MARY PETERS — The Character

One page for writers and directors: who you are actually writing.

Start by deleting the character you're about to write. The autistic prodigy with the whiteboard — analytical, verbally dazzling, socially mousy — is the wrong person. Mary is his opposite. She is not a systematizer. She is an *athlete of perception* — think Michael Jordan, not Temple Grandin. She doesn't build a model of the world and operate on the model; she perceives the world directly, at zero distance, in the present tense, and it makes her look like magic from the outside: she catches the fish before deciding to, sings nine-voice jazz harmony nobody taught her, paints without a sketch — no plan, no image in her head, just one true mark and then the next until the painting turns out to have been a heron all along.

The gift and the disability are the same fact. No model means no buffer: she cannot forecast, cannot conceive that other minds see differently than hers — and she lives in a **permanent present**. Whatever she feels right now is, from the inside, forever: happiness has no expiration and discomfort has no exit. She reads *results* — a recoil, a warmth, a withdrawal — with total acuity, and the *causes* are permanently sealed: watching herself fail socially in high resolution, with no path from the seeing to the understanding.

She was never shy. Shyness requires a prediction of judgment; she has no such apparatus. As a child she was popular — not verbal, *certain*: when Mary is sure of something the sureness comes off her like heat and people want to stand in it. She's the "manic pixie" with the cost restored: intense, magnetic, obsessive — and raging, frightening, ungovernable, because the brake other people have is the quiet *"this will pass"* running under every feeling — and she doesn't have one. Nothing, felt from inside the moment, will ever pass. In public she runs a hard-won suppression. At home, with the people she trusts, everything is expressed as felt. Loud is what she sounds like when she's alive.

She is wordless where she's real and verbal only where she's been trained. When she says something legible and philosophical — and she can — it arrives with the faint quality of recitation: a nugget she's learned to set on the table to end a reaction. The real her is in the hands, the dog, the water, the dance.

Why the dog worked: a dog perceives the *what* with total acuity and is sealed out of the *why* — reads your body, wants your warmth, cannot access your interior. That is Mary. Secret wasn't a coping tool she engineered. Secret was the first creature she ever met who perceives the way she does — and the first relationship in her life in which a wrong move never once summoned the question *"why did you do that?"* The absence of interrogation was the reprieve. And when she told her dying dog *"I will be okay,"* she was doing the one thing her mind does not natively do — speaking in the future tense. That is what those four words cost. Write that, and you've written her.

MARY PETERS — The Property

One page for producers and financiers: what you are actually buying.

The headline: you are not optioning a children's book. You are optioning a person with her own broadcast network.

The audience already exists. ~11 million followers across platforms (~8M TikTok, ~3M Instagram, @my_aussie_gal), built over ten years, top 10–15 pet account globally — and arguably the #1 dog *training* account, a skill-based niche with far higher brand value than cute-pet content. Individual videos have hit 11M+ likes; a Lil Wayne repost reached 100M views; SportsCenter featured her; Chelsea Clinton and Mark Hamill comment on her posts.

The engagement is the moat. Her engagement rates sit in the top 0.1% of her follower tier, for one reason: in ten years she has never once done a sponsored post. The audience knows nothing about her is for sale — which is precisely what makes the one thing she'd promote wholeheartedly (a film of her own true story) land with full force.

Conversion is proven, not projected. She self-published *I Made a Promise* and announced it only to her 100K-follower secondary account: the 2,000-copy first printing sold out at roughly a 2% purchase conversion — 6–30x typical influencer launch rates. A 6,000-copy second printing followed. The main announcement to the full audience hasn't even happened yet. This is a person who can move her audience to *transact*, not just view.

The story out-runs the brand. Behind the viral dog is the film: a girl in genuine adolescent crisis, an all-or-nothing puppy, a parallel self-rescue, an adult autism diagnosis experienced as relief, a cancer fight crowdfunded by tens of thousands of her followers, and a four-word promise to a dying dog that no screenwriter would dare invent — followed by the real graduation cap that proves she kept it. It is *Remarkably Bright Creatures* demographics with a living, promotable, twenty-something protagonist attached.

What she brings that can't be bought separately: the true-story authenticity that inoculates the film against sentimentality claims; the archive (the real dance, painting, and graduation footage — a credits sequence already shot); the animal-training expertise in-house; and a launch platform of 11 million people with a decade of earned trust. The book is the door. Mary is the house.

MARY PETERS — The Client

One page for prospective representation: what you'd be building, and the manual that comes with her.

What you'd be representing. Mary Peters, 25, Bellingham, WA. ~11 million followers as @my_aussie_gal (~8M TikTok, ~3M Instagram), built over ten years; engagement in the top 0.1% of her tier; arguably the #1 dog-training account in the world. A self-published book that converts at 6–30x typical influencer rates. Film rights in motion with Kapital Entertainment (entertainment counsel: Wendy Heller, Heller Law). And the rarest thing on this page: **zero sponsored posts, ever.** Nothing has been monetized, so nothing has been spent. You would be opening an untouched vault, not squeezing a tired one.

Who she is. Autistic, diagnosed as an adult, and open about it — it is central to her identity and to why the work is extraordinary. Do not picture fragile or withdrawn: in her own element — a dog, a task, a camera she controls — she is magnetic, funny, and completely natural, which is precisely why ten million people trust her. The authenticity isn't a brand strategy. She is structurally incapable of faking anything: deception, scripted enthusiasm, performed warmth — not in the toolkit. Your compliance department will love her. Your media trainer needs to be told in advance.

Her limitations are real. Plan around them, not through them. Public composure is *work* for her — it costs, and the cost accumulates. The standard playbook is the wrong playbook: a twenty-interview junket day, red carpets, cocktail networking, back-to-back appearances — these are not "growth areas," they are the asks that will break the asset. The single hardest thing you can ask of her is open-ended introspection on demand ("tell us about your journey," "why do you think..."). She may also answer honestly when honesty is off-message. This is permanent. It is also, handled right, the moat.

The playbook that works is her own. Her training philosophy, applied to her: *don't ask for anything she'll fail at; put her in a position to succeed, and pay her in the right currency.* Concretely: - **Her channels first.** She controls format and edit; that's where a decade of trust lives, and where the film's marketing engine already idles. - **Demonstration over introspection.** Give her a dog and a task on camera and she is the best show in the room. Structure every appearance around what she *does*, never around explaining herself. - **Pre-taped over live; written Q&A over ambush; questions approved in advance.** Few appearances, high-value, with real recovery days between. - **Only deals she'd do anyway.** She has turned down six figures repeatedly without blinking; creative control is non-negotiable. Her instinct here has been right for ten years — it's what you're buying. - **A small family team already runs operations** (fulfillment, channels, business detail) and functions as her buffer. Work with it, not around it.

What the right representation gets: a once-a-decade authenticity asset entering a film cycle, with a book pipeline behind it and an audience that has never once been sold to. The wrong agent will read this page as a list of problems. The right one will recognize it as something almost no client comes with: an accurate manual.

MARY PETERS — The Story on One Page

The true chronology, for anyone who only knows the picture book.

Bellingham, WA, 2000s. A luminous, physical child — fast, fearless, magnetic. Catches snakes, paints, sews, plays piano by ear, leads other kids by sheer certainty. Popular through confidence, not conversation. Home is loud, close-knit: engineer-brained father, capable mother, cerebral older brother, adoring little sister.

Age 12–13 (2012–13). Adolescence rewrites the social rules overnight: performance, status, poses — a world made of pretending, arriving alongside social media. For a girl who can only be real, it isn't hard; it's *empty*, and then it's dangerous. Withdrawal, rage, an eating disorder, self-harm. Her loving family reaches in with words and questions — not knowing the questions themselves are the wound. By 13 she has stopped going to school, stopped seeing anyone. Her parents will tell you plainly: they were at the end.

The dog (2014). She sees a dog-training video and becomes obsessed. She puts everything on it — *this is my last chance* — and the family drives 200 miles to Oregon for the last Australian Shepherd puppy of a litter. The puppy crosses the pen, leans into her, and doesn't leave her side for seven years. She names her Secret and never explains why.

The climb (2014–2020). Training Secret, she retrains herself — restaurants, stores, classrooms, the world. She creates @my_aussie_gal; an Irish-dance video with the dog goes viral worldwide. She reads about autism, recognizes herself, and is formally diagnosed at UW Medicine — she calls it *relief*: "there was a reason." Homeschool becomes Running Start becomes an associate degree. Lil Wayne, SportsCenter, 100M views. She turns down every sponsorship.

UW (2021). Waitlisted, she writes the letter herself and gets in. She and Secret become Huskies; she discovers Japanese and absorbs it by ear.

The fight (2022). A small limp becomes a leukemia diagnosis — a disease no dog has survived. She leaves school. One of two vets in America doing canine bone-marrow transplants happens to practice in her hometown; her sister's GoFundMe draws tens of thousands of donors; her father was himself a Fred Hutch marrow donor whose brother survived. One week before the transplant trip, Mary — who reads this dog the way she reads everything — sees that Secret is staying alive *for her*. So she releases her. Four words, eleven letters: **"I will be okay."** Secret dies the next day.

The promise kept (2022–2024). She founds a canine-cancer nonprofit with the leftover donations, works at the vet clinic that treated Secret, and — after a dream she has never explained — drives to Utah and chooses a blue merle puppy she names Promise. In June 2024 she graduates from UW, Promise beside her on stage, four words painted on her cap: **"WE DID IT, SECRET."**

She is 25. She lives in Bellingham. All of it is documented, most of it on video.