

When The Right Man Finds You

by

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(based on the disappearance of my wife)

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FADE IN:

EXT. HINES DRIVE PARK - NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN - NIGHT

It's dark beside the small lake. The PITCH of two shovels dig rhythmically.

LABORED BREATHING chimes in.

Someone's working hard. Something's important. Whatever they're digging for, it's life or death.

Then done. Shovels STICK into the mound.

Followed by the CRINKLING of heavy plastic. As a dead object rolls into the hole.

A DEFUNCT THUMP at the bottom.

Then the rhythmic shovels PITCH up again as the dirt gets filled back in.

DISSOLVE TO:

SIX MONTHS EARLIER

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN - NIGHT

Overlooking downtown Northville. Magnificent, but rundown, overgrown and vacant. Spooky even.

A dark figure looms in the shadows. Pacing. Talking on a cell phone.

BO

Now hold on, George. What do you mean I'm out of this one?

GEORGE (V.O.)

I mean McClour House is off the market, Bo. Everyone's signed off. Mayor Brown. The committee, everyone.

BO

How the hell did that happen?

GEORGE (V.O.)

We've accepted Ms Grayson's offer. As of now. I'm calling you --

BO
Damn it, George. I deserve this house. I've been working on this deal --

GEORGE (V.O.)
Bo, it's not personal. This is business. Better luck next time. Now, good night.
(CLICK, hangs up)

BO
George? George? Geo.... Goddamn that woman.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE McCLOUR HOUSE - NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN - DAY

MARLEY GRAYSON, 32, tall, a head turner. Striking pantsuit, exits the McClour House that she just bought.

GEORGE JONES (55), a Real Estate Agent, follows her out. He's just made some money.

GEORGE
Well, I must say Marley. Ms. Grayson....

She turns to look back at her new future home.

Needs a lot of loving care. Grand old place now that there's good light on it.

She's smiling at George.

MARLEY
It's okay, George. Marley's fine.

GEORGE
Thank you. So, let's take a walk over to my office and sign a few documents. I, and I'm sure your new neighbors are greatly anticipating what you'll do with the old gal.

They head towards town, just a block away, on foot.

MARLEY

Spread the word. They can rest assured that I intend to restore her to her original state. With some technical updates a modern woman needs of course.

GEORGE

You'll find what you need right here in town.

MARLEY

It's why I'm here, George. I can feel it. Life has brought me here to save this magnificent home.

GEORGE

Welcome to Northville. Or should I say, welcome to McClour Park.

Marley stops again at the sidewalk. Looking back up at the house.

A moment, as reality of all the work sets in.

George looks at her. He's seen this look before.

GEORGE

Don't worry, you'll figure it all out. Talk to some of the neighbors. They'll point you to the right people.

INT. DOWNTOWN NORTHVILLE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Her living room window overlooks the small-Downtown area of Northville.

The McClour House looming above on a small hill.

It's late.

Marley's there with a glass of wine pouring over proposals and blueprints from prospective architects. She'd be better off in bed.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NORTHVILLE - DAY

Cute turn of the Century mid-western town. Comprising of mostly restored older buildings. New ones filling in.

Marley exits her apartment building, arms full of the blueprints and a briefcase.

Stepping right in the way of BO STANDWELL (35), a hunk of a man. Jogging to almost a stop at the door.

BAM right into each other... Blueprints flying.

Bouncing back, but just before she loses her footing - Bo recovers enough to stop her fall. Pulling her quickly, though inadvertently into his arms. How cool is that?

BO
Good morning.

MARLEY
Oh, my God. I'm so, so...
(right in his face)
Good morning. Ah....

BO
Bo Standwell.

MARLEY
Marley Grayson.

BO
Right. From down the hall.

MARLEY
You live here?

He lets her go. Starts picking up the blueprints. He's pissed about something and she's not sure why.

BO
The News Editor?

MARLEY
Yes, that's me. Have we met?

Bo hands the blueprints over.

BO
I was the person bidding against
you on McClour House.

MARLEY
That was you?

BO
Yes. And you have no idea how
you've broken my heart. I've had
my eye on that house.

MARLEY
I'm truly sorry... Mr. Standwell.

BO
And now, I've got my eye on you.
And it's Bo.

Marley gets everything back in her arms. "What does he mean by that?"

MARLEY
Thank you. Bo. I think.

BO
Do you run?

MARLEY
Only when chased.

BO
Good. Nice to have finally met.

Bo goes in.

Marley stands there a moment. What just happened? She looks around her at the town. She loves this place, but... that was weird. And heads up the short block to...

EXT. NORTHVILLE MONTHLY NEWS - DAY

She stops at the window. Looking in.

Now what?

INT. NORTHVILLE MONTHLY NEWS - DAY

She enters to find her three employees have don the place in celebration. The room is filled by six people.

PEOPLE
Congratulations.

Marley looks over at a plump layout gal, JACLYN (40's).

JUDY (50) in advertising.

And MATTHEW JONES (70's), a cranky old fart, is the printer. The girls smile warmly. Matthew frowns.

MARLEY
You guys.

MATTHEW

Don't blame us. Your new neighbors insisted. Just tell Mayor Brown you'll vote for him... he'll go home.

JUDY

Oh, Matthew don't --

MATTHEW

Got a paper to put out. Now drink your coffees and eat your donuts and get out of my work space.

JACLYN

You old coot, hush up.

MAYOR BROWN (50's) steps forward.

MAYOR BROWN

Mr. Jones is right, Jaclyn. Marley, we just wanted to stop by and give you these.

Behind the Mayor are two smiling well dressed women, SARA and CONNEY.

SARA

Flowers. We're the official McClour Park welcoming committee.

CONNEY

And cookies. Home baked. Welcome.

MATTHEW

She's lived here five months, Mayor. Owns the paper, remember?

MAYOR BROWN

Yes, and as of yesterday the proud owner of McClour House. And founder of McClour Park. Welcome, Marley. From all of Northville.

MARLEY

Thank you all.

MATTHEW

Old rotted dump --

MAYOR BROWN

And it will once-again be a grand manor. I'm sure.

MATTHEW

Better hope her other grandma dies.

JACLYN

Matthew, now you hush. Marley's semi-retired.

Judy brings Marley a wrapped ream of paper. 500 sheets, twenty-weight.

JUDY

For your first Great American Novel. Written in your soon to be restored dream home. McClour House.

MATTHEW

Be a haunted house story. Things movin' around up in there all the time. Scarin' the heck out of simple folks.

Judy joins Jaclyn beside Matthew and they box him in.

JACLYN

Her contract with you says she can't fire you. There's nothing in it that says we can't hurt you. Now go on about your work old-man - and let Marley enjoy her special day. Go on.

Judy and Jaclyn turn to see everyone looking at them.

JACLYN

He's harmless.

JUDY

You just gotta kick-start the old coot on special occasions.

EXT. NORTHVILLE NEWS - DAY

Marley shakes hands with SAM NEGAHBAN (40's) just outside his construction truck.

MARLEY

You have no idea how relieved I am to finally make this decision.

SAM

Don't worry, Miss Grayson. We'll get started on the final blueprints in the morning. Why don't we meet up at the house. Say, tenish, and we'll go over a few things I think you should know.

MARLEY

Know? Is there something wrong?

SAM

Oh no. Nothing out of the ordinary. It's just that there was a fire up in that house back in 1950. And I think we should take a good long look at them chimneys.

Marley looks down the street.

Bo Standwell exits their apartment building. He glances her way before heading away from her.

MARLEY

I see. I want to keep them of course. All eight fireplaces. I'm thinking of having new mantels carved. Each with a different material.

SAM

There's a lot of critters living up in that area. And I can guarantee you they've made themselves at home. But don't fret. Happens in them old places sittin' empty for so long.

Marley walks him to his truck. Still keeping her eye on Bo walking up the street.

MARLEY

Tomorrow then, Sam.

SAM

Can I tell you a little secret?

MARLEY

If it won't cost a thing.

Sam gives her a big smile.

SAM

Been praying to get my hands on the McClour House for ten years. You've made me a happy man today.

(looks up the street)

The gentleman you're keeping an eye on, from the craft shop. Don't think he'da used me. Looks like he'da done it himself. I sure would've.

MARLEY

Well then, Sam. Just keep that in mind when I start changing my mind on what I want.

SAM

Don't worry. Ask around town. I'll look after you.

Sam closes his truck door, starts up and drives down the block.

Marley looks back up the block.

Jaclyn comes out of the News door. Big smirk on her face. Marley gives her a look.

JACLYN

You had a phone call.

MARLEY

Must've been a good one.

JACLYN

Didn't leave a name but said the chase is on. And it starts up at the Coffee Place.

MARLEY

Did he?

JACLYN

He sounded handsome.

MARLEY

Looks even better. But I think he's mad at me.

JACLYN

You go, girl. Take your phone - case I need you.

Marley pats her purse.

MARLEY
I'll be back in an hour.

Jaclyn watches Marley go. Calling after her.

JACLYN
Run don't walk, girl. If that was
Bo Standwell, I'm liable to beat
you there.

INT. COFFEE PLACE - DAY

Marley and Bo drinking coffee. Lunch plates are empty.

With them is a gangly man SALVADOR TURK. He sits there
quietly. Seemingly waiting, more than anything.

BO
Actually Wisconsin. Went to
Cranbrook. Art school. Then Auto
Design.

MARLEY
I'm sorry, you lost me. You're
from Wisconsin?

BO
Salvador and I both are.

Marley looks at Salvador. Trying to draw him into the
conversation.

SALVADOR
Rhineland.

MARLEY
Primarily a resort area. Isn't it?

SALVADOR
No.

A moment of uncomfortable silence.

BO
I came to Michigan to design cars.
Salvador still lives there. Keeps
an eye on Pop for me.

Marley is very aware that Salvador isn't thrilled that she is
there.

MARLEY

Oh, so Cranbrook is here in Michigan.
Right, right. On Woodward.

BO

Take it you're not from around
here, either.

MARLEY

Me? No. No, I'm not.

SALVADOR

Where are you from?

BO

Sal --

MARLEY

Traveled mostly. From paper to
paper. So how did you get from
auto design to working with wood,
again?

BO

Sal and I grew up in the woods.
Owned chain saws.

MARLEY

You do chain saw carving?

BO

Some of it. A lot of hand carved
furniture. Power tools mostly.

MARLEY

Really, I was told you had an Arts
and Craft Store. No one mentioned
hand-carved furniture.

BO

It's been our little secret.

Bo indicates Salvador. Marley smiles at Salvador. Salvador
really isn't being very pleasant.

SALVADOR

Games about to start.

MARLEY

Well, I really should be going.

BO

Hold on. Sal, I'll catch up to you.

SALVADOR

But --

BO

-- Ten minutes.

Uncomfortable good-byes. Marley gets up. Salvador gets up and leaves.

BO

It's okay. I want to show you something.

EXT. NORTHVILLE STREET - DAY

Bo leads Marley along the storefronts.

BO

... ancient trees pulled from the Great Lakes. Sank over fifty years ago at an old defunct logging mill. Close to where Sal and I grew up.

Bo stops in front of his craft shop.

Marley looks at the name on the glass door. BO & ARROW'S CRAFTS.

Bo unlocks it.

An old Australian Collie waits inside the door.

EXT. BO'S CRAFT SHOP - DAY

Bo holds the door for Marley.

BO

Meet Arrow. The Boss.

Arrow sits politely. Happy not to be alone any longer.

MARLEY

Hello, Arrow.

Bo turns on the shop lights. Arrow moves to Marley to say hello.

MARLEY

So, are we talking like driftwood?

BO

Oh no. That's the magic of it.
The water's depths at near freezing
cold temperatures preserved the
wood.

MARLEY

Really? How'd you find out about
this?

BO

Two guys are pulling them out of
the lake. Salvador knows them.
Hooked me up.

MARLEY

Ah, the middleman.

Bo stops Marley at the counter.

BO

Now hold on. What you're about to
see is between us. What you're
about view is some of the most
precious wood left on earth. The
kind of wood that they made the
very first Stradivarius from.
Incredible wood grains. A freak
phenomena. Like it was fresh cut
just yesterday. We understand?

Marley looks to see if he's being serious. Kind of, sort of,
but yeah.

She pushes softly past Bo through the cluttered Craft Shop to
the back. Where Bo catches up and pushes back a curtain.

BO

Excuse the place. I haven't got
around to hiring anyone yet.

Marley stops. The big cavernous room is nearly pitch dark.

MARLEY

Before we go into dark back rooms.
Are you still mad at me?

BO

I'm not mad. I'm heart broken.
Take a look. I think you'll
understand.

Bo brushes back the curtains.

INT. BO'S WOOD WORKING SHOP - DAY

Once inside. Bo goes around opening blinds to let in the natural light.

Revealing a large cavernous arched room. Machinery lining the walls with tables. Big furnace up the middle. Partly occupied by work in progress.

A lot of finished stuff under drop cloths. Mostly furniture, but other beautiful woodcarvings.

Large blown-up black and white photos of antique furniture line the walls beside the worktables.

Marley stops to take it all in. Bo has been recreating from the photos. Marley stands before them.

MARLEY

Are these...? Wow, Bo. Where did you get these?

BO

Library, town hall, private photos. Your newspaper. Some of the original furniture still exist. Once I found the wood I decided to start fresh.

(points to the pictures)

Most of the originals were made right here in this very wood-shop. Ninety-some years ago.

Marley starts pulling on light-strings. Turning the work light on above the different pieces of in-progress furniture.

She's amazed. Almost afraid of the lunacy of it all.

MARLEY

So you're the one who's been walking around up there in the dark scaring people. But... you didn't even own the house.

BO

Yes. Until you came along. I had no real competition. Other than Sam Negahban. But heard he'd given up.

MARLEY

I had no idea.

BO

It was a surprise. I know how it looks. Relax. I had to act now. Most of this wood took over two hundred years to grow. It's no longer growing on Earth. Not for fifty years.

He hands her a piece of wood - polished smooth.

MARLEY

The denser the forest. The lesser the light. The slower the growth.

They almost hold the piece of wood together.

BO

Right. Time made this grain a jewel. From my own backyard. Believe me, this wood's on a limited offer. You don't even want to know what this goes for on the open market.

Marley continues through the shop. Armoires, dressers, tables and chairs....

MARLEY

Actually, I would.

Marley looks at Bo. A little moment again.

BO

And you'd be wrong in thinking that.

MARLEY

Really? And what am I thinking?

BO

Mid-life crisis.

MARLEY

I just bought a bankrupt Monthly Newspaper. And a rundown haunted house. Overlooking a town I never heard of five months ago. You want to talk about mid-life crisis? Or do we just want to call it the big whatever.

BO

Yeah, the big whatever.

MARLEY

I must have some of this.

Bo breaks out in a sly smile.

BO

I was hoping you'd say that.

He moves over to a canvas covering something against the wall. And pulls it off.

Marley just stands there in disbelief.

Because before her is the most magnificent hand carved wood mantle she has ever seen.

MARLEY

Oh my God, Bo. I want this. If you sell this to anyone else, I'll murder you.

Marley moves to it running her fingers over the finish.

BO

Relax. I carved it for McClour House. It's the exact replica of the one that burnt in 1950.

Marley turns to him. "Who is this man?"

BO

I told you, you broke my heart.

MARLEY

Well, I'll have to find a way to mend it, won't I.

Arrow jumps up on her.

BO

I guess we start with a walk.

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - DAY

Marley and Bo walk up the long drive. Arrow runs around herding squirrels. He's too slow now. Used to be good.

They walk around back and move up on the verandah overlooking the backyard. Arrow runs down into about five-acres of yard to pee on the trees.

BO

So, when I couldn't get them to commit to a practical alternative I decided to open my shop and wait them out. In the meantime at least start on the furniture or stockpile the wood.

MARLEY

Of course I knew there were other bids. If it makes you feel better, I cheated.

Bo gets up and starts down into the yard.

BO

Really. It all came down to a probate hearing for me. I couldn't get past the McClour family estate being left to the City of Northville. Under the stipulation of finding someone to restore the house. And properly move the four McClour graves.

MARLEY

Enter your first mistake. Where there's a written will. There's a written way.

BO

Enter a lot of mistakes. Not all by the living. The plan was to parcel off some of the land and bring in two old homes. And use the land sales to finish the remodel. But the City kept dragging their feet. And the neighbors voted no.

MARLEY

I don't blame them. Look at all this. Why change it?

BO

The place would've nearly paid for itself. The grand plan. Then you came along. With working capital and an acceptable solution to burst my bubble.

They come to an old wood fence. Bo pushes it open. Inside is a small graveyard with four carved stones. The McClours.

MARLEY

I see. I guess it came down to a matter of how one interpreted the idea of the McClour graves being here.

BO

How did you get around the original McClour will? How did you get these McClours buried with the rest? If all the adjoining plots were taken? And don't tell me you bought them up. Because people other than me tried. People with real influence and money.

MARLEY

Simple. It hasn't been announced yet. So button up the lip until my paper's out tomorrow. Exclusive. You know?

BO

May they kiss no more.

MARLEY

I agreed to leave the graves here.

BO

But... come on, you're kidding right?

MARLEY

There's nothing in the will stating that the bodies had to be removed. It just said if they were moved.

BO

Then they'd have to be put with the rest of the family. But if they're not.... Damn.

MARLEY

I gave this one-acre back to the City.

BO

Isn't that considered bribery in some states. Or cohesion? Something bad?

MARLEY

It's called we're building a small park. McClour Park.

BO

That was darn right sneaky. But this land is zoned. Think what could be... there's enough room to.... Right, you wouldn't want someone to build. If it's a park. They never will. So anyone wanting to move a house in --

Bo remembers something. Checks his watch. Salvador is waiting for him.

MARLEY

Can move it somewhere else.

BO

But you still cheated, right.

MARLEY

Yes. I cheated by digging into the archives of the Northville Monthly. Which used to be a daily paper. And found who first owned the adjoining lots to the McClour land.

They start across the five acres after Arrow.

BO

All family members from what I've read. I cheated too. The news paper's archives are available in the library.

MARLEY

Of course.

BO

Damn. Have I said that? I just didn't get out of them what you did. Damn. A park. Come on, Arrow. All this land was built upon by one McClour family member or another. Why not a park?

MARLEY

Right. Unofficially this area of Northville was referred to by --

BO

-- the family as McClour Park.
Damn. I could've grabbed the house
and sat on it.

MARLEY

So I merely suggested to Mayor
Brown that we make it official.
McClour Park.

BO

Merely. Sweet, Marley. Just leave
the graves. Maybe put in a family
statue. Damn. Why didn't we think
of that, Arrow? I could've carved
the statue myself. Damn.

MARLEY

And got myself a nice tax write-off
to help me rebuild, too. And a
basket of cookies from my new happy
neighbors for keeping our adjoining
land as is.

BO

Go ahead, rub it in. So, you're
foxy and smart. I've got both my
eyes on you now, sister. And Arrow
does, too.

Marley's phone RINGS. She looks at the number calling but
doesn't answer it.

Bo still isn't happy at all about losing the house as he
looks around at the backyard.

She looks at him, sensing it.

MARLEY

I'm sorry, Bo. Walk me back. You
have to catch up with Salvador,
don't you.

BO

Yeah, I better.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NORTHVILLE - ALLEY BEHIND BO'S SHOP - EVENING

Marley finds Bo unraveling a rope? She's got sample fabric.

He's loaded an exquisite hand-carved round table onto the
back of his truck. And is tying it down.

MARLEY

Okay, honestly. Which do you like?

BO

Give me a break, Marley.

MARLEY

Come on, Bo. Which one?

Salvador comes out of the shop. Bo and Marley stop.

MARLEY

Oh, hello, Salvador.

SALVADOR

Hi.

Salvador gives Bo a look and moves to the truck. Gets in. Bo ties down the table.

BO

Take Arrow, will ya?
(WHISTLES)

Arrow comes out slowly. He's not doing well today.

Bo takes a look at the fabric.

Salvador gets out of the truck and picks Arrow up lovingly. And sets him in the cab. He gets back in. Drives off.

BO

Okay, first off, which room?

MARLEY

Oh. I thought I told you, the foyer.

BO

Still? Then neither.

MARLEY

Come on.

BO

Look, you've got the grand-staircase splashing down. Railings at the top bending both ways. Twelve inch posts. As is, it's okay. But what I had in mind is something intricately carved. Dark and grainy. Close to what was there.

BO(cont'd)

Any kind of pattern beyond crown molding would only distract or clutter. Don't forget they'll be furniture, flowers and paintings.

MARLEY

Flowers?

BO

Yeah, someone's bound to buy you some - someday.

Bo WHISTLES for Arrow. But Arrows already in the truck and gone.

MARLEY

He's in the truck with the --

BO

Oh yeah. Have fun.

MARLEY

Wait? What are you doing?

BO

Paying the rent. Anything else?

MARLEY

No. No, you've been a big help. Thanks.

Bo goes back into his shop.

Marley retreats down the alley.

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

The place is in shambles with the remodel. Dry wall being torn off the walls, floors torn up.

But in the middle of it all. On the small but exquisite hand-carved round table that Salvador drove away with, is a great big bouquet of wild flowers.

SAM

I have no idea. It was there when we got here. Damn fine work.

MARLEY

Have you met Bo Standwell? Have you been in his Craft Shop?

SAM

No. But I've heard rumors about his work. Been wantin' to stop in. Tried once. No one seemed to be in.

MARLEY

Would you mind coming with me now? I want to introduce you. And show off the mantle he carved.

SAM

Now? He's a fairly private man.

MARLEY

Please?

SAM

(yells up the stairs)
Hooman. I'm stepping out.

POUNDING stops and HOOMAN ZANIB (50's) comes to the top of the steps. He might not be all there in the head.

HOOMAN

Okay, but I want to show you something before you leave.

SAM

Can it wait?

HOOMAN

Sure it can wait. It all can wait. It's me that can't wait.

Sam motions Marley out the door. Marley looks concerned.

SAM

Paint.

INT. BO'S CRAFT SHOP - DAY

Sam is looking over a drawing of a grand staircase.

SAM

You could do this?

BO

Yeah, I had planned to - anyway. No time for it now.

MARLEY

He's just mad at me for outsmarting him.

SAM

Don't feel bad. None of us come up with it either. A park. I kicked myself hard when I heard.

BO

Actually it's the gloating that's got my knickers in a knot.

SAM

It's a hell of a staircase. How much of the wood for it do you got?

BO

Banisters and railings.

SAM

You two figure it out. It's something to think about though. That's for sure.

MARLEY

How can we not do it? Bo, please?

BO

I've got my shop plus plans. I have to find a way to move all this stuff I've been holding on to. Before I move on.

SAM

Well, consider it. We won't need you right away. So you got time. But the mantle she wants. So, we'll take that. Can we store it here?

MARLEY

I'll have a check in the morning.

BO

That's fine. I guess.

MARLEY

Thank you, Bo.

Sam sticks his hand out. Bo shakes it. Marley leads Sam out.

Bo shuts the door behind them. He turns to look at all the work he's done. He really wanted that house. The woman really screwed him over. And now she's after his woodwork.

Salvador steps out of the dark. Bo doesn't see him yet.

Marley pops her head back in the door. Startling Bo.

MARLEY

Thanks for the flowers. And the table. I owe you dinner.

BO

You're welcome. I'll take you up on that. If you're not careful.

They look at each other for a moment. Sparks. Marley smiles and backs out. Bo looks over at Arrow. Arrow WOOFs.

BO

Yeah, woof, is right.

Bo looks over at Salvador. Knowing he was there all along.

SALVADOR

I'm heading down to the rail yard.

BO

Okay, thanks Salvador. Drive safely. Pick me up about five pounds of these.

Bo tosses Salvador a small nail.

SALVADOR

You gave her the table?

BO

It's flawed. They sent it back.

SALVADOR

Right.

Arrow comes over and lets Salvador pet him.

BO

She's all right, Sal. Just go lightly. Come on.

SALVADOR

Sure.

Salvador goes out the front.

INT. McCLOUR HOUSE - DAY

As they enter the foyer.

MARLEY

Come on, you're killing me. What do you think?

SAM

He carved all that furniture for this house? Without even owning it first?.

MARLEY

Yes. But what did you think?

SAM

I think the question is: What does his shrink think?

MARLEY

Sam. That's not neighborly.

SAM

Are you aware how much money he has tied up in that wood?

MARLEY

So, he's a little eccentric.

SAM

Marley, I'm eccentric. You're eccentric. That's just plain nuts.

MARLEY

The house sat empty for ten years. Sam? He can sell the work anywhere.

Sam just looks at Marley.

SAM

The house is weird enough as it is. But this guy... and that friend of his... but okay, you're the boss.

MARLEY

What about his work? He's extraordinary, isn't he.

SAM

I think it's the most beautiful work I've ever seen. But it's not gonna fit your budget. And the blueprints. We'd have to redraw the whole front of the house.

MARLEY

But you can do it?

SAM

Yeah, I can do it. But I'll need his help. He's got a good eye, that one.

The POUNDING from upstairs stops and Hooman comes back to the top of the stairs.

HOOUMAN

You got time now?

INT. McCLOUR HOUSE - UP STAIRS - DAY

Sam and Marley stand with Hooman and four other YOUNGER WORKERS. Probably all cousins. They are looking into a large hole Hooman has dug into the wall.

An old chest sits covered in cobwebs. With a heavy chain lying on the floor. An ancient lock broken open. The lid's up.

Inside are the remains of a young child.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Nobody touch anything.

Everyone jumps.

Sheriff Brown is standing behind them with a DEPUTY.

SAM

Christ, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Sorry. Who found it?

HOOUMAN

I did. Broke open the wall and there it was. Opened it with this.

MARLEY

Who do you suppose it is?

SHERIFF

My guess is Terrence McClour
Junior. Disappeared June twelfth,
1919. Note said he'd run off.
Guess he didn't.

MARLEY

What do we do?

SHERIFF

Nothing we can do. Not a single
member alive. 'Cept bury him out
back with the others. Sam, why
don't you send your boys home.
I'll get someone over here to
clean this up.

Sheriff looks at Marley.

SHERIFF

That okay by you, Miss Grayson?
Could have him cremated, I guess.

MARLEY

No, no that's fine. Is that legal?
Adding bodies down there?

SHERIFF

Seein' he's got space on a headstone
down there, I guess. I'll check
with the Mayor. Just nobody touch a
thing. I'll be right back. I want
to take some pictures.

HOOMAN

Maybe put my picture in your paper.
You know, since I found it.

Everyone looks at Marley.

MARLEY

Sure, why not. You're a local
hero.

Hooman breaks out in great big smile until a Younger worker
hits him with a paint rag. And everyone LAUGHS.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BO'S CRAFT SHOP - DAY

Sam comes up the alley from behind Bo's truck.

Bo looks up from placing the last boards into a cart full of
fresh-cut-wood.

Salvador stops talking. And puts a NEWSPAPER PHOTO into his coat pocket. Goes to the back of the truck to get Arrow out.

SAM
You got a minute?

BO
All day. Get back to me on that,
Salvador. Just don't stress.

Salvador looks up as he gently places Arrow down.

SALVADOR
Couple days.
(sees Sam looking)

SAM
How ya doin'?

SALVADOR
Fine. Parkin' the truck, Bo.

Salvador continues past Sam to his truck. Looks back at Bo. And gets in.

Sam steps into the shop. Looking at the art products.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Bo pushes the loaded cart into his workshop.

BO
Something I can do for you, Sam?

Sam is watching out the door as Salvador backs out of the alley. He's petting Arrow settling on a workbench.

SAM
So, that's your guy? Seen him
around.

BO
Yeah. Middlemen. They make all
the money.

SAM
How good are your blue prints on
what you had planned for the
McClour House?

BO
Pretty good. Did them up myself.

SAM
 Would you part with them if I were
 to buy up your furniture? Come
 work for me for awhile maybe?

BO
 I don't think so, Sam.

Bo goes through the door leading to his Craft Store.

Sam follows.

SAM
 Okay, well thanks. She wanted me
 to ask. I'll --

INT. CRAFT SHOP - DAY

Entering from the back.

BO
 -- Wait. You want to buy up all my
 furniture?

SAM
 (entering)
 Umm... it makes sense to use it all.

BO
 And put it in McClour House? Just
 like that? Take my whole vision?

SAM
 Well, Miss Grayson thinks --

Bo glances over his shoulder at Arrow WHIMPERING in the back.
 Someone's coming up from behind.

BO
 What would she say if I just sold
 it all to a dealer?

MARLEY (O.S.)
 I'd say you were a big fat liar.
 What would you say to that?

BO
 I'd say this is gonna cost you.
 And I'll need someone to mind the
 store.

Marley comes in from the back with Arrow.

MARLEY

I'd say we got a deal. If you promise to stop pouting over losing the house. And help us finish it before winter. And let me buy the furniture on time.

Bo looks at Sam. Then to Marley. And finally Arrow.

BO

Can you spare me for awhile, Arrow?

Arrow WOOFs.

BO

I guess I'm in.

MARLEY

Good. I guess you can tell him about the body we found now, Sam

BO

Body?

INT. COFFEE PLACE - DAY

Bo sits with GAIL and her TWO KIDS with her application.

BO

An art class. I like it. But there's fumes out back. Stains and stuff.

GAIL

Paint outdoors. Like they do in Paris. Only we'll paint Northville. Right on the sidewalk out front if we have to.

Bo breaks out in a big smile.

BO

Gail, you and the boys have yourselves a job. All supplies through my store.

GAIL

Of course. Ten percent commission toward general class supplies.

Bo thinks it over. Sticks out his hand.

BO

Deal.

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - BACKYARD - GRAVE SITE - DAY

A small gathering of Northville Locals and the workers from the house. Mostly people we've met.

INT. McCLOUR HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - DAY

The place has been stripped down to its support beams. Beyond an open window the child's coffin is lowered into a hole.

INT. NORTHVILLE NEWS - DAY

Marley crosses from the copy machine with paper.

MARLEY

What do you think of this, Jaclyn?

Jaclyn stops and examines the sheets of paper. Revealing copies of a photo of Bo.

JACLYN

You got it bad, girl.

MARLEY

What? I'm doing a profile on a local artist.

Jaclyn hands the photo back.

JACLYN

And I have Densal Washington's calendar on my bedroom wall because I need to know what day of the week it is.

MARLEY

Give me a break.

JACLYN

Give me a break. You got "I will" written all over you.

MARLEY

I will what?

JACLYN

I will sleep with this man. You might as well face it. You're smitten. And there's a long road between "I will" and "I do". Remember that.

MARLEY

I don't know what you're talking --

JACLYN

Matthew, how many pages is
Standwell's profile?

Matthew hits a few keys on a computer.

MATTHEW

Four pages.

JACKLYN

How many photos?

MATTHEW

Twelve.

Jaclyn looks at Marley. "What did I tell you?"

JACLYN

Smitten, smitten, smiiiiitten.

MARLEY

Matthew, cut the profile to one
page and two photos.

MATTHEW

I'm a printer, not an editor.
You want it cut, maybe you should
actually speak to him about
something other than fabric or wood
grain. There ain't a single bone
in this article to help it walk
home. Lucky you got his last name
spelled right.

Jaclyn looks at Marley.

MARLEY

Okay, I'll go speak to him. This
proves nothing.

Marley grabs up her pen and pad and heads for the door.

EXT. HINES PARK - DAY

They walk through the woods. In the b.g., across a lake, is
a dock-leading from brick bathrooms.

MARLEY

Okay, but why Northville?

BO

Drove through a few times. Didn't want to go back to Wisconsin. Found the house crying out for my help. Haunted me actually. And a shop with the space I needed. The workshop in back was just luck. A simple matter of breaking through a wall. Why you?

MARLEY

I felt the same way about the house. Like I was meant to own it.

BO

And I thought you just came to break my heart and write about it.

MARLEY

Stop. You're making me feel wicked.

BO

Don't. I'm just kidding... half. You did the honorable thing. No regrets. But why Northville? Where's home?

MARLEY

Home is here. My father was Air Force. And being a journalist. You know. Hotel life. The paper became available on the internet. I plan to write my Great American Novel in McClour House.

BO

Put down some roots in this old town?

MARLEY

Maybe. Spent the last seven years looking after my grandmother. Living in one hotel after another. Maybe I do need roots. So here I am. Hey, I'm suppose to be asking the questions.

BO

Is that dinner you owe me, still available?

MARLEY
I offered you dinner?

BO
I have Arrow as a witness.

MARLEY
How do you feel about apartment
cooking?

EXT. MARLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They sit across from each other at the dinner table with wineglasses. Marley glances up, then back at her plate.

BO
Don't do that.

MARLEY
What?

BO
You're setting me up. I can see
the sprockets churning behind your
eyes.

He continues to look at her until she can't take it.

MARLEY
Okay, stop. Talented, kind,
handsome, hardworking - what's the
downside? Thirty-five, single.
Mamma's boy? Gay?

BO
It's that apparent? Darn.

MARLEY
You're not gay. Are you?

BO
Not last they told me. Why?

MARLEY
You know. The man and his dog,
thing. Flannel shirts. Work
boots. Is that a real tape measure
on your belt?

BO

Oh, I see. The Village People thing. Only gay men are artistic and macho. The rest of us are just incentive working-stiff bums.

MARLEY

Think about it. You have this Outer Craft-Shop 'I'm a nice guy image. When just through magic curtains, there's this whole-other - Obviously out of his mind - kind of artist guy. The real Bo Standwell.

BO

Relax - I'm only out of my workshop. I'm a Craftsman. You'll get use to it.

MARLEY

It's okay. I find them very handy these days. Like those shows on cable.

BO

Yeah, 'Bitter Hicks and Beer-Gardens'.

MARLEY

Okay, so you're not gay. Wise guy.

BO

Look who's talking, anyway. Beautiful. Somewhat mysterious. Overly intelligent. Wealthy. You know, just weird enough to be slightly on the butch side.

MARLEY

Butch? I'm a lady to the bone.

BO

Pantsuits? Dead giveaway. But most of all. You don't even have a dog. Not even a cat. At least I've a non-sexual excuse to be lonely.

MARLEY

Who said...? I can't think of a good reason to be lonely. What's yours?

BO
 Just waiting for the right girl to
 find me. Who knows, maybe even the
 right man.

Marley looks at him for a moment.

MARLEY
 Right. You want dessert? Or a
 stroll over to the house?

BO
 Both.

Marley gets up and goes into the kitchen with plates.

Bo picks up her fork. Holds it to the light, looking for a
 print. Wraps it in his hanky and puts it into his pocket.

He then scoops up the rest of the plates and heads for the
 kitchen.

BO
 I'm gonna stop by my place, and
 grab a jacket. And - for the
 record. Real men don't stroll.

MARLEY (O.S.)
 Darn, I thought I had you.

INT. BO'S APARTMENT DOWN THE HALL - NIGHT

Oddly, almost no furniture at all. Very simple. A temporary
 place to live at best.

He's at a small desk writing an address on a shipping
 envelope.

SALVADOR TURK, Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

He goes to put Marley's fork inside. Stops. Thinks. Then
 finishes by stapling the package.

EXT. NORTHVILLE DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

They cross the street with a picnic basket in tow. Bo
 hesitates at a mailbox and drops in the package.

INT. McCLOUR HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The place is in shambles. Dessert plates, liquor glasses,
 forks and napkins are on the small table Bo gave Marley.

Beyond them are Marley and Bo making love in the moonlight of the missing bay window. Naked, overlooking the town.

If this isn't true love, it's a good act. It's so perfect it hurts. Or at least SOUNDS like it does.

EXT. NORTHVILLE - NIGHT

From the center of town, Bo and Marley are dimly backlit in the window of the McClour house. Still making love.

INT. MARLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A gloved hand reaches down and picks up a half glass of wine from the table. And brings it up to Salvador Turks face. He sips. Thinking.

He moves over to the window overlooking the street and looks out.

From this window Salvador can clearly see and FAINTLY HEAR Marley and Bo making love up at the house.

Salvador continues savoring the wine as he watches. He's been cheated. There's something very sad working through his mind. And dangerously revengeful.

INT. MARLEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

POUNGING on the door. Marley exits her bedroom. She's slept in. Other things on her mind then work. She opens the door to find...

JACLYN

Girl, that must've been one in-depth interview.

MARLEY

Jaclyn, what are you talking about?

JACLYN

You don't know?

MARLEY

Of course I don't know. What time is it?

JACLYN

It's time you smelled the coffee. Let me show you something.

Jaclyn comes into the apartment. And moves over to Marley's living room window. She opens the blinds.

JACLYN

What do you see and hear out there?

MARLEY

You falling out the window if you
keep this up.

JACLYN

Take a better look.

Marley comes to the window. And finds an empty wineglass
sitting on the sill. "What the?"

MARLEY

Jaclyn, I've got too much on my
mind to --

JACLYN

-- Oh, the whole town knows what's
on your mind, girl. Look for
yourself.

Jaclyn has Marley's attention now. She looks out the window.

JACLYN

See or hear anything interesting?

Marley looks around below. Then slowly starts looking beyond
the buildings. And up to McClour House at the top of the
hill.

The window where they made love overlooks the town. It sinks
in -- in stages.

With each POUND from the house ECHOING-DOWN towards her.

MARLEY

Oh, oohh... OOOHHH.

JACLYN

More like hoe, hhoee... HHHOOOE.
Girl, I told you. You had it
written all over your body.

MARLEY

Oh my, God.

JACLYN

You said that, girl. In fact, you
said it many times from what I
hear.

MARLEY

This is so.... Has he called?

JACLYN

Oh, he called. He's in the Coffee Place. Waiting for a second cup of hot-lovin'.

MARLEY

All right, fine. You were right, now go. Please? I need to shower.

JACLYN

Uh-hummm. Press rolls in an hour. You got the edited pages?

MARLEY

Pages?

Jaclyn goes out the door.

JACLYN

Girl, you got it so bad. You're late for work. You're the town slut. Girl, you better pull it together. Judy had three calls from new advertisers this mornin'. Wantin' to place web-smut ads.

Marley closes the door on her.

JACLYN (O.S.)

Bad, girl. Very bad. And what's worse? I'm so jealous I can't eat.

Marley turns slowly from the door. What has she done?.

INT. COFFEE PLACE - MORNING

Marley enters as Connie and Sara, the welcoming committee, are leaving.

CONNIE

Marley. Long time no see.

SARA

Or hear.

MARLEY

I'm so sorry. I --

SARA

-- Don't be. We're not. This town needs a little romance.

CONNIE

And from the looks of it. More is waiting for you.

Sara and Connie look into the coffee shop where Bo is waiting. They smile, wave and leave.

Bo has a confused look.

Marley can't believe this. She moves over to Bo and sits.

BO

What did you write about me in your paper?

MARLEY

Nothing yet. Look, Bo...?

BO

I've had the most uninhabited conversation this morning. My shop is jumping. Fifteen people signed up for Gail's art class.

MARLEY

That's not so bad --

BO

-- Half asked about nude models. The whole town acts like it got laid last night.

MARLEY

It did. Apparently, we were the center of attention... all night.

BO

Come again.

MARLEY

Oh, please.

BO

Marley.

MARLEY

Half the town watched and heard us enjoying Tiramisu up at the house.

BO
Tira...? Up at...? You're
kidding?

MARLEY
I wish. I'm sorry, I've got to go.

BO
Wait. Marley sit down. I have
something I need to talk to you
about.

MARLEY
Bo, can it wait? My paper is going
to press without a main headline.

BO
No. Look, sit. Eventually our
past will catch up with us both.
So I want to get something out in
the open.

MARLEY
What do you mean?

BO
Look, we don't really know each
other. But we know each other well
enough. For example, I didn't
exactly quit my auto design job --

MARLEY
-- Bo, I don't have to know this --

BO
-- Yes you do. And there's things I
need to know about you as well.
Just give me a minute. I was fired
over an affair I had with a fellow
employee.

MARLEY
Bo, really this isn't necessary. I --

BO
-- Yes it is. She wasn't exactly
single. In fact she was the boss'
daughter-in-law. I want you to
know this. Because I want to
continue seeing you. And this
might come back to haunt me --

MARLEY

The past is the past, Bo.

BO

I know this is sudden, but... I'm in love with you, Marley. From the moment I first saw you. Truly. But I got her - she has my child. A two year-old boy.

Marley hesitates, then breaks down and cries.

BO

Not exactly the response I was hoping for.

MARLEY

Bo. Please. I --

Bo gets on his knees. Reveals a beautiful white gold diamond ring.

Marley eyes light up.

BO

I made this from a stone my mother gave me. Knowing someday I would find the right woman for it. Marley, you are that woman. Let's start a family. Will you marry me?

Right in front of everyone in the coffee shop.

Marley looks around the room at all the encouraging nods and smiles.

People wiping away tears even.

It's so darn romantic, it's sickening.

Marley looks back at Bo.

He looks hopeful.

Suddenly, she throws her arms around him and kisses him.

INT. BO & ARROW'S CRAFT SHOP - DAY

Bo is on the phone. Pissed.

BO

Look, Salvador. I know what I said. Yes. I don't want to know. No... Sal... damn it. I told you I didn't want to know. Are you sure? I knew it. Damn. Salvador, you can't tell anybody about this. Please. I've... Sal... we're getting married. I know what I said. Take the damn information and burn it, Sal. Sal? I mean it. Take -- Sal, don't do this. Don't do this to me, Sal. It was a mistake. Just throw the fork away. Do it now.

Bo hangs up. "He's so stupid."

Gail comes out of the back with papers to be signed. She looks at Bo. Bo is completely torn.

GAIL

Everything okay?

BO

Huh? Oh. Yeah. I'm getting married.

Gail breaks out in a great big smile. Gives him a big hug.

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

So they marry. A small simple ceremony of about thirty people. Mostly the people we've met. Judy and Jaclyn have Matthew Jones boxed in.

Marley and Bo stand before the applauding crowd, kissing.

George Jones the Real Estate guy is the best man.

INT. McCLOUR HOUSE - DAY

Jaclyn and Judy are helping Marley get ready for her party.

JACLYN

It's a shame no one from their families could come and see all this.

JUDY

Jaclyn, you promised. We're her family.

JACLYN

What? She looks so beautiful.
It's a shame to have Mayor Brown
give her away. And George Jones as
his best man. It's... it's all I'm
sayin'.

JUDY

Good.

Marley comes in and the girls stop talking.

MARLEY

What now, you two?

JUDY

Nothing.

MARLEY

Jaclyn?

JACLYN

I just... it's a shame that someone
as beautiful as you - had to be
given away by a toad like Mayor
Brown.

MARLEY

What's wrong with Mayor Brown?

JUDY

She's just green with envy. Or
just plane stupid.

MARLEY

Down, girls. Bo's father didn't
want to make the trip so sudden.

JACLYN

Sure, his son gets married
everyday.

JUDY

Jaclyn.

JACLYN

Honey, if you don't know what's up
with that boy's family. Then you
need to ask some serious questions.

Judy takes Jaclyn's arm and marches her to the door.

JUDY
Excuse us for one loud moment.

JACLYN
Let go of me, girl.

Judy pushes her outside.

JUDY
Shut up, or stay out of this room.
She's been married but five
minutes.

JACLYN
And known the man but two months.

MARLEY
Wait a minute. Stop right there.

Judy and Jaclyn turn back to Marley. Coming back inside.

MARLEY
Judy, Jaclyn is right. Bo and I
did rush into things. But it's
okay. Bo's not on speaking terms
with his father. It happens. This
happens.

JACLYN
But... ouch.

MARLEY
I'm married to a wonderful man.
We're in love. And we're
renovating this house together. So
shut-up and get out there and get
drunk. Or you're both fired.

Judy pushes Jaclyn out the door again.

JUDY
Mouth.

JACLYN
We don't want to go there, girl.

But Marley stands thinking for a moment anyway. "What has she done?"

GIGGLING comes from behind her. She turns to find a FLASH of movement but no one there.

MARLEY
Hello? Hello?

Nothing. Then from behind her.

BO (O.S.)
Heellooo.

Marley turns to find Bo...

MARLEY
(heart up in throat)
My God, Bo. You scared the crap
out of me.

BO
You look like you saw a ghost.

Marley thinks. Bo watches her. Walks over to where she was
looking.

BO
What did you see?

MARLEY
Nothing. I heard giggling.

They look at each other. Bo moves to her. Kisses her.

BO
That's because the whole world is
smiling upon us. Let's have a
drink.

Bo tries to lead her out but Marley holds back.

BO
You okay?

MARLEY
I'm fine. It's just... I'm married.

BO
Me too. What a coincidence. Can I
interest you in some lovin'.

MARLEY
I'm very interested already.

GIGGLING comes from the same spot. They both look at each
other, then to the spot.

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - DAY

Marley and Bo come bursting out of the house to a round of APPLAUSE. And the beginning of the FIRST DANCE.

They compose themselves. Come into each other's arms.

BO
We have a ghost.

MARLEY
You said you wanted a family.

They start LAUGHING, and dance away, as the crowd joins them.

Jaclyn crosses her arm, eyeing them. Judy pinches her playfully on the butt. Jaclyn takes Judy in her arms and they dance away.

INT. McCLOUR HOUSE - UPSTAIRS WINDOW - DAY

Salvador is watching from the window. Down below the first dance takes place.

Bo glances up to see him. Salvador lingers a moment, then steps back out of the window. Bo's not happy about this.

EXT. RENTAL CABIN IN THE WOODS - DAY

Marley, Bo and Arrow pull into the wooded area and up to the cabin. Their honeymoon.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Over hot dogs, marshmallows and a bottle of wine.

MARLEY
Bo, I know we haven't talked much about this, so... if you don't mind... tell me a little campfire story about your childhood.

Bo cringes. It's a sore spot.

MARLEY
Don't if it's --

BO
No, it's.... My childhood was fine. Great even. But my Pop disowned me when I decided not to go into the family business after high school. Paint store chain.

MARLEY

House paint? Colors. And I
accused you of being gay.

Bo leans over and kisses her.

BO

That's because I see rainbows
whenever I'm with you.

MARLEY

Standwell Paints. The chain?

BO

Yes. The large chain. I have
stock though. So there's income.
It pisses him off that I make money
without helping him. Salvador
still helps him out once in awhile.
Sal likes to watch the trains
unload.

MARLEY

I'm sorry about Salvador.

BO

Yeah. I disappointed him.

MARLEY

Is he... he seems... so odd.

BO

He's cool. It's my own fault.

MARLEY

He got you all that wood.

BO

Yeah. There's not much he wouldn't
do for me.

MARLEY

True friends are few and far
between.

BO

Just before I went off to school he
got into some trouble. Spent five
years on probation. Couldn't leave
the state. That was my fault, too.

MARLEY

He hurt someone?

BO

Kid came to the store looking for me. Heard I'd been with his girl.

MARLEY

Were you?

BO

Yeah. Deserved to have my ass kicked. Sal broke the kid's jaw. Nearly put out one of his eyes. Wasn't for my Pop he'da done jail time. This house thing. He's a little upset by it all. It's --

MARLEY

It's not all your fault, Bo. There's other houses in the area.

BO

You got to understand Sal. He gets something in his head. He fixates on that picture. He doesn't deal well with sudden change.

MARLEY

He looks up to you. Like a big brother.

BO

My Pop, kinda was Sal's Pop, for the most part. We had a plan. Buy one house, and bring in two others. Sell one off. Live next to each other. Like when we were dumb kids. Before our families imploded. We've talked about it a lot. It's what he sees his future is supposed to be. He never fully got over me leaving the store. Now this. It's tough on him.

MARLEY

It's your life, Bo. Salvador and your father must see that by now.

BO

We'll go see Pop one of these days. Maybe you'll tell him who I married.

Marley leans and kisses him.

MARLEY

Come inside and make love to me.
And I'll confess everything worth
knowing.

BO

Even the lesbian stuff?

MARLEY

Wise-guy.

BO

How about making some up? You
know, college campfire stories.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Spent and in each other's arms.

MARLEY

So, Granny ran my life pretty much.
The insurance money just kept
growing with investments.

BO

You never bought a home?

Note: Of course he knows she may be lying because of what
Salvador has told him about her. Things we don't know.

MARLEY

Granny liked the feel of hotels.
And I was always on the move.

BO

So where are your parents buried?

MARLEY

Why?

BO

I don't know.

MARLEY

Their bodies were never found.
Many plane victims aren't found.
Can we change the subject?

BO

You brought it up.

MARLEY

I'm sorry. I harbor guilty feelings because they were on their way to see me. I bought them the tickets.

BO

Shit happens.

He kisses her.

BO

I'm perfectly happy with the here and now. The past is behind us and tomorrow the Sun shall rise anew - a glorious day.

Marley reaches over for her wineglass.

MARLEY

To our future.

BO

And finishing the McClour House.

MARLEY

And our son, the ghost.

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - DAY

The house is coming along very nicely. Through the front door, Bo is seen at work on the staircase.

INT. McCLOUR HOUSE - DAY

Bo is piecing together the staircase. Marley enters with lunch. She also has a card.

Bo takes the card and looks it over. Trying to mask his concern.

BO

On special days, Sal sends cards to us from my mother.

Marley just unpacks the lunch. Keeping her mouth shut.

BO

She passed away some time ago.

MARLEY

Did I miss this part?

BO

Apparently. I'm not sure.

MARLEY

This is a strange custom among friends in Rhineland, I would guess.

BO

And not a topic my father or I choose to speak about amongst ourselves.

MARLEY

Or to me. Your family is getting to be quite colorful. Anyone else in the closet other than Sal and our little giggling friend? Sisters maybe?

BO

No. It's been three years since he's done this. When I was let go. You know, so we don't forget her. Sal misses her. It's a....

Bo looks the card over.

BO

A belated wedding card.

Bo doesn't seem too happy about it. He doesn't offer it to Marley. But she holds out her hand anyway. He gives it to her.

MARLEY

She has very masculine handwriting. "She's someone special." Simple and nice. She thinks well of me.

BO

Good old Mom.

She hugs him. Bo kisses her. Hugs her tight.

BO

I love you. No matter what.

MARLEY

I love you back. Regardless.

But we can see in both their eyes that something is bothering both of them.

INT. NORTHVILLE NEWSPAPER - DAY

Marley is on the Internet. She's checking Wisconsin newspaper archives. Talking to herself.

MARLEY

Nothing. There's nothing here, Marley. The paint shops are there just like he said. He's got no criminal records that you can find. And he is whom he says he is. An ex-auto designer. This is foolish, you know. But --

JACLYN

-- But, you know what?

Marley jumps...

MARLEY

Jaclyn?

JACLYN

I knocked. Isn't it a little late to research the mystery lumberjack husband?

MARLEY

Was I talking out loud?

JACLYN

Yes, and if you're gonna continue. Talk louder so I don't strain myself tryin' to hear. So, what did you find on mister I don't know anything about?

MARLEY

Nothing. Everything is how he said it was.

JACLYN

But your woman's intuition is burning a hole in your commonsense. Girl, I told you that. When the perfect man comes through that door, you better be on your knees in prayer. 'Cause he has done come again. The rest of 'em ain't nothin' but apple eaters.

Marley comes across something that stops her.

JACLYN
What is it?

MARLEY
Nothing. Close the door.

Jaclyn closes the door. Marley looks at her. Jaclyn reopens the door. Goes out and closes it again.

JACLYN (O.S.)
Don't come cryin' to me when you find out he ain't the man he said he was.

JUDY (O.S.)
Will you leave the woman alone?

JACLYN (O.S.)
Oh, girl, you don't want to go there with me today.

Judy and Jaclyn's voices fade away... But something is bothering Marley greatly. Her eyes well up with tears.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER MONITOR

An Obituary for Bo's mother. Dated three years ago.

CLOSE ON MARLEY

MARLEY
Unsolved murder? She's someone special.

She's having a near breakdown and we don't know why.

INT. MARLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She decides to keep what she's done to herself because something keeps nagging at her. The phone RINGS.

Marley answers it.

MARLEY
Hello. Of course. Just a minute.

Bo enters.

BO
What's the matter, Marley?

MARLEY
Nothing. It's for you.

BO
 Hello. Hey, Sal. Yes we were.
 No, I -- Be right there.

Marley is watching. Bo is doing his best not to react to the conversation on the other end.

MARLEY
 What does he want, Bo?

Bo hangs up the phone. He looks sickened.

BO
 The wood.

MARLEY
 Bo, what does he want? Bo....

BO
 Don't worry. Sal's just.... He's
 up at the house. Don't wait up.

But Bo is out the door.

Marley goes to the window and looks down to the street as Bo comes out of the building and gets into a Salvador's truck waiting for him.

"What the hell is going on?"

INT. MARLEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Marley comes out of the bedroom to find Bo not sleeping on the sofa or any other sign that he's come home.

She moves to the living room window and looks up at the house.

WORK goes on.

She looks at Bo's cell phone by the door. She picks it up and dials.

MARLEY
 Sam, is Bo up there? He is? No, no,
 I just want to make sure before I --

SAM (V.O.)
 -- Marley, he's been up here all
 night. Something's wrong.

MARLEY
 I'll be right up.

EXT. BACK OF McCLOUR HOUSE - MORNING

Marley arrives on foot with a picnic basket and finds Gail, Bo's shop girl, holding her art class with a mixture of adults and children. All people we've met.

They are painting pictures of McClour Park homes.

GAIL

Good morning.

MARLEY

Good morning, everyone.

Marley stops for a moment, looking at the paintings.

MARLEY

Gail, I have an idea. I'd like to feature the finished paintings in my paper. The McClour Park Paintings.

GAIL

That would be wonderful.

MARLEY

And purchase two to adorn the walls of McClour House. One adult one child.

GAIL

But --

MARLEY

-- What do you think, people? Anyone care to be a working artist? Have your painting hung in McClour House?

Everyone raises their hand.

MARLEY

Done. Winners get a thousand dollars. And a bio feature in the Northville Monthly.

Marley goes into the house. Leaving the throng of artist flabbergasted.

INT. McCLOUR HOUSE - MORNING

Marley stops at the bottom of the stairs. Bo has Salvador up against a wall by the collar. He's very angry.

The men stop when they see Marley. Bo lets Salvador go. And pushes him towards the steps.

Marley is taken back by this violent side of Bo.

Salvador comes down the half-finished stairs and past Marley without a word.

BO
Sorry, Marley, I --

MARLEY
-- What's going on? What's happening?

BO
Marley, it's nothing. The guy is putting a squeeze on me.

MARLEY
Why? What have you done?

Bo comes down the stairs. He tries to take Marley in his arms but she backs off.

MARLEY
Bo. Tell me.

Bo sits on the steps. He wants to tell her the truth, but can't. He looks at her, trying his best to sound truthful.

Hooman the painter comes to the top of the steps.

Marley and Bo look up and he walks away. He's got a very concerned look on his face. "What did he hear?"

BO
The wood. He let someone outbid us. We won't get what we want until maybe spring or later.

Marley looks at Bo. Could this be it?

MARLEY
This is about the wood?

BO
We're not just talking about any kind of wood. It's the only wood.

MARLEY
Bo, it doesn't matter if we --

BO

-- It does matter. There's no telling how long it'll take them to dredge up another log to match the grain we've started. If ever. I'll have to start over.

MARLEY

Oh my God, Bo. You've scared the hell out of me. This damn wood.

BO

It's his house. I should've known.

MARLEY

It's only wood. And you're acting like a wanted man.

BO

Wood? Marley, this is our home. This is our vision. I can't finish the stairs without it. I can't take him to court or kick anyone's ass. We're screwed.

MARLEY

Bo. Stop. Calm down. No court, no ass kicking. If we have to wait, we'll wait. Just stop this secrecy stuff. You're scaring me. Tell me everything is fine. That we're okay.

BO

Everything is fine. The "We're okay" I'm not so sure of until I make a few phone calls back home.

Marley unpacks the food, not letting Bo see her face. He watches her for any sign that she knows what's going on.

MARLEY

Good. I can't believe you stayed up here all night. I should write your mother and tell her what a bad boy you've been.

Bo doesn't answer. Marley knows something. But to what extent, he's not sure. They're both in the game now.

INT. NORTHVILLE NEWS - DAY

Marley enters.

MATTHEW
It's about time.

MARLEY
Not today, Matthew.

JACLYN
I need to have you sign off on
these boutique articles before --

JUDY
Marley, the checks still haven't --

JACLYN
-- And one of your workers stopped
by. I think he quit. He left
something. I put it on your desk.
Take a look at --

Marley goes into her office and picks up the sealed note. She
turns to her three workers waiting at her door.

MARLEY
Guys. Matthew, take a lunch.

MATTHEW
But --

MARLEY
-- Now. And no more deadlines.

MATTHEW
We got trucks comin' to pick up
bundles in forty minutes.

MARLEY
They can wait.

MATTHEW
Someone talk --

MARLEY
-- Judy, call the advertiser's
banks and verify the amounts of the
available moneys in their accounts.
This is not new ground here, folks.

JACLYN
Can you read these over at least?

Marley looks at Jaclyn.

JACLYN

Okay, fine. Matthew run these as
is when you get back from lunch.

MATTHEW

But I can't --

JACLYN

-- Matthew take your goshdarn
lunch.

Marley opens the note and reads. It's a handwritten note.

HOOVAN (V.O.)

Meet me in Hines Drive Park at the
rest stop just outside of town.
Where I take my lunch at noon
sharp. Don't be late, your life
depends on it. My truck will be
waiting. Go sit in it. I'll join
you when I know you're alone.
Hooan.

This is greatly disturbing to her. Jaclyn watches Marley.

JACLYN

Marley? What is it?

MARLEY

I'm not sure. It's nothing.
He's... quitting, like you said.

Jaclyn's not buying it.

JACLYN

Girl, whatever it is, you best come
clean. 'Cause you ain't a good liar. Or I'm gonna call the
Sheriff.

MARLEY

Jaclyn, do you like working at this
paper?

JACLYN

Not at the moment.

MARLEY

Fine, give me the articles and get
out of my office.

Jaclyn hands over the papers. And leaves, closing the door.

The clock ticking down.

She marks the pages as fast as she can.

Finally, at the last second, she storms out of her office. Dropping the pages on Jaclyn's desk on the way out.

MARLEY

Roll press. I'll be right back.

Her three workers look at one another. Matthew puts down his food.

MATTHEW

You heard the lady.

EXT. MARLEY'S CAR - DAY

She makes a left onto Hines Drive.

EXT. HINES PARK - REST STOP - DAY

There's a brick building with a dock running into the lake behind it. We've seen this place from across the lake.

In the parking lot is a paint-stained pickup.

Marley gets out of her car. Moves over to the truck and looks inside. Keys are in the ignition. Nothing else.

So she opens the door and gets in. And waits. Creepy. So she locks the doors. She's looking around for someone, anyone. But no one comes out of hiding.

So she gets back out of the truck. Looks into the bed and finds a pile of used electrical wire.

And walks over to the building that turns out to be empty bathrooms and...

MARLEY

Hooman? Hello? Hooman?

Getting nothing but a DEAD ECHO back.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

Running behind the building and out into the water. Marley is being cautious. Going to the dock but not on. She's not stupid. Once on, there's only one dry way off.

She looks over the railing. Something is floating in the distance.

She moves towards it. It's something in the shape of a man. Something in white. Something about the size of Hooman.

MARLEY

My God, no.

She runs to the end of the dock and looks over the railing again into the water. Stumbles back in shock.

BODY IN WATER

floating face up with the electrical cord wrapped around his throat. And the other around the railing. Dead. It's Hooman. Murdered.

MARLEY

uncovers her face to realize that she has put herself at great risk. She's at the end of the dock.

She looks around in panic. No one. She runs back towards shore. Frantic that someone might cut her off at the last moment.

Ducks suddenly FLAP up before her.

She lets out a SCREAM, flailing, barely staying on her feet. Her keys go flying.

She looks at her hands. "Oh, shit." She looks around. They could be anywhere. So could the killer. She runs towards the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

She makes it to her car. The doors are locked. She nearly flies into Hooman's truck. Locking the doors.

Looking around frantically to see if anyone has seen her. Or worse, after her. Still no one. Sees the keys.

She flees in Hooman's truck, nearly smashing a passing vehicle.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Marley is hysterical. We don't know why, but something's wrong. More than just the body.

There's something we don't know about her yet. That Salvador and Bo might. From the look on her face, her life as she knows it is about to come to an abrupt end.

EXT. APARTMENTS - DAY

Bo comes across Hooman's truck parked erratically in front of the apartment building.

He rushes into the apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Marley's bag is hastily packed. She's going through the kitchen drawers. Frustration mounting.

MARLEY
Goddamn keys, where are you?.

Bo bursts in behind her.

Marley spins around, hiding behind a kitchen wall.

Bo takes in the mess and the packed-bag at the door.

BO
Marley? Honey?

MARLEY
Don't come in here.

BO
What's going on?

MARLEY
Just get away from the door. Go
into
the bedroom until I'm gone.

BO
Marley, this is crazy. Where are --

MARLEY
-- Bo, if you come in here, I
swear... Bo?

Bo is moving towards her voice. Marley peaks around the door jam.

Bo grabs her and pulls her out. She has a knife...

She charges him, pushing him over the dining room table. They CRASH to the floor together.

Marley on top of him, holding the knife to his throat.

BO
 If this is some kind of crazy
 foreplay, it's not working.

MARLEY
 There's a man dead in the lake.
 Hooman. He's been strangled. He
 left me a note to meet him. Now
 he's dead. I'm getting out of
 here. Before I'm next.

BO
 Marley....

MARLEY
 Shut up. Just roll over.

BO
 Shit, come on --

MARLEY
 -- Roll over.

Bo rolls over and Marley uses the knife to cut a lamp cord.
 She pulls his hands together and ties him while...

BO
 This doesn't make a lick of sense.

MARLEY
 It makes perfect sense from my end.

BO
 Apparently. Just tell me why we
 can't talk this out.

MARLEY
 Don't play stupid with me, Bo.
 Where's the other set of my keys.

BO
 Marley --

Marley puts the knife back to Bo's throat.

MARLEY
 -- My goddamn car key's, Bo.

BO
 They're in my black leather.
 Marley....

Marley gets off Bo and starts going through the closet at the front door. She finds the keys.

BO

What did Hooman have to tell you?

MARLEY

Why don't we ask your mother, Bo?
Oh, that's right, she was murdered
by your best friend. Wasn't she.?

BO

I... it wasn't Sal's.... She...
please, it was an accident. I
should've told you. The guy...
Marley. I don't know exactly,
he... she was leaving Pop.

Marley goes into the bathroom and starts grabbing up her stuff and shoving it into another bag.

MARLEY

Just shut up, Bo. I don't know
what you and Salvador are up to.
But I'm not waiting around to find
why you two covered up your
mother's murder.

Marley comes out of the bathroom. Stops at the front door to pick up her bag.

BO

Who would want to harm you? What's
happening here?

Bo rolls on his side so he can see her face to face.

BO

Just tell me this. Who the hell
are you?

Marley almost blurts it out, but she stops herself. There's a hell of lot more to Marley than we expected.

MARLEY

You son-of-a-bitch. I love you.

Marley goes out the door. SLAMMING it.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Marley stops. She wants to stay. But knows she can't.

BO (O.S.)
 Marley. Goddamn it, Marley. Let
 me explain. Let me help you.
 Marley. Don't end it this way.
 Don't run.

She continues down the hall to the stairs.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Marley comes bursting out. Unfortunately, the Sheriff is
 waiting for her.

SHERIFF
 Marley?

Marley turns towards the park. Continues walking.

The Sheriff goes after her on foot.

Catching up with her at a near run. He gets in front of her.

SHERIFF
 Marley. Wait.

Marley stops. Staring him down.

MARLEY
 What is it, Sheriff?

SHERIFF
 Come on, now Marley.

Marley tries to step around him.

SHERIFF
 Give me a minute.

MARLEY
 I'm in a hurry.

SHERIFF
 I can see that. You want to explain
 why your car's out by the roadside
 stop? Where we found a body of one
 of your workers floating in the
 lake?

Marley stops. What can she do?

SHERIFF
 That is Hooman's truck, is it not?

MARLEY

Yes.

The Sheriff waits for more. But Marley isn't giving more.

SHERIFF

Don't make me have to read you your rights out here in the streets, now.

Marley looks around. People are starting to take notice.

Just then, Bo comes storming out of the apartment building. He stops when he sees the Sheriff's car. He turns to find

Marley and the Sheriff.

It's hard to say who's more confused here, but....

INT. NORTHVILLE POLICE STATION - DAY

Sam, the architect, sits across the table from the Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Relax, Sam, just tell me slowly.

SAM

All I know is that Hooman was a good hard working man. He's worked for me and my father for years. He drove off to have lunch and didn't come back. So I drove to the lake to where Hooman often eats and saw Marley driving away in a frenzied state in his truck.

SHERIFF

Alone in Hooman's truck.

SAM

At first I thought maybe Hooman had a heart attack. Then I thought, why were they together. Then didn't know what to think. Then that. The cord around his neck. Dead. Why?

The Sheriff gets up and moves to the door.

SHERIFF

You mind sticking around while someone takes your statement?

SAM

Marley and Bo, they couldn't've done this, Sheriff. Bo was up at the house. Hell, Marley, she's a lady. Hooman may've been dim, but he'da put up a hell'va fight. You should talk with this man Salvador Turk. Bo's friend.

SHERIFF

Just sit tight. I'll talk to everyone.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - DAY

The Sheriff sits in front of Marley. He's not satisfied.

SHERIFF

But why leave town? Why not come here?

MARLEY

I panicked.

SHERIFF

That's putting it mildly, Marley.

MARLEY

Sheriff, you go to a remote place to meet a man who wants to tell you something important. And you find him dead. What would you do?

SHERIFF

I certainly wouldn't flee town leaving my husband behind.

MARLEY

Sure, you're a man with a gun. I didn't know what to think. Surely, you don't think I killed him.

SHERIFF

Of course not, Marley... I just... why don't you go on back to work. If I have anymore questions, I'll get back to you on it.

Marley gets up to leave.

SHERIFF

You have no idea why Hooman wanted to talk?

MARLEY

I thought it had something to do with the house. I'm paying out a lot of money. Sheriff, if I'm being ripped off. I want to know by whom.

SHERIFF

Are we talking Sam, or Bo?

MARLEY

Does it matter?

Marley looks the Sheriff over. The Sheriff thinks before answering. He's not satisfied. But Marley's out the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Marley passes by a window.

Bo's sitting inside at a table. Waiting. He watches her go by. "Who the hell did I marry?"

She gives him a hard look.

INT. BO'S SHOP - NIGHT

Bo is working on a piece of furniture. He's using a LOUD table saw. Marley enters from the back. He doesn't see her. The saw WHINES to a stop.

MARLEY

Who knows I'm here?

Startling Bo...

BO

Shit, Marley. Make me cut my thumb off, why don't you.

MARLEY

Who knows, Bo?

He just looks at her for awhile. A long pregnant pause.

BO

Just me and Salvador, at this point.

MARLEY

But you asked questions. Had people looking.

BO
No. Just Salvador.

MARLEY
Why?

BO
I have the right to know who I'm
married to.

MARLEY
You bastard. You didn't trust me?

She gets up and runs out.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NORTHVILLE - NIGHT

Bo has no choice other than to go after her. She tries to
get to her car. But he cuts her off.

Mayor Brown and Sara are walking down the street. Marley and
Bo come running by.

SARA
Young love. Why don't you ever
chase after me like that, Mayor?

MAYOR BROWN
What are you talking about, Sara.
I've been chasing you for thirty
years. You just never noticed.

Sara gives a tug on his arm.

SARA
You old-dog.

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - NIGHT

Marley makes it to the house. Bo right behind her.

INT. McCLOUR HOUSE - NIGHT

Running through the house. Marley wanting to barricade
herself in room-after-room. But there's no locks on the
doors. "Damn it."

Bo easily-opening door after door. Until she has no way to
escape. Into the master bedroom. Finally a lock that
fucking works.

INTERCUT - MASTER BEDROOM/UPSTAIRS HALL

Both sides of master bedroom door. She runs to the new window that's now installed. Where they first made love. It's a long way down. Bo's at the door. It's locked.

BO

Marley, it's not what you think. I truly, with-all my heart, love you.

MARLEY

Then who killed Hooman? Sal?

BO

Long as it wasn't you or me we're okay.

MARLEY

How much do you know?

BO

You're in some kind of a Witness Protection Program.

MARLEY

Do you know why?

BO

No.

MARLEY

You liar.

BO

Okay, Marley, I know it had to do with the death of your parents. I know there's a price on your head. And it involved your job.

MARLEY

And your friend knows.

BO

Salvador finds out things. He came to me with a News article that had a photo that looked like you. I asked him to look into it. I didn't really care at the time. I was just keeping busy. He was protecting --

MARLEY

-- He was in my apartment that night we came up here. He watched us from the window. Drinking out of my glass.

BO

No. He wasn't in town. I sent --

MARLEY

-- You sent him fingerprints?

BO

Marley.... On a fork.

MARLEY

My fork?. You gave him my fork?.

BO

Yeah, I didn't know --

MARLEY

-- You moron. That fork belonged to my Great Grandmother. The set is a family heirloom. I've been looking all over for it. I can't believe this. You --

BO

-- To hell with your fork. I made a mistake. I tried to take the package back from the --

MARLEY

-- You sent him my fork the night you first made love to me.

BO

Now, Marley, I know how this sounds.

MARLEY

No you don't. You son-of-a-bitch.

BO

I told him to stop. That I didn't want to know anymore. If you'd just been honest with me from the beginning. I wouldn't've --

MARLEY

-- screw you. I was protecting you.
I was protecting us. What we have
together. This life. And you --

BO

-- This isn't getting us anywhere.

MARLEY

You were pissed. And you wanted
the house. Admit it.

BO

Okay. Yes. I wanted the house.
But I didn't agree to go along with
this.

Marley kicks the door. Startling him.

BO

I do love you, Marley, just know
that. I can't help you if you
don't trust me. I don't know what
else to do? Tell me what we should
do, Marley.

But no answer from Marley.

BO

Fine. I'll go talk it over with
the Sheriff. Confess to being an
idiot.

Bo heads down his unfinished staircase. Marley opens the
door. Knowing she can't let him talk to anyone about this.

MARLEY

Bo. Don't do this. I'll trust
you. I'll find a way. Bo.?

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - NIGHT

But Bo is out the door already. Marley goes after him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NORTHVILLE - NIGHT

In the middle of town she catches up with him. He turns to
her. They kiss.

BO

We're in this together?

MARLEY

Yes. But you can't go to the Sheriff. Once my cover is blown. I'm out of here. You have no idea what will happen next.

BO

Then we've got to talk to Salvador.

MARLEY

Can we prove he killed Hooman?

BO

I'd say it's a fair chance. We need to convince him to keep silent.

MARLEY

He'll want his house.

Bo doesn't answer.

MARLEY

That is what Salvador wants?

BO

Let's hope so. The News article he showed me. My God, Marley.

MARLEY

I was investigating Russian Officers. Who were selling a nuclear weapon to Iraq. I was just a good journalist writing a book. Until they killed my parents. Revenge. The tickets were in my name. They thought I was on that plane. My book plans got changed because I was forced to give my research to the CIA. And they got put in prison for life. In Russia. But one of them was killed. Knifed. They murdered my family from inside a prison cell. And I got my life taken away. I need to know what he wants.

BO

Calm down. Come on. Let's get out of the street.

He leads her towards their apartment building.

MARLEY

Are you sure Salvador hasn't let
anyone else know who I am?

Bo thinks it over.

MARLEY

Has he, Bo?

BO

I guess there's only one way to
find out for sure.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Upstairs Bo puts down the phone.

BO

He's coming here. Now.

EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Salvador was just down the hall on his cell phone. He comes
quietly to Marley's door and listens.

MARLEY (O.S.)

There's only one way we can keep
the house, Bo. Together I mean.

BO (O.S.)

My shop, your paper. I agree. We
can't let him do this to us.

MARLEY (O.S.)

Are you listening to me? We'll
have to shut him up.

INT. MARLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BO

You don't mean...?

Bo turns to Marley. Marley is looking at the door.
"Someone's there."

MARLEY

Bo....

Then a KNOCK. Bo goes to the door.

BO

Look, Salvador, this is a mistake.

SALVADOR (O.S.)
Don't make me yell in the hall.

MARLEY
Don't let him in.

The door's KICKED in. Salvador's got a gun with a silencer.

SALVADOR
Quietly. Downstairs.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

So they go down. Outside Salvador's truck is waiting. They get put in. And off it goes.

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - NIGHT

And pulls into the drive of Bo and Marley's dream house. At gunpoint they go in.

INT. McCLOUR HOUSE - NIGHT

Up stairs to the bedroom where they first made love.

SALVADOR
Over there. You see, Bo. She's no good for us. Get you to kill me. She gets everything. You get caught. She'll twist us all around. Make people think bad. When it ain't.

BO
Sal --

SALVADOR
This is our house. She's just like your mom. Taking everything away.

Marley starts to speak. But Bo stops her with a hand.

BO
Sal, it's not... she's not leaving.

MARLEY
My God. Sal killed your mother so she wouldn't take your father's paint stores in the divorce?

BO
It was an accident.

MARELY

So you accidentally let him bury her?

Bo doesn't answer. Salvador raises the gun. Points it at Marley's head. Marley knows too much to live now.

BO

Wait, wait, wait. Salvador, wait. Give me a second to think --

SALVADOR

You got two. One....

BO

No matter what happens it will be me they come looking for. We won't have this together. They'll put me away.

SALVADOR

You wanted the wood. I got you the wood. You promised me I'd always have a home here.

BO

I didn't see this coming, Sal.

SALVADOR

She doesn't want me. She won't let me put my house out back. She wants it all for herself. She's not good. She's not right. This ain't right.

BO

Okay, shit Salvador. I'm in. Just --

MARLEY

-- What?

BO

Give me a second, Marley.

SALVADOR

You in, you kill her.

BO

Shit. Okay.

MARLEY

Bo?

SALVADOR

Good. So, how do we do it?

MARLEY

Bo?

BO

I'm sorry, Marley. I don't want to die over this just because you have to.

SALVADOR

This is the death do we part-part.

MARLEY

But you said --

BO

I do love you. What choice do I have? There's all this work still to do on this place. One of us has to see it through.

MARLEY

You son-of-a-bitch. You liar.

BO

Give me the gun, Salvador.

SALVADOR

What? No.

BO

Sal, it's me, Bo. You know I'd never hurt you. All these years. Now give me the gun. Let me finish it. I helped you before. Didn't I? Lied for you.

SALVADOR

Kill her. Then I know for sure. I'll leave town and go work with Pop for a time. Take her body with me and bury it back home. Deep like before. She'll stay gone forever. Even them Russians won't find her.

BO

Then you shoot her. You want me to do it. Give me the gun.

SALVADOR

You want to do her. Do her any way you want. I don't care. She dies the house is ours. We'll find a way to fix all this. But I'm not givin' you this gun. Just show me you're in.

BO

Then we got a situation here.

MARLEY

Bo? Think this through. You won't get the house. First your mother. Now your wife. It'll all piece together.

BO

This isn't personal, Marley. It's business. Sal didn't mean to kill my mother. Did you Sal?

But Sal doesn't answer. Maybe he did. Maybe he didn't.

MARLEY

It's crazy. Bo, you'll end up in the gas chamber. You too, Salvador.

SALVADOR

Use that board. Beat her with it.

BO

Salvador, come on. Are you listening to yourself? I'll have to hit her several times. She'll scream. Blood all over the damn place.

SALVADOR

Cops will think the people looking for her did it. So they found her. We didn't know, Bo. Hell, I found her. Anyone can find her.

BO

You did good, Sal. You did real good. But we --

SALVADOR

Once I started poking around on the internet. I was in. Look at her. She knows all about it.

SALVADOR(cont'd)

They're looking for Tammy Wright. Well here she is. We found her. Nobody knows but you and me. Says she was writing some investigative book on the war. But she could be some kind of double spy or something. We can't trust a woman who cheats like her. We don't know her. You see it?. It could work. Just you and me, Bo. Like it was. As surprised as anyone.

BO

Okay, Sal. I see it. You done good. We'll put your place out back. Forget the third house. We got the park. We got her money. I'm her husband.

SAL

Right, we don't need the third house. But it ain't like we planned. Maybe --

BO

-- Sal. Give me the gun. Let me get this over. Come on. Be flexible.

Salvador looks back at Bo. He's still not sure. Wants to. But it just doesn't seem right in his head yet.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NORTHVILLE - NIGHT

Sam's truck pulls to a stop.

He's looking at the shadows from the light in the window. Not happy shadows.

He pulls his truck over and gets out. And starts running to the house.

INT. McCLOUR HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Bo has the board in hand now. Feels it. Crummy grain. It'll have to do.

Marley starts backing away. "This is crazy."

BO

It's okay, Marley. I've got to do this. Just know I really love you.

MARLEY

Sure you don't want to strangle me
like Salvador did Hooman?

SALVADOR

I done it for us, Bo.

BO

I know, Sal. I know.

Salvador is forced to move closer to Marley to keep her from moving around. Slowly they corner her. Bo draws back with the board. Marley cringes.

There's the little Child's GHOSTLY GIGGLE from behind them.

Salvador turns to look. Sam is there at the door.

SAM

What the hell's...?.

Bo whacks Salvador with the board. And again.. And again...

Bo grabs up Marley and Sam and they make a run for it.

Wild silenced BULLETS... right behind them.

Sinking into the work Bo hand done on the magnificent stairs.
"Damn."

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside, the keys are not in Sal's truck. They make a run for it. But Sam isn't the fleetest of guys.

And Salvador is already out of the house and coming after them. But he's hurt bad. He's got blood running down his face.

EXT. NORTHVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

They sprint down past the houses towards town. They must get to someplace where they are not alone. Or Sam's truck.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NORTHVILLE - NIGHT

The only place open is a local pub so they head towards that.

But suddenly Salvador pulls up in his truck. Blocking their way. God, he's a mess..

So they're forced to head down the street towards Sam's truck.

EXT. END OF TOWN - NIGHT

Marley, Bo and Sam running as fast as they can.

Salvador right behind them.

Finally, just before Sal runs them over, Bo pulls them across open grass, towards Hines Park.

EXT. HINES PARK - NIGHT

They are running towards the woods. On Hines along the lake. Until they reach bathrooms and the dock.

BO

We'll have to swim the lake.

MARLEY

What?

BO

We got to. He won't follow. It's our only way out of this.

SAM

We'll be sitting ducks out there.

BO

You guys go. Get in the water. I'll wait for him. Go.

EXT. HINES DRIVE ROAD - NIGHT

Salvador pulls into the parking lot from off the road. Turning off his lights.

And stumbles out. Falling. Fighting to keep his feet. Crying a little bit.

SALVADOR

You lied to me, Bo. I trusted you. Bo? I need you. I'm bleeding. I'm hurt. Bo? Help me. Bo, please. Get me home to Pop. She's no good for us. She's... Bo, please don't do this... come help me. Bo? I'll do her for you, Bo. I can still do her. It can still be like we....

SPLASHING from out in the lake. They're swimming away.

SALVADOR

Bo?

Salvador stumbles towards the dock.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Marley and Sam are swimming.

EXT. SHORELINE - NIGHT

Salvador stumbles up, looking around for what to do. Blood in his eye. He goes out onto the dock to get a better look.

SALVADOR

Bo?

But it's only two swimmers. Sam and Marley. Sal looks around. "What have they done to him?"

SALVADOR

Bo..?

He goes to the end of the dock. Searching the water. He aims the gun at Marley and Sam. Starts shooting.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Sam goes down. He's been hit. Marley tries to hold him up, but it's no good. He's dead. She starts swimming harder.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Salvador moves back towards the bathroom searching the water beside the dock for Bo when, WAM. He gets slammed with a loose brick.

Bo jumps out of the dark and picks up the gun. Points it at Sal.

Sal crumbles to the ground beside the lake. Half alive. Confused that Bo would do this to him. Reaching out to him.

SALVADOR

But... I always loved you, Bo....

This isn't easy for Bo in anyway.

BO

I know, Sal. I know.

Bo SHOOTS him three times. Salvador falls back into the water. Bo grabs him just before he can sink.

EXT. LAKE - HINES DRIVE PARK - NIGHT

It's dark beside the small lake.

The PITCH of a shovel, two shovels now as Bo and Marley dig rhythmically.

LABORED BREATHING chimes in. They're working hard. This is important. They're digging to save their lives.

Then done. The shovels STUCK in the dirt mound.

And the CRINKLING of black plastic construction paper.

A heavy object is rolled into the hole and THUMPS. At the bottom.

Then the rhythmic SOUND of the shovels continues as the dirt gets filled back in.

A car goes by and Bo and Marley's faces are lit momentarily as they pause to make sure the car is continuing on.

They look at each other. This is what needs to be done for them to continue-on in their perfect little world.

DISSOLVE TO:

FOUR MONTHS LATER - SPRING

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

A grand party takes place. It's the opening of the house.

And McClour Park.

Everyone we've met from Northville is there. One big happy potluck time.

Marley and Bo in their perfect little care-free world.

Ten framed paintings by the Local Artists - both kids and adults - are being judged.

Mayor Brown, Sara, Connie and George Jones stand with clipboards. Gail is with them.

Her kids play with Arrow.

Matthew shoos them away from him. "Little brats."

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - FRONT DRIVE - DAY

A Sheriff's car pulls up.

He gets out. He's not happy. He stops and looks at the house. Then to his happy little town. Shakes his head.

His Deputy takes out his gun. The sheriff signals for him to put it back. And for him to go around the house.

The Sheriff heads for the front door.

INT. McCLOUR HOUSE - DAY

The place is incredible. The staircase is like no other ever seen. A complete work of carved wood art.

LIVING ROOM

The rest of the house is done perfectly, with everything a man and woman could imagine having. The carved fireplace mantles all in place.

A perfect blend of the old world design with new world technology. All of Bo's woodwork perfectly-filling the house as planned.

The Sheriff makes his way back to

THE KITCHEN

where Marley is there fussing over the stove. Everything you'd ever want in a kitchen. Decorated old but with all the nice new stuff good cooks need and want. A dream.

Bo enters to retrieve something. They both look up and see the look on the Sheriff's face.

SHERIFF

They found Sam.

MARLEY

Sam? Is he...?

SHERIFF

Out in the lake. The ducks havin' eatin' most of him. But it's him.

BO

How?

SHERIFF

Hard to say. They'll dredge for his truck.

MARLEY

My God, that's terrible.

BO

Have you called his family?

SHERIFF

They're on their way. They found another. Buried along the river.

MARLEY

That's terrible.

SHERIFF

Yeah. Wisconsin receipts in his pocket. Might be your friend. You two wouldn't know anything about this, would you?

MARLEY

Why would we?

SHERIFF

Bo's Wisconsin friend. Sam was your architect. Little things like that.

MARLEY

I just hired Sam. I don't know what else he was into. Perhaps he and Sal --

SHERIFF

I've known Sam a long time. Knew his daddy before him. Know all his kids. Sam wasn't into anything other than fixin' up these old homes.

BO

He was a good man. Salvador was --

MARLEY

As you know, Bo and I had to finish the house on our own. We couldn't bear to hire anyone else.

SHERIFF

Done a fine job too. The investigation will hopefully bring everything into light. In the meantime, I hope you two aren't planning any kind of vacations. In case we need your help.

BO

We're here to stay, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Yep. The rest of your lives, I hope.

MARLEY

Can we get you and your Deputy a plate of food?

The Sheriff looks out the window at the backyard full of people. His Deputy is among them with a plate.

SHERIFF

I see the deputy has taken matters into his own hands.

Bo slaps him on the back. Leads him to the door. He goes out.

BO

(calling out)

Gail, see the Sheriff gets grub and a beer.

GAIL

Okay.

Bo looks back into the house at Marley. Letting the Sheriff get away from the house.

BO

What do you think?

MARLEY

Your call. I'm with you.

EXT. McCLOUR HOUSE - NIGHT

All the lights are out in the house. Marley's car STARTS up. And drives away with its lights off.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NORTHVILLE - NIGHT

Marley's car paces quietly through town.

Past Bo & Arrow's Craft Shop.

Past Northville Monthly Newspaper.

At the end it makes a left onto Hines Drive and drives on.

INT. MARLEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Inside the car are Bo and Marley. They're leaving their perfect lives behind for good. They haven't even taken Arrow with them. Nothing but the clothes on their backs.

EXT. MARLEY'S CAR - NIGHT

The car drives along. From behind it a set of police lights twirl to life and come SCREAMING at them...

INT. MARLEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Bo starts pounding on the wheel. Pulls over.

The lights come flashing, sirens BLARING and ZOOM.

The cop car whips around and past them.

Their hearts in their throats. They sit. Bo looks at her.

BO

It's gonna be like this. Isn't it?

MARLEY

It'll come and go.

BO

Was a perfect haunted house.

MARLEY

I couldn't invent a better life.
Tell me again why it's all okay to
give away.

EXT. HINES DRIVE - NIGHT

The car continues-on.

BO (O.S.)

If we keep it, they'll find us.

MARLEY (O.S.)
Maybe put us in prison. Or worse.

BO (O.S.)
So by signing everything to our
friends.

MARLEY (O.S.)
Gail and the kids will take good
care of Arrow. And the shop in
your names.

BO (O.S.)
The Jaclyn will keep your paper
alive.

MARLEY (O.S.)
We made the right choice. Sam
would be happy if he knew.

BO (O.S.)
Even if his family finally owning
McClour House scot-free will never
justify losing him because of us.

MARLEY (O.S.)
But as long as we have each other.

BO (O.S.)
Somewhere there's a perfect home
for us.

Marley's car lights fade into the night.

FADE OUT.

THE END