The Sheriff looks again at the empty bed. Looks back at John Doe.

SHERIFF  
Maybe you should have a sleep.

The Sheriff leaves.

John Doe backs into the corner, looks Hank over.

Hank stands, walks slowly toward John Doe.

HANK  
Okay, fellow, why did you kill me?

JOHN DOE  
No, shit, no.

John Doe pisses down his leg.



Hank puts out his hand.

HANK

Why!

Shaking, John Doe drops to the floor.

JOHN DOE

No, no, don't, don't.

Hank puts his hand on John Doe's shoulder.

HANK

Why?!

John Doe faints.

Hank backs away, frowns.

He looks upward.

HANK

What is this?

He disappears.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff peers through the hallway door window.

His eyes express his compassion for John Doe.

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - DAY

Sparky sniffs the painted area. Wendy and Keith stand close by. He finishes telling her what happened.

KEITH

So, the guy's on the ground,  
bawling his eyes out. I didn't know  
what he might do. I held onto my  
bat and just waited for the police.  
Believe me, it was the longest  
twenty minutes of my life.

WENDY

Thanks Keith, I know this must be  
hard for you.

He looks off to the fields.

KEITH  
Hard's not the word.

WENDY  
And what happened when the Sheriff  
arrived?

Keith points West.

KEITH  
They came from Montana. The  
ambulance came from North Dakota.

He points East.

KEITH  
Just about the same time. The  
Sheriff checks Peacewalker and then  
puts cuffs on the guy and into the  
back seat of his car.

WENDY  
Did he resist in any way?

KEITH  
Not a bit. Like I said, he just  
kept mumbling, "I should be dead. I  
should be dead."

Wendy nods.

KEITH  
The Sheriff paints around  
Peacewalker's body and the  
Ambulance guys take him, uh, his  
body away.

Keith wipes his eyes.

KEITH  
This is shit. Real shit.

Wendy puts her hand on Keith's shoulder.

KEITH  
The cameras. The cameras got it  
all. I couldn't help him. I  
couldn't help Peacewalker. Shit. I  
don't even know his name.

WENDY

We hope to find out, Keith.

KEITH

Yeah, well, at least I turned off the podcast.

WENDY

That was very smart of you.

KEITH

I saw a murder before. A million or more watch Peacewalker. I didn't want them to see it.

Wendy nods.

WENDY

Can you think of anything, as to who he was?

KEITH

Whenever I asked him, he wouldn't say. Just told me, his folks and brother are dead. Once, he said there were clues in some podcasts.

WENDY

Did you make a thumb drive for me?

He reaches in his pants, pulls out a thumb drive, hands it to her.

KEITH

Yes, it has all his podcasts. You're going to find that he was one of the most idealistic fellows ever. Never could he have imagined he'd get killed on a peace walk.

Wendy nods.

WENDY

Thanks, Keith. That's all for now.

Keith walks to his van door.

KEITH

Sparky, come, boy.

Sparky slides up against Wendy's leg.

KEITH

Sparky.

Sparky lies down with his head on Wendy's foot.

She pets him.

KEITH

He digs you.

WENDY

Is he yours?

KEITH

He was Peacewalker's.

Sparky licks Wendy.

KEITH

Looks like he wants to be yours.

Wendy looks up at Keith questioning.

He nods.

KEITH

I was going to try to find him a  
new home.

Wendy talks to Sparky.

WENDY

You want to see my home?

Sparky BARKS.

KEITH

Done deal.

He hops in the van. Leaves.

WENDY

Okay, Sparky. I have some more to  
do here first.

Wendy stares at the painted body outline.

She pulls herself away. Looks around the area.

She walks over to the bank from where John Doe had  
approached Peacewalker.

Some trash.

She climbs down into the gutter gully.

Checks the trash.

Coke can. Cigarette butts. Candy wrappers.

Unseen to her, twenty feet away is an unused epinephrine auto injector.

She climbs back up. Walks to her car.

Sparky follows, tail wagging madly.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

Tommy throws darts.

The Sheriff finishes some computer work.

SHERIFF

Tommy, let's check his bag again.

Tommy grabs the bag and puts it up on the cupboard.

They spread things out. Few clothes. Chewed down toothbrush. Bit of cornflakes. Nothing of any importance.

Tommy holds up the toothbrush.

The Sheriff shakes his head. Pushes some clothes back in the bag.

SHERIFF

Nope, still nothing odd here. Put it in the cupboard, Tommy.

The Sheriff's phone RINGS. He answers.

SHERIFF

Yes, I have him in a cell.

(pause)

Yes, the reporter's staying in town. He's been with Peacewalker since Virginia.

He looks toward the cell door.

SHERIFF  
Yes, he saw it happen.  
(pause)  
Right, eight cameras on the van.  
Everything is filmed.  
(he nods)  
Yes, a simple case.

He glances through the hallway door window. John Doe lies curled up on the floor.

SHERIFF  
Sir, we've never done this before.  
(pause)  
Yes, but we've never--  
(pause)  
Until when?  
(pause)  
So, who does know?

The Sheriff hangs up. Shakes his head.

SHERIFF  
DA wants us to keep him here.

TOMMY  
How long?

SHERIFF  
Yes, how long?

His phone RINGS. He answers.

SHERIFF  
Yes, he just called.  
(pause)  
Not going to be easy.  
(pause)  
Yes, nice headache.

He hangs up. Leans back in his chair.

SHERIFF  
Montana and North Dakota both want him.

TOMMY  
Gee.

INT. WENDY'S BIG ROOM - DAY

Wendy sits at her desk. Sparky lies at her feet. She talks to her mom. Her diary rests next to her computer.

WENDY

Yes, Mom, thanks.

Wendy hangs up, inserts Keith's thumb drive into her computer. Opens a podcast, showing Keith and Hank.

KEITH (V.O.)

And here he is, Peacewalker.

HANK (V.O.)

Good day, everyone. We're in our  
20<sup>th</sup> state on this peace walk and I  
hope you're more peaceful today  
than three months ago.

Wendy stops the video. Stares at Hank's face.

She shakes her head.

Her phone RINGS. She answers. Her eyes stay on Peacewalker.

WENDY

Yes, Judge.

(pause)

Okay... who is John Doe? Who is  
Peacewalker? What is their  
connection? Why did John Doe kill  
Peacewalker? Why did John Doe try  
to kill himself?

(pause)

That's kind of you to say, Sir.

She hangs up.

WENDY

Who is he?

INT. JAIL OFFICE - NIGHT

Tommy prepares the sofa into a bed. The Sheriff grabs some papers and his tablet.

SHERIFF

Tommy.

TOMMY

Yeah.

SHERIFF

Do I have to remind you of  
anything?

Tommy shakes his head but doesn't look at the Sheriff.

SHERIFF

I didn't hear you.

TOMMY

No, Sir.

The Sheriff looks at the wall clock, seven o'clock.

SHERIFF

Good. I'll see you at one o'clock.

TOMMY

Yes, Sir.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sparky sleeps on a corner rug.

Wendy sleeps restlessly, turning and twisting.

She dreams of the beach, 15 years ago.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (WENDY'S DREAM)

Wendy sits, looks out onto the calm water.

A man runs toward her. It's Hank but she can't see his face.

He disappears.

She senses him behind her.

HANK

Hold your nose.

They walk along the beach.

They kiss.

Hank's body starts to fade. Wendy screams.



WENDY

No!

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Wendy wakes. Her heart pounding. She looks around.

Sparky comes over. Sticks his face into hers. Gives her a big lick.

WENDY

Oh, Sparky.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway door opens. Through the opening, the wall clock can be seen, ten o'clock.

John Doe sleeps, curled up in the fetus position.

Tommy steps into the hallway.

His hands tremor.

He takes two steps.

John Doe stirs.

Tommy jumps back.

John Doe settles.

Tommy steps forward.

His hand reaches in his pocket.

Pulls out the cell key.

Shaking.

John Doe starts crying in his sleep.

Tommy stares.

Sweat pours down Tommy's face.

He puts the key into the lock.

John Doe screams in his sleep.

JOHN DOE  
Help! Help!

Tommy freaks out. Runs to the hallway door.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy races in. Scared.

He shuts the hallway door. Leans against the wall.

TOMMY  
Damn!

He looks through the hallway door window.

The cell key is in the cell door.

He grabs the door handle.

John Doe stirs.

Gets up.

Urinating in the toilet.

Tommy's eyes go back and forth between the key and John Doe.

John Doe lies down.

Tommy opens the door.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tommy walks quickly to the jail door.

Takes the key.

Stares at it.

He walks out.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Face hard, Tommy shuts the hallway door.

Hank appears. Watches Tommy.

Tommy jumps on the sofa, and bangs his head into his pillow.

TOMMY  
Damn it, damn it, damn...

Hank puts his hand on Tommy's shoulder.

Tommy relaxes a bit, lies down on one side, cries softly.

Hank keeps his hand on Tommy. He looks upward, holds out his other hand with a motion of "give me something".

HANK  
What? Anyone?

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

John Doe lies on his back. Stares at the ceiling.

The Sheriff enters with breakfast. Slides the food under the bars.

SHERIFF  
Hey.

No reaction.

SHERIFF  
I might be able to help you if I know who you are.

Nothing.

SHERIFF  
Why'd you kill Peacewalker?

John Doe mumbles softly.

JOHN DOE  
Had to.

SHERIFF  
What's that?

John Doe SCREAMS.

JOHN DOE  
Had to! Had to! Had to!

He turns to face the wall. Curls up. Starts crying.

JOHN DOE  
Didn't want to.

The Sheriff shakes his head.

SHERIFF  
You're one heck of a mess, fellow.

He walks out.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wendy wakes. Sits up. Grabs her laptop.

Opens Peacewalker's podcasts.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

John Doe stands holding the bars, peering out through the hallway door window. He can see the snack counter. Bread, peanut butter, jam, cookies, etc.

Hank appears on the second bed.

HANK  
Hey.

John Doe doesn't turn around.

JOHN DOE  
Are you really dead?

HANK  
Good question.

JOHN DOE  
Why can I see you? Why can I feel you?

HANK  
Why am I dead and also alive?

A long silence.

JOHN DOE  
You scared me before.

Hank's face shows disbelief that John Doe would say such a thing after killing Hank.

HANK  
I... scared... you?

John Doe whispers.

JOHN DOE  
You promised.

HANK  
What?

JOHN DOE  
You promised.

Hank walks to John Doe. Grabs his shoulder to make him turn around.

John Doe SCREAMS.

JOHN DOE  
You promised!

He shoves Hank away.

Hank steadies himself.

John Doe charges at Hank, hitting into Hank's chest but without real strength.

JOHN DOE  
You promised! You promised! Hen-  
ner-ree, you promised.

Hank's eyes widen.

John Doe drops to the floor.

JOHN DOE  
You don't remember me.

HANK  
Who--

John Doe jumps up, pushes Hank hard into the wall. He screams.

JOHN DOE  
You don't remember me!

Hank disappears.

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - DAY

Hank appears. Looks around.

HANK

Shit.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

Tommy throws darts.

Keith and the Sheriff stand up from their chairs, finish talking.

KEITH

When you think about it, Sheriff,  
Peacewalker died while he was in  
the past, the present and the  
future. Pretty awesome, eh?

SHERIFF

Yes. Thanks for coming in, Keith.

KEITH

Anytime, Sheriff.

Wendy and Sparky enter. She carries a similar paper bag.

Sparky races to Keith, gets a good scratch and pet.

SHERIFF

Good morning, Wendy.

KEITH

Hey, Sparky, Wendy taking care of  
you?

Sparky BARKS.

WENDY

He's been very good.

KEITH

Great. See you all later.

Keith leaves.

TOMMY

Ummm, smells good.

Wendy smiles, reaches in the bag, pulls out a couple of fries, gives them to Tommy.

TOMMY  
You're tops, Wendy.

Wendy offers some to the Sheriff.

He shakes his head, no.

WENDY  
How'd the news conference go?

SHERIFF  
Not bad, I'd say. Not that I've  
done something like this before.

He turns on his computer.

SHERIFF  
Have a look.

The computer screen shows the Sheriff standing, with arms and recorders shoved in front of him.

SHERIFF  
Thank you for coming, but I'm  
sorry, we don't have much to tell  
you. We still don't know who the  
killer is. Nor who Peacewalker was.  
We ask anyone from the general  
public to please notify us if you  
know one of these men.  
(he holds up photos)  
Thank you, all. When we have  
further news, we'll let you know.

He turns off the computer.

SHERIFF  
Did I look like a pro?

They laugh.

WENDY  
No fingerprint or DNA matches?

SHERIFF  
If only it was that easy.

The Sheriff leans back in his chair.

WENDY  
So, Judge tells me, North Dakota  
wants him.

SHERIFF  
Yeah.

WENDY  
And Montana wants--

SHERIFF  
--and, has him.

WENDY  
And will execute him.

SHERIFF  
Or North Dakota feeds him, clothes  
him, takes good care of him. With  
good taxpayer money. And probably  
lets him out in ten or fifteen  
years.

Wendy shakes her head.

WENDY  
Round two.

She walks to the hallway door.

Sparky follows.

INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

Wendy and Sparky enter the hallway.

John Doe sits on his bed, eyes Wendy over and she returns  
the look.

She sits. Puts the bag next to her.

WENDY  
Remember me? I'm--

Hank appears on the second bed. Sparky barks madly, tries to  
put his face through the bars.

John Doe sees Hank.



JOHN DOE

Fuck.

HANK

Good, Sparky.

Hank gets off the bed and pets Sparky through the bars.

WENDY's P.O.V.

Wendy doesn't see Hank. Only watches Sparky wag his tail.

She shrugs.

WENDY

I'm your lawyer, remember?

Hank looks up at Wendy. His eyes zero in on Wendy's cheek birthmark.

His mind races back 15 years ago.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Hank and Wendy stroll along the beach.

She points at Hank's ankle birthmark.

WENDY

Since birth?

HANK

Yes. You?

He points at her face birthmark.

She nods.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Hank is dazed.

HANK

Oh, my gosh!

JOHN DOE

What?

Wendy watches John Doe talk toward where Hank sits.

WENDY  
Are you talking to me?

John Doe looks back at Wendy. Points at Hank.

JOHN DOE  
Him!

WENDY  
Who?

JOHN DOE  
Him! He's right there! Oh, shit.

John Doe turns to Hank, who remains spaced.

JOHN DOE  
What!

HANK  
Her name is Wendy. She's... your...  
lawyer...

JOHN DOE  
So, she told me already. You know  
her?

HANK  
Uh...

Hank reaches out to touch Wendy through the bars, but she's  
not close enough.

HANK  
Wendy? Wendy? Can you see me?

JOHN DOE  
This is fucking crazy.

Wendy looks John Doe over.

WENDY  
Who are you talking to?

HANK  
She wants to help you. You! How  
crazy is this!

Hopeless, Hank leans back against the bed. Experiencing a  
"shock of a lifetime".

John Doe turns to Wendy.

JOHN DOE  
You help me?

WENDY  
I don't know yet. Tell me whom you  
were talking to.

JOHN DOE  
Hen-ner-ree.

WENDY  
Who is Hen-ner-ree?

JOHN DOE  
Peacewalker. Peacewalker. Hen-ner-  
ree. Peacewalker.

HANK  
What are you talking about?!

WENDY  
Hen-ner-ree is Peacewalker?

JOHN DOE  
Your friend. You should know.

WENDY  
I should?

Hank stands up, shoves John Doe.

HANK  
What is this! Who are you?

Wendy watches John Doe being shoved.

WENDY  
I... what?

John Doe screams at Hank.

JOHN DOE  
I told you. You don't remember me!

HANK  
What's your name?!

JOHN DOE  
B.B.

HANK  
B.B.'s dead.

Wendy stands.

JOHN DOE  
I'm not dead!

WENDY  
Who are you talking to?

JOHN DOE  
She your friend or not?

HANK  
Kinda.

JOHN DOE  
Kinda?

Wendy's totally confused.

WENDY  
You have an invisible friend who  
kinda knows me?

Hank disappears.

JOHN DOE  
He's gone. Fuck this.

John Doe lies down, face toward the wall.

Wendy's eyes go back and forth between John Doe and where  
Hank was sitting.

She shakes her head, puts the bag inside the cell.

WENDY  
Maybe later.

John Doe grunts.

She walks out. Sparky follows.

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - DAY

Hank appears.

HANK

Hey!

He screams upward.

HANK

Come on! Come on!

He stomps around, shaking his head.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

Wendy steps into the office, looks back.

John Doe grabs the food bag.

Wendy shuts the door.

Sparky races to Tommy.

Tommy gets excited, pets Sparky.

TOMMY

Hey, dog, want to play?

Wendy hands Tommy a rubber ball.

WENDY

Here, Tommy, his name's Sparky. You can take him out.

TOMMY

Great! Come on, Sparky.

He and Sparky leave.

Wendy turns to the Sheriff. Points toward the cell. Shakes her head.

WENDY

Crazy isn't the right word. Schizo. One hundred percent. He believes he can see and talk with Peacewalker.

SHERIFF

Told me the same.

WENDY

And that Peacewalker's name is Hen-ner-ree.

SHERIFF

Odd name.

WENDY

He belongs in a mental institution.

SHERIFF

Maybe.

The Sheriff opens his computer.

SHERIFF

Bring the chair around.

Wendy moves a chair so she can watch the computer screen with the Sheriff.

The Sheriff types in "Ghosts".

WENDY

This is ridiculous, Uncle Bruce.  
Ghosts don't exist.

SHERIFF

Your mom and I were little kids. It was Halloween. She got so scared by some big kids in ghost outfits, and then we saw they weren't real ghosts.

WENDY

Right, okay. So, why do you and Mom believe they exist?

SHERIFF

Because then we saw real ghosts.

He looks at her with a serious expression. She doesn't know what to say.

He finds a very thorough information site. He reads off the screen.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Look, "The majority of people interviewed believe ghosts exist. 65% claim to have seen one. 41% claim to have communicated with one."

WENDY (O.S.)  
I'm a lawyer.

SHERIFF (O.S.)  
"Animals tend to react strangely in ways that would indicate that they see a ghost."

WENDY (O.S.)  
But can you prove they exist?

SHERIFF (O.S.)  
"Most ghosts can only be seen. Some can be felt, but only by one person at a time."

WENDY (O.S.)  
Uncle Bruce...

SHERIFF (O.S.)  
"The general theory correlates with some spiritual practices. That is, a ghost is the spirit of a deceased person who feels that they have to finish some business before moving on to a next life."

WENDY  
It's just another idealistic dream.

The Sheriff looks toward the hallway door.

SHERIFF  
But... what if?

INT. WENDY'S BIG ROOM - DAY

Wendy sits on her sofa, examines some of Peacewalker's podcasts. Her diary is on a side table, open to some new words, "Peacewalker? He so much reminds me of Hank". Sparky lies in front of her.

She stops the podcast, showing Hank's face. She talks to Sparky.

WENDY  
It's crazy. He's crazy, right Sparky, claiming he can talk to Peacewalker's ghost. It's just not real.

Sparky sits up.

WENDY

Mom believes it. Uncle Bruce  
believes it. Lot of people believe  
it. But can they prove it? No.

Sparky puts his paw on her leg.

WENDY

More foolish idealism. They just  
want to believe so they feel  
better. Right?

She pets Sparky.

WENDY

Oh, gee, I don't know.

Sparky BARKS.

WENDY

You, too, eh?

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - DAY

Quiet. The painted outline of Hank's body now has multiple  
tire tracks over it. The wind blows gently. Some dust  
settles itself on the head.

Hank appears twenty feet away.

HANK

Shit.

He scans the area.

HANK

I thought I had it. I think of  
Keith and I show up in his van. I  
think of B.B. and I show up in the  
jail, plus he sees me. I think of  
Wendy, but I end up here.

He looks upward.

HANK

Shit! Why can't I go to Wendy?

He stands still, shuts his eyes.



HANK  
Okay, relax, relax, relax. I'm  
learning, not sure what, but I'm  
learning. -- Okay? -- Wendy. I  
finally find Wendy but I'm dead. Or  
kinda dead. I'm some sort of ghost.  
-- Shit.

He walks slowly to the paint.

HANK  
Could I have tried harder?

He bends down.

HANK  
Damn it. Damn it.

He touches the paint.

HANK  
I did try.

His eyes begin to tear.

HANK  
I... did...

He lies down on his back, inside the paint.

HANK  
try...

He shuts his eyes. Tears run out each side.

He opens his eyes. Watches the clouds. He screams.

HANK  
Hey! Whoever you are! Are you going  
to talk to me?

INT. WENDY'S BIG ROOM - DAY

Wendy sits on her sofa, clicks a file on her laptop.

ON LAPTOP SCREEN

Hank stands behind Keith in the van.

Keith holds his nose.

Hank's hands are on Keith's ears.

HANK

So, the trick with helping someone stop hiccups is covering their ears as they hold their breath. Usually works in about 10 seconds.

Hank takes his hands away. Keith relaxes.

HANK

Too easy, right?

He smiles his loving smile.

Wendy's eyes widen. She rewinds the video.

HANK

Usually works in about 10 seconds.

She rewinds.

HANK

As they hold their breath.

Rewinds.

HANK

Covering their ears.

She shuts her eyes.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Wendy sits on the boulder. Hank stands behind her, whispers in her ear.

HANK

Hold your nose.

WENDY

(startled)

Huh?

She looks at him, questioningly, hiccups.

He nods.

HANK

Hold your nose closed.

She hiccups, squeezes her nose.

HANK

Take a big breath and keep it in.

She does.

He puts his hands over her ears.

Moments pass, no more hiccups.

He takes his hands away, steps back.

She turns to him, smiles.

WENDY

Thank you.

HANK

Too easy.

INT. WENDY'S BIG ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Tears run down Wendy's cheeks. Her body shakes.

WENDY

Oh, my gosh!

She grabs a pen. Puts a huge circle around "Peacewalker? He so much reminds me of Hank".

WENDY

Sparky!

She wipes her crying eyes.

WENDY

Hank was Peacewalker!

She gets up, grabs her shoulder bag, races to the door.

WENDY

Come!

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff makes a cup of coffee.

Wendy and Sparky enter.

WENDY

Hank is a nickname for Henry,  
right?

SHERIFF

Sure, why?

WENDY

Something, maybe important.

She opens the hallway door.

INT. JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

John Doe sits on his bed.

Wendy and Sparky enter the hallway. Sparky races to where  
Hank had been. Sniffs madly. No Hank. Sparky lays down.

John Doe looks at Wendy's hands.

Wendy looks at the second bed.

JOHN DOE

No burger? Fries?

WENDY

Is Peacewalker here?

John Doe looks around.

JOHN DOE

Nope.

Wendy's face hardens.

WENDY

So, there really is no Hen-ner-ree.  
No Peacewalker here. You made it  
up, right? You can't really see  
him.

JOHN DOE

What?

WENDY

This is ridiculous.

Wendy walks to the door.

John Doe gets pissed.

JOHN DOE  
See him! See him! I saw him! I  
don't see him.

Wendy turns back.

WENDY  
I have to know!

JOHN DOE  
I see you! And I saw you! So, I  
don't see him now.

He relaxes.

JOHN DOE  
Shit. What's wrong with you, Lady?

Wendy sits on the bench. Her eyes downcast.

WENDY  
I... I wanted to talk with him.

JOHN DOE  
He comes when he wants to.

WENDY  
Can you call him?

John Doe acts like he's using a cellphone.

JOHN DOE  
Hello, hello, Hen-ner-ree, are you  
there?

Wendy gets up to go.

WENDY  
I... I wanted to believe... I  
thought...

JOHN DOE  
Wait.

John Doe plays with his hands.

Wendy sits.

WENDY  
Peacewalker's name is Hank, right?

JOHN DOE  
Wrong.

WENDY  
Wrong?

JOHN DOE  
Hen-ner-ree.

WENDY  
Why do you call him that?

JOHN DOE  
Hen-ner-ree. Hen-ner-ree. Hen-ner-ree!  
His name is Hen-ner-ree.

WENDY  
Hen ner ree. Henry. His name is  
really Henry, right?

John Doe lies down on his bed, facing the wall.

JOHN DOE  
I couldn't say it right.

Wendy's face brightens.

WENDY  
You were little when you knew  
Henry?

No answer.

WENDY  
Were you friends?

No answer.

WENDY  
Relatives?

No answer.

WENDY  
Brothers.

John Doe starts crying.

WENDY  
What's Henry's last name?

No answer.

WENDY  
What's your name?

John Doe whispers.

JOHN DOE  
B.B.

WENDY  
Can you say it louder?

JOHN DOE  
B.B.!

WENDY  
B.B., is that a nickname?

No answer.

Wendy shakes her head, as if she's coming to her senses.

WENDY  
What am I doing? This doesn't prove  
anything.

Emotionally exhausted, Wendy puts her head down into her  
hands.

WENDY  
Proof. I need proof. I'm a lawyer.  
I need... damn it.

Wendy gets up to leave. John Doe moves his legs. She spots  
part of a birthmark on his left ankle.

Hank appears on the second bed. Sparky BARKS.

HANK  
Hey, Sparky.

He checks over John Doe and Wendy as he pets Sparky through  
the bars.

JOHN DOE  
Fuck.

WENDY

What's that on your leg?

Hank looks at John Doe's leg.

HANK

Hey!

John Doe pushes down his pant leg to cover the birthmark.

JOHN DOE

Nothing.

WENDY

Show me!

HANK

Show us!

John Doe swings his left leg to go under his right leg.

WENDY

Show me and I'll bring you ice  
cream next time.

JOHN DOE

Caramel?

WENDY

Yes.

John Doe licks his lips. Slowly, he pulls his pants to show  
the whole birthmark, exactly like Hank has on his ankle.

Wendy's eyes widen.

WENDY

Oh, my gosh!

Hank's eyes widen.

HANK

B.B.?

Hank disappears.

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - DAY

Hank appears.



HANK

What the--

He screams upward.

HANK

What are you doing!

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Wendy stares at John Doe's birthmark. She sits down.

Sparky comes over, puts his head in her lap.

WENDY

Okay, now tell me who you are.

John Doe doesn't answer.

WENDY

Hank, Henry, Hen-ner-ree, he's your brother, right?

Silence.

WENDY

I need to know. Who are you? Where is Hank? Was he Peacewalker? Why did you kill him?!

Wendy stands. Her whole body shakes.

WENDY

Tell me!

Tears form. She wipes them away.

WENDY

Damn you!

Wendy pulls out her phone, takes photos of the birthmark. She walks out. Sparky follows.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy throws darts.

Wendy enters. Turns back.

Looks long at John Doe.

She shuts the door.

Sparky races to Tommy for a good pet.

TOMMY

Hey, boy.

WENDY

Tommy, where's the Sheriff?

TOMMY

Went out. Don't know.

Wendy sits, and uploads John Doe's birthmark photo to a webpage titled, "Do you know anything about Peacewalker's death?"

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Hank appears. He shakes his head, puts his hands to his head as if he was very dizzy.

He looks at John Doe.

HANK

B.B.?

John Doe stays facing the wall.

JOHN DOE

They took you away! I was alone. I was scared. It was dark. Hen-ner-ree, you weren't there! I was alone. You promised me, you always go first. You promised me, but you weren't there.

John Doe turns to face Hank.

JOHN DOE

You always went first. You, first into dark rooms, but you weren't there. First into dark rooms, but you weren't there! They took me away!

Hank is spaced.

John Doe sits up.

JOHN DOE

They took me away. They said, I'm  
no good. I have to go away. You  
promised, but they took me.

Hank sits next to John Doe.

HANK

I'm so sorry, B.B. I'm so sorry I  
wasn't there. They told me you died  
with Mom and Dad.

He hugs John Doe.

HANK

But why did you kill me?

JOHN DOE

They tell me I'm cancer. I'm going  
to die. But it's dark. Real dark!  
Dark! You have to go first.

John Doe grabs tight onto Hank.

JOHN DOE

You go first. Okay? Hen-ner-ree,  
okay? You take care of me? Okay?

HANK

Yes, B.B., okay. I'm here this  
time.

John Doe bawls like a baby. Hank shuts his eyes. Shakes his  
head softly.

HANK

It's... it's okay, B.B.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

Wendy finishes her upload, stands, takes a step. Stops.

She sits down, pulls a pad of paper out of her bag.

Writes.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

John Doe sits on the floor.

Hank lies on the bed. Looks up at the ceiling.

JOHN DOE  
Wendy, your friend?

HANK  
A short story that I wish was long.

JOHN DOE  
Girlfriend?

HANK  
We met 15 years ago.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Wendy sits on the boulder at the beach. Hank stands behind her, holds her ears.

HANK (V.O.)  
Loved for one hour.

He and Wendy walk along the beach.

HANK (V.O.)  
We knew each other. Deeply. Like  
love at first sight.

They stand, looking at each other.

HANK (V.O.)  
Maybe past lives stuff.

They kiss.

HANK (V.O.)  
Then she split.

Wendy runs up the dune.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Hank exits various shops and homes.

HANK (V.O.)  
I tried to find her.

He talks to a gas station attendant.

HANK (V.O.)  
No one knew a Wendy or the car.

INT. HANK'S STUDY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Hank sits in front of a computer.

HANK (V.O.)  
I put notices on the Internet.

He types in data for a search program.

HANK (V.O.)  
Nothing. It was as if they were  
just driving by, had an argument,  
he goes off for an hour, comes  
back, gets her and they disappear.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Hank stares at the ceiling.

HANK  
I came back every day for two  
weeks. But she didn't return. Just  
knew her first name, Wendy. I've  
dreamed of her so very often.

JOHN DOE  
Now you see her again.

HANK  
But she can't see me.

Hank disappears.

The hallway door opens. Wendy walks in.

WENDY  
Were you talking to someone?

John Doe nods.

WENDY

Henry?

JOHN DOE

He loves you.

Wendy's eyes go wide.

JOHN DOE

He told me. He loves you.

Wendy starts to cry. Mixed tears. Sadness and joy. She sits down.

JOHN DOE

The beach, right?

Wendy is spaced.

JOHN DOE

He did your ears. I liked it  
whenever he did my ears. I used to  
pretend hiccups so he would do my  
ears.

WENDY

B.B., if I give you a letter for  
Henry, will you give it to him?

John Doe looks away.

WENDY

A big tub of ice cream? Yes?

JOHN DOE

Okay.

Wendy slides her note under the Jail door.

WENDY

Oh, God, this is insane.

She looks over at the second bed.

WENDY

But... what if?

She half-smiles.

WENDY

I'll come back tomorrow morning.

John Doe stays looking away, but his hand does a little wave.

JOHN DOE

Bye-bye.

Wendy wipes her eyes.

WENDY

Bye, B.B.

She and Sparky leave.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tommy sits at his computer.

Wendy enters.

WENDY

Please tell the Sheriff, I have some new information. Okay?

TOMMY

Sure, Wendy.

She walks to the door.

INT. WENDY'S BIG ROOM - NIGHT

Wendy walks back and forth, thoroughly confused, talking to her mom on her cell phone. Her diary still rests on the side table, open to the circled, "Peacewalker? He so much reminds me of Hank".

WENDY

Yes, Mom, Peacewalker is Hank. I found him. But he's dead.

Wendy shakes her head.

WENDY

I don't know how I feel. Should I believe this guy? He's crazy.

(pause)

Yes, you believe in ghosts, but I don't... or... Oh, Mom.

(pause)

But what if you're wrong?

Wendy glances at her computer, opened to her email program.  
Many emails fill her Inbox, Subjects, "Birthmark".

WENDY

Mom, I have to go. Bye.

She dashes to her computer,

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - NIGHT

The Sheriff drives.

He speaks to his phone.

SHERIFF

Dial, Wendy.

(pause)

Hi, Wendy. Sorry I was busy this  
afternoon. Okay if I stop by now?

(pause)

Good. See you soon.

INT. WENDY'S BIG ROOM - NIGHT

Sparky sleeps in a corner.

Wendy prepares coffee. Sets two plates and cups.

The doorbell RINGS.

She opens the door to the Sheriff.

WENDY

Hi, Uncle Bruce.

He enters.

WENDY

Coffee?

SHERIFF

Thanks.

They sit. She pours the coffee.

WENDY

Did you see the birthmark photo I  
texted you?



SHERIFF

Yes, did you get any replies?

WENDY

Dozens, plus I got some information from our John Doe.

SHERIFF

Good.

WENDY

Peacewalker's name is Henry Adams.  
Nickname is Hank.

The Sheriff stirs his drink. He stops.

SHERIFF

Your beach guy?

Wendy nods, holds back tears. The Sheriff shakes his head, puts a hand on Wendy's arm.

SHERIFF

I'm so sorry, Wendy.

Wendy collects herself.

WENDY

A colleague wrote, Hank worked IT. Got bored, wanted to do something more important. His folks and young brother supposedly died in a car crash when Hank was 10 years old.

SHERIFF

That's tough.

WENDY

But a psychologist, friend of Hank's parents, wrote, that his brother, whose name is Robert, didn't die. He was diagnosed with a type of juvenile schizophrenia and the boys were separated for the benefit of Hank. But, Hank was never told.

SHERIFF

Even tougher.

WENDY

Robert went from foster homes to juvenile delinquency centers a dozen or more times and disappeared when he was 14.

Wendy pauses long.

WENDY

A doctor wrote, that Robert is now dying of cancer and... Robert is our John Doe, brother to Peacewalker.

SHERIFF

Well done, Wendy. All we're missing now is why Robert killed Hank. He told me that he, "had to."

WENDY

And after he killed Hank, he screamed, "We have to die together!" -- Do you think he wanted Hank to die with him, because he's scared of dying alone?

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wendy lies in bed, facing her laptop on her side table.

She stares at the screen. It shows Hank flashing a loving smile.

She closes her eyes.

Pulls a blanket up close to her face.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

John Doe walks back and forth.

He stops at one end. Whacks his head against the wall.

JOHN DOE

I goofed. I goofed. I goofed.

Hank appears on the bench.

HANK

Hey.

John Doe stays leaning with his head against the wall.

HANK

Doesn't that hurt?

JOHN DOE

I hurt you.

He slides down to sit on the floor, keeping his head on the wall.

JOHN DOE

I hurt your Wendy. I hurt...  
many... people.

HANK

Yes.

John Doe pulls Wendy's letter out of his shirt.

JOHN DOE

She wrote you a letter. I crumbled  
it some.

Hank tries to grab the letter, but his hand goes right through it.

HANK

You better read it to me.

JOHN DOE

I don't want to.

HANK

Do it.

John Doe breathes long.

JOHN DOE

"Dear Hank"

Hank hears Wendy's voice as John Doe reads.

WENDY (V.O.)

"I don't know what to believe, but I hope with all my heart that you are here, that B.B. can see you and will give this to you. He has so many troubles. I wish I could help him."

John Doe pauses.

HANK

Continue.

WENDY (V.O.)

"I have never forgotten that wonderful hour we shared."

Hank smiles fondly.

WENDY (V.O.)

"I am so sorry that we never met again. There are so many things that I wish we did together. Talk together. Play together. Lie in each other's arms."

John Doe pauses.

HANK

Come on.

WENDY (V.O.)

"But is it really possible that you will receive this letter? Is it possible that B.B. can help us to be together? That through him, we can share and love? I know that this is totally unreal."

Hank closes his eyes.

WENDY (V.O.)

"I have dreamed of you so many, many, many times."

Hank tears.

WENDY (V.O.)

"All my love, Wendy"

HANK  
Thank you, B.B.

John Doe shrugs.

The hallway door opens.

Tommy enters. Takes a few steps. His hands opening, closing, opening, closing.

John Doe backs into a corner.

JOHN DOE  
Hen-ner-ree, help him!

Tommy looks behind himself.

JOHN DOE  
Help him! Help him, Hen-ner-ree!

TOMMY  
Shut up!

JOHN DOE  
You don't want to kill me. No  
Deputy, you don't want to kill!

TOMMY  
You killed Peacewalker.

JOHN DOE  
No. No, he's here. Right behind  
you.

Tommy looks around again.

HANK  
What are you doing, B.B.?

JOHN DOE  
I want to save him. I don't want  
him to kill.

Confused, Tommy looks back at John Doe.

TOMMY  
Who?

JOHN DOE  
You! Deputy! I don't want you to  
kill. I killed. I killed. I'm so  
sorry. I killed. Hen-ner-ree, I am,  
I'm so sorry.

John Doe sits down hard. Shaking.

HANK  
Tell Tommy that I'm here. And I  
don't want him to kill.

JOHN DOE  
Deputy, Deputy. Peacewalker is  
here. He doesn't want you to kill  
me.

TOMMY  
I don't see him!

HANK  
Tell Tommy to put his hands behind  
his back.

John Doe jumps up.

JOHN DOE  
Peacewalker says, put your hands  
behind your back.

TOMMY  
I don't... see--

HANK  
Paper, scissors or rock?

JOHN DOE  
Paper, scissors or rock?

Tommy starts to put his hands behind. He hesitates.

JOHN DOE  
Paper, scissors or rock!

Tommy's immaturity shines.

TOMMY  
Game?

John Doe nods.

Tommy half-smiles, puts one hand behind his back. Paper.

HANK

Paper.

JOHN DOE

Peacewalker says, paper.

Tommy changes to rock.

HANK

Rock.

JOHN DOE

Peacewalker says, rock.

Tommy changes to scissors.

HANK

Scissors.

JOHN DOE

Peacewalker says, scissors.

Tommy's eyes go wide. He sits on the bench.

TOMMY

Peacewalker talks through you?

JOHN DOE

Yes.

Tommy's eyes swell.

TOMMY

Ask him what I should do.

HANK

It's your call, B.B.

John Doe looks at poor Tommy. Back to Hank.

JOHN DOE

Make me a big peanut butter sandwich. Lots and lots of peanut butter.

TOMMY

Peacewalker wants that?

JOHN DOE  
Yeah, Deputy, a really big, very  
fat sandwich.

TOMMY  
Okay.

Tommy races out of the room.

HANK  
Are you sure?

John Doe stares at Hank.

JOHN DOE  
Yeah. I hurt too many, too many.  
And... and you're already there.

Hank disappears from the hallway. Reappears in the jail.

He hugs John Doe.

Tommy comes in with a huge sandwich. Loaded with half a jar  
of peanut butter. Gives it to John Doe.

HANK  
Tell Tommy, all is fine now. He  
should go lie down and sleep.

JOHN DOE  
Peacewalker says, you should go lie  
down and sleep... all will be fine,  
very... very soon.

Tommy wipes his eyes.

TOMMY  
Tell Peacewalker, I love him.

John Doe nods.

JOHN DOE  
Peacewalker loves you, too, Tommy.

Tommy smiles.

TOMMY  
You called me by my name this time.

John Doe shrugs.



Tommy looks around the room.

TOMMY

Thank you, Peacewalker.

He leaves. Shuts the hallway door.

John Doe grabs Hank's hand.

JOHN DOE

Hen-ner-ree, you stay with me?

HANK

Yes, B.B., I will stay with you.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - NIGHT

The clock reads one o'clock. Tommy sleeps.

The Sheriff enters. Looks Tommy over.

He walks to the hallway door.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff steps in. Looks at John Doe who appears to be sleeping peacefully. On his back. His hands together, almost as if he's praying.

The Sheriff turns to leave.

Hesitates.

SHERIFF

Peacewalker? Henry? Hank?

He looks over at the second bed.

SHERIFF

You here?

The Sheriff waits.

SHERIFF

He is your brother, Robert.

The Sheriff nods as if Hank is there. He leaves.

INT. WENDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wendy wakes. She turns toward her laptop, clicks it on.

Hank's loving face lights up.

WENDY

Hey, Sparky.

She sits up as Sparky races over. She gives him a good rub and scratch.

WENDY

Maybe, Sparky. Maybe, maybe, maybe.  
Maybe Mom's right. Maybe I will  
communicate with Hank today! Would  
that be wonderful?

Sparky BARKS.

WENDY

Maybe. Just maybe, B.B.'s going to  
help me.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

Tommy prepares breakfast for John Doe. Cereal, fruit, juice, coffee. Puts everything on a tray.

He walks to the hallway door.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tommy enters with breakfast.

John Doe still lies in the same posture. Looking peaceful.

Tommy slides the food under the bars.

Leaves.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

Tommy surfs the Internet.

The Sheriff enters.

SHERIFF  
Hi, Tommy. How's--

TOMMY  
Still sleeping when I took him  
breakfast.

The Sheriff checks his watch.

He stares long. Shakes his head.

He walks slowly to the hallway door.

Stops.

SHERIFF  
Tommy, please go to the store, we  
need more drinks.

TOMMY  
Sure.

Tommy gets up. Walks to the door.

SHERIFF  
No, wait, Tommy.

Tommy cocks his head, questioning.

The Sheriff takes a big breath.

Grabs the hallway door.

SHERIFF  
Come with me.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff and Tommy enter.

John Doe lies in the same posture.

TOMMY  
Sure sleeps long.

The Sheriff touches Tommy's arm.

Their eyes hold.

Tommy's mouth drops.

The Sheriff opens the jail door.

Walks to John Doe.

Tommy's motionless.

The Sheriff checks John Doe's pulse.

Shakes his head.

He pulls the sheet over John Doe's face.

He walks to Tommy.

SHERIFF

You okay?

Tommy nods.

They walk out.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Sheriff and Tommy enter.

The Sheriff grabs his phone. Dials.

SHERIFF

Hey. John Doe/Robert Adams is dead.

(pause)

Don't know, maybe his cancer. His  
body's lying in bed. Looks  
peaceful.

(pause)

Yes, take him to Bismarck, they can  
have both bodies to deal with.

He looks at the clock, 9 am.

SHERIFF

Good. I'll expect them by eleven.

The Sheriff hangs up.

SHERIFF

Tommy, I'll be back in about  
fifteen minutes. Just leave John  
Doe as he is.

TOMMY

Okay.

The Sheriff leaves.

INT. WENDY'S CAR - DAY

Wendy drives, with "cautioned excitement". One hand on Sparky, sitting next to her.

WENDY

Fifteen years, Sparky, but today,  
yes. Did B.B. already give Hank my  
letter? Did Hank write me a letter?  
Will we really be able to  
communicate? Oh, Sparky, can this  
really happen?

Her facial features drop.

WENDY

Oh.

She pulls the car over. Stops. Stares blankly.

WENDY

And maybe not.

Sparky BARKS. Wendy half-smiles.

WENDY

Okay, Sparky, let's go find out.

She starts the car.

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - DAY

Hank stomps back and forth, his fists up in the air.

HANK

Let me go to her! Let me go!

He looks upward.

HANK

Come on! She's going to be  
shattered! Come on!

He stands, shuts his eyes tight. Squeezes his whole body.

HANK  
Wendy. Wendy.

He opens his eyes.

HANK  
Shit! So, is this the end? Do I  
have to spend eternity here! Damn.

He slowly relaxes.

HANK  
And no one's giving me any help.  
What is it with you guys!

He looks upward.

HANK  
Whatever.

He jogs off eastward down the highway.

HANK  
Have a run...

INT. JAIL OFFICE - DAY

Tommy walks toward the dart board.

Wendy enters, very excited, carrying a tub of ice cream.

Sparky runs to Tommy.

WENDY  
Hi, Tommy.

Tommy's confused.

Wendy walks toward the hallway door.

He steps in front of her.

TOMMY  
Wendy, uh, Wendy, you should wait  
for the Sheriff.

Wendy looks at Tommy, questioning.

TOMMY  
He wants to talk to you.

WENDY  
He's not here.

TOMMY  
Yes, uh, yes, but--

WENDY  
It's okay, Tommy.

She nudges past a bewildered Tommy.

TOMMY  
Uh.

She takes a deep breath, enters. Sparky stays with Tommy.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Wendy enters.

WENDY  
Hey, B.B.

Wendy stops, sees the jail door wide open.

She looks at B.B.'s bed.

He's covered with a sheet.

Wendy's frozen.

WENDY  
No... no...

She sits on the bench. Total shock.

WENDY  
No... No!

Through the hallway door, Tommy stands, confused.

Wendy rises. Walks slowly into the cell.

She looks around.

WENDY  
Hank? Hank?

She spots a letter to her from Hank on the second bed.

She sits and reads.

She hears Hank's voice as she reads.

HANK (V.O.)

"Lovely Wendy, I am here, in a very strange way. B.B. could see me, but only him. Yet, I have seen you, and you're as beautiful as ever. I, too, have held you in my thoughts for these many years. How I wish that we could have had this time together."

Wendy tears.

HANK (V.O.)

"I struggle with the knowledge that what B.B. has chosen to do, will shatter your hopes. I so wish I could be with you right now as you read this letter. To hold you and tell you that 'it's okay' because I know it's not okay."

Wendy puts her face into the letter.

Pulls back. Reads.

HANK (V.O.)

"I don't know how or why I'm in this state. Some say it's because I have unfinished work. I guess helping B.B. die with remorse was my work. Now I'm done and might never see you again."

Wendy wipes her flowing tears.

HANK (V.O.)

"But my dear Wendy, I will love you forever and ever. I know, deep inside, we will meet again, somewhere, sometime, somehow."

Wendy pauses long on the final words.

HANK (V.O.)

"I love you, Hank"

Wendy hugs the letter, letting the tears run down her face.



She stands, walks to John Doe.

Pulls the sheet off his face.

Strokes his hair.

Puts the sheet back.

She walks out of the cell.

To the hallway door. Turns.

Looks long.

WENDY

Good-bye, Robert, B.B.... Good-bye,  
Hank.

INT. JAIL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wendy enters. In a daze.

TOMMY

Wendy, uh, Wendy, can I--

Wendy shakes her head, hands Tommy the ice cream.

WENDY

Sparky.

She leaves. Sparky follows.

INT. WENDY'S BIG ROOM - DAY

Wendy watches her printer, print out a large photo of Hank.

She grabs it. Rests it next to her big computer.

The computer screen displays a map of where Peacewalker  
walked.

She phones Keith.

WENDY

Hi, Keith. Could you come over? I  
have an idea.

EXT. ROAD STATE LINE - DAY

Hank jogs back, slows down. Stops fifty yards from the border line. He scans the fields.

He looks upward.

His eyes squint, focusing on two white doves flying playfully overhead.

He smiles.

He hears the sound of Keith's van coming from the West. He looks. Wendy sits next to Keith.

Keith drives pass the state line. Makes a U-turn.

Stops.

Wendy jumps out.

Sparky follows. Races around, eagerly sniffing the area.

WENDY

Give me some time, okay, Keith.

Keith moves into the back of the van.

KEITH

Sure, I have to set up everything.

Wendy walks to the painted outline.

Stares at it.

Hank walks toward Wendy. She has her back toward him.

WENDY

Did I fail?

Sparky BARKS.

WENDY

Did I, Sparky? Could I have helped  
B.B. live longer, so I could have  
time with Hank?

Sparky bites at Wendy's trousers. Gives it a pull.

WENDY

Sparky, what?

HANK (O.S.)  
Wendy, you did help him. B.B. died  
with regret of killing me.

WENDY  
What?

Wendy looks back at the van. No one.

She spins around and sees Hank for first time, standing on  
the side of the road.

Stunned.

WENDY  
Hank?

HANK  
Yes.

He smiles.

Holds out his hand.

Wendy stares.

She hesitates.

A long moment.

She looks at his hand.

Very slowly, she holds out hers.

She stops, an inch away from his.

She looks up at his face.

He nods, his eyes expressing his deep love.

She looks down at their hands.

Ever so slowly, time nearly stops, she puts her hand in his.

He closes his on hers.

WENDY  
I can feel you.

HANK  
Yes.

They hug.

Sparky runs around both of them. BARKING.

Keith hops in the driver's seat.

Stares at Wendy hugging the air.

KEITH  
Wendy, you okay?

Wendy and Hank laugh, and step apart.

KEITH  
You sure you want to do this?

WENDY  
More than ever.

She looks back to Hank. She reaches in her pocket, pulls out the heart-shaped rock.

It disappears.

With big smiles, their eyes hold.

WENDY  
It's a lovely, unreal day.

HANK  
Yes... it is.

They grab each other's hands and walk to the West.

Perplexed, Keith stares at her hand, holding nothing.

Sunlight bounces off a side mirror, blinding Keith momentarily.

He blinks.

He sees Hank with Wendy.

He shakes his head. Blinks.

Hank's gone. Wendy's holding the air.

Keith smiles and starts the van.

FADE OUT