

# **WHEN THE RIGHT MAN FINDS YOU**

**A Neo-Noir Stage Play**

**(based on the screenplay)**

by

*Karl J. Niemiec*

A Tragedy for the  
Romantic in all of Us

(inspired by a true story)

6 M & 3 F The dark past of two young property  
developers catches up with them and takes everything  
away but their love for each other

PRODUCTIONS:

LapTopPublishing.com  
3531 Rolling Springs Drive  
Carmel, IN 46033  
KjN@LapTopPublishing.com  
317-379-5716

**CHARACTERS:**

**MARLEY GRAYSON:** Early thirties. Graceful, classy, a real head turner and new owner of the local weekly newspaper.

**BO FOSTER:** Late thirties. Tall, manly, muscular, very talented wood craftsmen. Owns the arts and craft store.

**ARROW:** Bo's old dog. (Play can be done with or without).

**SALVADOR TURK:** Thirties. A gangly strange and dangerously secretive, mentally challenged man. Bo's childhood friend.

**SAM NEGAHBAN:** Fifties. An owner of a construction company.

**HOOMAN ZANIB:** Twenties. Simple minded construction laborer.

**JACLYN:** Forties. A plump, bossy newspaper office employee.

**JUDY:** Fifties. An overly thin woman, newspaper advertising.

**MATTHEW JONES:** Seventies. A cranky old newspaper printer.

**SHERIFF BROWN:** Fifties. Small town cop.

**SETTING:** Inside and outside of the dimly lit McClure House - in Northville, Michigan. It's a majestic, Turn-of-the-Century Victorian home, with magnificent potential for the right amount of care and money. However, rundown, with overgrown trees and shrubs and vacant for many years. The horn like chimneys make it spooky and haunted looking at best. It sets on a slight hill above a small deep lake toward S.R, and overlooks downtown Northville further S.R. Also S.R., a rotted gazebo and dock runs along the lake and extends from the wraparound veranda; with a small family fenced-in grave yard. No one in their right mind would live there as is, let alone remodel it. There are grand front double doors that open onto a once beautiful foyer with a splendid staircase and a landing on the second floor that leads to bedrooms.

**TIME:**

Present day, Summer to following Spring.

Note: From TED Case Studies - Lake Superior Sunken Logs - <http://www1.american.edu/ted/sunkwood.htm>

In Checaumegon Bay, Wisconsin, on Lake Superior, the Superior Lumber Company is involved in the recovery of millions of sunken logs 60 feet below the bay's surface. Because the logs have existed for approximately 100 years at large depths and in very cold water, they have been preserved almost to perfection. Most of the old slow growth wood at the bottom of the bay was clearcut in the late 1800s from areas in Canada, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, and were floated downstream to ports in Lake Superior to be loaded onto ships for transport. During the 1930s, most of the northern Midwest old growth forest was deforested, and the large timber corporations had begun to leave the areas, along with all the timber at the bottom of Lake Superior. Today, treasure hunters like Scott Mitchen are involved in an effort to raise approximately one million logs to the surface of Lake Superior to be processed and sold to furniture makers, architects, contractors, instrument makers and the Japanese at incredibly high prices. The high prices are because there no longer exists the same quality of old growth lumber anywhere in the world that can compare to the lumber that was harvested by the U.S. and Canadian logging companies during the late 1890s to early 1930s.

**CASE NUMBER: 421 - CASE MNEMONIC: SUNKWOOD**

**CASE NAME: SUNKEN WOOD USE**

**ACTS - SCENES:**

ACT I - Scene One - Night: Front of McClure House

ACT I - Scene Two - Morning: Outside McClure House

ACT I - Scene Three - Late afternoon: McClure Gazebo

ACT II - Scene One - Day: McClure Yard

ACT II - Scene Two - Next morning: McClure House

ACT II - Scene Three - Hours later: McClure House

ACT II - Scene Four - Spring Day: McClure Gazebo

**At Rise:**

**ACT I**

**Scene One**

Darkly lit sidewalk in front of McClure House.

MARLEY GRAYSON enters the property from the street, heading toward the McClure House front gates. Her arms full of the blueprints and a briefcase. She can't see a thing. She steps onto the sidewalk and right into BO FOSTER checking a text while jogging. SMACK! Blueprints and cell phones 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.

BO

Good evening.

MARLEY

Oh, my goodness. I'm so, so...

(right in his face)

Good evening. Ah....

BO

Bo Foster.

MARLEY

Marley Grayson.

BO

Right. From down the hall.

MARLEY

You live in my apartment building? With the dog.

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

BO

Yes, my dog Arrow. You're the News Paper Publisher?

MARLEY

Yes, that's me. I guess. Have we met?

(BO hands the blueprints over.)

BO

In a way. I was the person secretly bidding against you on McClure House.

MARLEY

That was you?

BO

Yes. And you have no idea how you've broken my heart. I've had my eye on this house for over a year.

MARLEY

I'm truly sorry... Mr. Foster.

BO

Now I've got my eye on you. And it's Bo.

(MARLEY gets everything back in her arms.)

MARLEY

Thank you, Bo. I think.

BO

Do you run?

MARLEY

Only when chased.

BO

Good. Nice to have finally met.

(BO jogs away. MARLEY stands there. She looks at the dark house then over at the town and lake. And heads up the front steps.)

(Inside McClure House Grand Foyer. MARLEY enters. She turns on a light.)

EVERYONE

Congratulations!

(MARLEY drops everything and lets out a blood curdling SCREAM. Only to find those standing there are as shocked by MARLEY'S reaction as she was finding them there.)

MATTHEW

Told you surprising her was a harebrain idea. Nearly killed the poor woman.

(MARLEY tries her best to compose herself. She looks over at her employees JACLYN, JUDY, and MATTHEW JONES.

The girls smile back warmly. MATTHEW frowns. SAM NEGAHBAN, in workmen's clothing, is doing his best not to laugh. SHERIFF BROWN, holds a tray of cookies. He's stupefied by MARLEY'S reaction.)

MARLEY

You guys. It's dark and spooky... Jaclyn, Judy, don't... thank you, you shouldn't have. I mean it.

MATTHEW

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

JUDY

Oh, Matthew, don't --

MATTHEW

-- Got a paper to put out. Now drink your coffees and eat your cookies and let's go back across the street and work.

JACLYN

You old coot, hush up.

SHERIFF

(Steps forward.)

Mr. Jones is right, Jaclyn. Marley, we just wanted to stop by and give you these. Cookies. We are the official McClure Park welcoming committee.

(SHERIFF hands MARLEY the cookies. MARLEY looks but finds no place to put them.)

SHERIFF

Home baked by the misses. Welcome to Northville.

MATTHEW

She's lived here five weeks, Sheriff. Owns the paper now, remember?

SHERIFF

Yes, and as of this morning the proud owner of McClure House. And founder of McClure Park.

MARLEY

Thank you, all. I'm more than surprised. Horrified even comes to mind.

MATTHEW

Old rotten dump.

SHERIFF

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.)

JUDY

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

MATTHEW

Be a haunted house story. Things movin' around up in here all the time. Scarin' the heck out of simple folks. Me workin' nights, I see things up here all the time.

(JUDY joins JACLYN, boxing MATTHEW 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.

JACLYN

He's harmless.



JUDY

You just gotta kick-start the old coot's smile on special occasions. Come on, Sheriff, we'll buy you a beer.

SHERIFF

Now you're talking. Good night, Marley. Reach out if you need anything.

MARLEY

I'm sure I will. Thanks for the cookies. Good night, everyone.

(JUDY and JACLYN usher MATTHEW out the door.)

MARLEY

Sam, 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 here. 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 the rafters back in 1950. They walled in some of it. And I think we should open it up and take a good long look at them chimneys behind it.

(MARLEY looks out the window. Reacts to who she sees.)

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. Here, take these, it'll save me a trip.

SAM

(picking up blueprints)

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 these old places sittin' empty for so long.

(MARLEY walks him to the door.)

MARLEY

Tomorrow then, Sam.

SAM

Can I tell you a little secret?

MARLEY

If it won't cost me a thing.

SAM

Been praying to get my hands on the McClure House for ten years. Dreaming of leaving it to my family. Even if this is as close as I get, you've made me a happy man today.

(looks out the window)

The gentleman you're keeping an eye on out that window, is 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.

(MARLEY looks out the window for Bo again. JACLYN comes back in. Big smirk on her face. MARLEY gives her a look.)

JACLYN

Just checked the office messages. 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 at the McClure House gazebo with Starbucks when you're done screaming in here.

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

I'll meet you at the office in an hour.

(pats her purse)

JACLYN

(goes out the door)

Run don't walk, girl. If that was Bo Foster, I'm liable to beat you to him.

(JACLYN leaves as MARLEY catches her reflection in a mirror. She fixes her hair, before picking up the cookies and leaving out a side door leading to the gazebo, veranda and docks.

BO sips STARBUCKS. A cup sits waiting for MARLEY. Arrow, his dog, is there at his feet. With them is a gangly man, SALVADOR TURK.)

MARLEY

Wasn't expecting you so soon.

BO

My business partner wanted to meet you. He's leaving for home soon.

(Marley sticks out her hand.)

MARLEY

How do you do? I'm Marley Grayson.

SALVADOR

(doesn't shake her hand)

Hello.

MARLEY

Cookie?

SALVADOR

No.

BO

Thanks. Counter person told me what you add to your coffee.

MARLEY

Thank you. Sheriff Brown brought these. So, where's home?

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 and some investments 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. You know, living out of a briefcase. 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. But some power tools as needed.

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 still isn't pleasant.)

SALVADOR

Games about to start.

MARLEY

Right. Well, I really should be going.

BO

Hold on, Marley. 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. Please sit, I want to show you something.

(BO takes out a folder of photographs and hands it to MARLEY.)

BO

These are from ancient logs pulled from the Great Lakes. Some sank in the late 1800s. There's millions of them in Checaumegon Bay. At the bottom of Lake Superior, close to where Sal and I grew up. Arrow, the boss here, watches them.

MARLEY

(before opening the folder)

Good job, Arrow. So, are we talking like driftwood?

BO

Oh, no. That's the magic of it. The water's depths at near freezing 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 from opening the folder.)

BO

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

(MARLEY looks to see if he's being serious. Kind of, sort of, but yeah. She opens the folder slowly. MARLEY stops.)

MARLEY

Before we go any further. Are you still mad at me?

BO

I'm not angry. I'm heartbroken. Take a look. I think you'll understand.

(MARLEY opens the folder, stunned at first then quickly with growing excitement goes through.)

MARLEY

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

BO

Library, town hall, private photos. Your newspaper. Some of the original built ins still exist, but damaged. Others stolen. Once Sal found the wood, I decided to start fresh.

(points to the pictures)

Most of the originals were made right here in the very wood-shop I now own. Turn of the Century craftsmen tools.

(MARLEY studying the pictures closer. She's amazed. Almost afraid of the lunacy of it all.)

MARLEY

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

BO

Yes, measuring. Until you came along I had no competition. Other than Sam Negahban. But I 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. Clearcut before 1930.

(He pulls out a piece of wood from his pocket - polished smooth. He hands it to her to feel.)

MARLEY

Old growth. 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 is on a limited offer. You don't even want to know what this goes for on the open market.

(MARLEY continues through the pictures.)

MARLEY

Actually, I would.

(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. I'm not even forty yet.

MARLEY

I just bought a bankrupt Weekly Newspaper. And a rundown haunted house. Overlooking a bottomless lake in a town I never heard of three months ago. You want to talk about life crisis? Or do we just want to call it a big whatever.

BO

Ok, 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 house wall. And pulls it off. MARLEY is in disbelief. Before her is a magnificent hand carved wood fireplace mantel.)

MARLEY

Oh, my goodness, Bo. I want this. If you sell this to anyone else, I'll murder you in broad daylight.

(MARLEY moves to it, touching the finish.)

BO

Relax. I carved it for McClure 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. I love this old place. It talks to me. It's waited all this time for me to find her.



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.

(They move up on the verandah overlooking the backyard. Arrow runs O.S. FLUSHING DUCKS.)

MARLEY

You should've let everyone know what you were up to.

BO

Are you kidding? I can't let local artists know I have this kind of raw wood in my warehouse. Once they started bidding on it, I couldn't afford not to sell it. They'd hate me for hoarding so much of it.

MARLEY

Oh, come on. Are you serious?

BO

Yes. Think about what was made from just this maple during the 17th and 18th centuries. The Stradivarius' back, ribs, and neck for starters. The long list goes on from there. Seriously, if craftsmen who repair instruments knew I was making built in chairs, molding and steps out of this wood, for this old house, without owning it, they'd string me up in that tree. Not even the people selling Sal this wood know what I'm doing with it. So, when I couldn't get Northville to commit to a practical or sane alternative, I decided to open my shop and wait them out. Hide what I was doing and build the furniture while stockpiling the wood.

MARLEY

Do you have enough to finish.

BO

Almost, I'm waiting on the last of the staircase. They haven't found it yet. But it's sure to be down there.

MARLEY

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

BO

(gets up and walks into the yard)

Really. It all came down to a probate hearing for me.

BO (CONT'D)

I couldn't get past the McClure family estate being left to the City of Northville. Under the stipulation of finding someone to restore the house. And properly move the four McClure 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 the land and bring in two similar homes. And use the land sales to finish the remodel. But the City kept dragging their feet. And the neighbors kept voting 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, buying up that old paper, and an acceptable solution to burst my bubble.

(They stop at a picket gate. BO pushes it. A long eerie squeak. Inside is a graveyard with four carved stones. The McClures.)

MARLEY

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

BO

How did you get around the original McClure will? How will you get these McClures 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 that. People with real influence and money.

MARLEY

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

BO

You better not make me look stupid.

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. Something bad?

MARLEY

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

BO

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

(BO remembers something. Checks his watch.)

MARLEY

-- Can move it somewhere else.

BO

But you still cheated, right.

MARLEY

Yes. I cheated by digging into the archives of Northville Weekly. Which used to be a daily paper. And found who first owned the adjoining lots to the McClure 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. A park. All this land was built upon by one McClure family member or another. Why not a park?

MARLEY

Right. Unofficially this area is referred to as --

BO

-- McClure Park. Damn. I could've grabbed the house and sat on it.

MARLEY

So, I merely suggested to my neighbors that we make it official. McClure Park.

BO

Merely. Sweet, Marley. Just leave the graves. Even the empty one for the missing child. Maybe put in a family statue in his honor. Damn. Why didn't we think of that, Arrow? I could've carved the statue of the boy myself. Damn, I made myself look stupid.

MARLEY

And I 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 but doesn't answer it. BO isn't happy about losing the house. She senses it.)

MARLEY

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

BO

Yeah, I better.

**End of ACT I**  
**Scene I**

**ACT I**  
**Scene Two**

Morning, front of McClure House - MARLEY has stopped BO from jogging again. This time on purpose.

MARLEY

Okay, honestly. Which do you like?

BO

Give me a break, Marley. I'm cooling down already.

MARLEY

Come on, run in place. Just tell me. Which one?

(SALVADOR walks up. BO and MARLEY stop.)

MARLEY

Oh, hello, Salvador. I thought you were leaving town.

SALVADOR

I didn't.

MARLEY

How was the game?

SALVADOR

We lost.

(SALVADOR gives BO a look.)

BO

Take Arrow for a walk first, will ya?

(whistles)

(SALVADOR leaves.)

BO

We're still waiting for wood. 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. Both stain and paint. As is, it's okay. But what I had in mind is something intricately carved. Dark and grainy. A focal point. Close to what was there originally but with better grain. Any kind of pattern beyond crown molding would only distract or clutter. Don't forget they'll be furniture, drapes, flowers and paintings.

MARLEY

Flowers?

BO

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

(BO whistles for Arrow. But Arrows gone.)

MARLEY

He's with --

BO

-- Oh yeah. Have fun. I'll be over in a few minutes.

MARLEY

Thanks.

BO

Go put your tennis shoes on.

MARLEY

I'll go up and down the stairs a few times while I wait for you.

(Bo smiles at MARLEY and jogs off. MARLEY retreats into the house. )

(Daylight, McClure House - Foyer is in shambles with the remodel. Damaged walls are stripped, floors torn up.)

(But in the middle of it all. On an exquisitely handcrafted round table is a great big bouquet of wild flowers. MARLEY and SAM Negahban look it over.)

SAM

I have no idea where it came from. It was there when we got here. Damn fine work.

MARLEY

Have you met Bo Foster? 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 taking a minute to look at something? I want to introduce you. And show off the mantel he carved.

SAM

Now? He's a fairly private man.

MARLEY

Please? He's on his way. I just spoke to him. He's got drawings I want you to look at.

SAM

Fine.

(yells up the stairs.)

Hooman, I'm taking a break.

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

HOOMAN

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

SAM

Can it wait? I'm not going anywhere.

HOOMAN

Sure it can wait. Whole house can wait. It's me that can't wait.

(MARLEY looks concerned.)

SAM

We'll be right up. Give us a minute.

BO  
(enters.)

Good, you're here.

MARLEY

Thank you for the flowers.

(BO looks over and sees the table and flowers.)

BO

What's this doing here?

MARLEY

Don't even pretend you didn't have Salvador drop it off.

BO

You're welcome.

(sticks his hand out to SAM)

Hi, what the rude girl meant to say was, I'm Bo Foster.

SAM

Sam Negahban. Those for me.

BO

Sworn to secrecy. Right?

SAM

May I drown in the lake.

(BO hands SAM a stack of drawings.)

MARLEY

Don't say stuff like that.

BO

What, sounds about right to me.

(SAM looks over a drawing of a grand staircase. He can't believe it.)

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 real hard when I heard how simple it was.

BO

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

SAM

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

BO

Banisters and railings. I'll go with something else on the steps. Not sure yet.

SAM

You two figure it out. It's something to think about though. That's for sure if it looks anything like this table.

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 mantel outside she wants. You can just leave it there?

MARLEY

I'll have a check in the morning.

BO

That's fine. I guess.

MARLEY

Thank you, Bo. We've been invited upstairs. Want to come.

(SAM sticks his hand out. BO shakes it. MARLEY and SAM start to climb the staircase.)

BO

I'm good. We can talk later.

(BO turns to look at the work that needs done. He wanted this house. Now she's after his woodwork. SALVADOR steps into the darkened window. BO doesn't see him yet. MARLEY pops her head back at the top of the stairs. Startling BO.)

MARLEY

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

BO

Careful, or I'll take you up on that.

(They look at each other for a moment. Sparks. MARLEY smiles and leaves. BO looks at Arrow. Arrow WOOFs.)

BO

Yeah, woof is right.

(BO looks over as SALVADOR talks through window.)

SALVADOR

I'm heading down to the rail yard.

BO

Thanks, Sal. Pick me up about five pounds of these.

(Bo tosses SALVADOR a small nail. Arrow comes over to SALVADOR.)

SALVADOR

You gave her the table?

BO

It's flawed. They sent it back.

SALVADOR

Right.

BO

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

SALVADOR

Sure.

(They exit. Moments later - Upstairs, SAM and MARLEY stand in the hall off the landing. SAM is going over all the photos from Bo's folder.)

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 do you think?

SAM

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

MARLEY

Sam. That's not neighborly.

SAM

Are you aware of 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 nuts.

MARLEY

The house sat empty for years. Please, Sam. He can sell the work anywhere.

SAM

The house is weird enough as it is. Now 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. If I have his help. He's got a good eye.

(The POUNDING from the master bedroom stops and HOOMAN sticks his head out of the door.)

HOOMAN

You got time now?

(SAM and MARLEY follow him down the hall.)

SAM

The paint is fine, Hooman.

MARLEY

Is there something wrong with the paint?

HOOMAN

It's what's behind the paint you need to see.

(SAM and MARLEY stop and look into a large hole. An old chest sits covered in cobwebs. With a heavy chain lying on the floor. There's an ancient lock broken open. The lid's up.)

MARLEY

Oh, my goodness, is that?

SAM

I'll be damned. It's a little boy.

HOOMAN

Called the Sheriff when you didn't come up. I couldn't figure why this wall was here. So I opened it. Looks like it was to hide fire damage.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Nobody touch anything.

(SHERIFF BROWN walks up from behind them.)

SAM

Christ, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Sorry, came up the service stairs. Who found him?

HOOMAN

I did. Broke open the wall and there he was.

MARLEY

He must be the missing boy?

SHERIFF

My guess he's Terrence McClure 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 family member alive. Except bury him out back with the others. Sam, why don't you send your boys home. I'll get someone official over here to clean up. That okay by you, Miss Grayson? Could have him cremated.

MARLEY

No, that's fine. It's the right thing to do.

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. Since I found it.

MARLEY

Sure, why not. You're a local hero. Solved the McClure mystery.

(SAM looks out the window. BO'S and Salvador are still at the gazebo.)

SAM

You guys got this?

SHERIFF

Let's keep this under wraps until we work this out. There ain't a next of kin.

(SAM heads down the stairs as MARLEY goes to the window to look down at BO.)

SAM

No worries.

MARLEY

I'll have Jaclyn write something up. This will be big.

SHERIFF

Fine, but keep it simple. Until we find out what actually happened. Chances are he suffocated. But who knows how he really got in there, or why?

(MARLEY keeps an eye down below. The Sheriff goes back down the service stairs. HOOMAN goes about putting away tools.

BO looks up from a NEWSPAPER PHOTO. SALVADOR stops talking and puts the photo into his coat pocket.)

SAM

You got a minute?

BO

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

SALVADOR

Couple days, we'll know.

(sees SAM looking

SAM

How ya doin'?

SALVADOR

Fine. Parkin' the truck, Bo.

(SALVADOR continues past SAM. Looks back at BO. Walks off. SAM takes out the folder of photos.)

BO

What's all the commotion, Sam?

(SAM watches as SALVADOR leaves with Arrow.)

SAM

Something the Sheriff's looking into about the McClure family . So, that's your guy ? Seen him around town.

BO

Yeah. Middlemen. They make all the money .

SAM

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

BO

Pretty good. Did them up myself. Got them all on CAD.

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.

SAM

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

BO

-- Wait. She wants to buy up all my furniture?

SAM

Yup... it makes sense to use it all.

BO

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

SAM

Well, Miss Grayson thinks --

(BO glances over his shoulder at the veranda.)

BO

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

MARLEY

(steps into view)

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

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

(BO looks at Sam. Then to MARLEY.)

BO

I guess I'm in.

MARLEY

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

BO

Body?

**End of Act I**  
**Scene Two**

**ACT I**  
**Scene Three**

McClure House - Gazebo - Late afternoon. MARLEY uses her laptop.

MARLEY

What do you think of this, Jaclyn?

(JACLYN is on the phone, she examines sheets of paper. Revealing copies of a photo of BO.)

JACLYN

I think we need to work in the air condition, is what I think. But if you ask me, you got it bad, girl.

MARLEY

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

(JACLYN hands the photo back.)



JACLYN

And I have Denial Washington's calendar on my bedroom wall because I still need to know what day it was back in 1999.

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 hard road between "I will" and "I do". Remember that.

MARLEY

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

JACLYN

(dials her phone)

-- Matthew, how many pages is the Foster profile?

MATTHEW (V.O.)

(speaker phone)

Four pages.

JACLYN

How many photos?

MATTHEW (V.O.)

Twelve.

JACLYN

Smitten, smitten, smiiiiitten.

MARLEY

Matthew, cut the profile to two pages and one photo.

MATTHEW (V.O.)

I'm a printer, not an editor. You want it cut, 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 to print. Lucky you got his last name right.

MARLEY

Okay, here he is now. Don't say a word. We're having dinner.

JACLYN

Uh-huh....

MARLEY

This proves nothing.

(MARLEY grabs her pen and pad. JACLYN gets up and smiles at BO as she goes by, turning to give MARLEY a look. MARLEY shows her a clenched fist. BO sits down and looks after JACLYN.)

BO

I see I'm not the only one with strange friends.

MARLEY

Jaclyn's not strange, just nosy.

BO

Comes with the biz. Right?

MARLEY

I wouldn't know. So, you ready for your interview?

BO

No. Why don't we go to a movie instead. Double feature tonight. Bogie films.

MARLEY

Saw them already.

BO

Well, I guess I'm stuck. You want a beer?

MARLEY

You brought beer?

BO

No, I thought we'd go over and play darts at Bud's.

MARLEY

Drinking in bars makes me want to smoke again.

BO

Well, I can't think of anything else to avoid this. So give it your best shot, Lois.

MARLEY

Okay. Why Northville?

BO

Drove through a few times. Didn't want to move all the way back to Wisconsin. Sal had mentioned the wood. Found this house crying out for my help. Haunted me actually. Like it wanted that wood to save her. And a shop with the space I needed for my art shop. The adjoining workshop in back was just a lucky bonus. Kind've like it was meant to be. A simple matter of breaking through a wall. Why you?

MARLEY

I felt the same way about the house. Like it chose me to invest in it and give it new life.

BO

And I thought you just came here to break my heart and gloat about it once a week in your paper.

MARLEY

Stop. You're making me feel wicked.

BO

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

MARLEY

Home is here. My father was Air Force. Me being a journalist. You know. Hotel life. The paper became available on the internet. I plan to write my Great American Novel in McClure 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 every season. Maybe I do need roots. So here I am. Hey, I'm suppose to ask 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 delivery cooking?

BO

I thought I smelt something.

(MARLEY reaches behind her and brings up a bag of Chinese food.)

MARLEY

Hope you don't mind. I took the liberty of ordering.

BO

Looks like there's enough food here to feed five of us.

MARLEY

I got a variety pack. Just in case. Dig in.

(BO grabs the bag and takes out the containers. They both start opening them and serving themselves as they talk.)

MARLEY

Any problem with red wine?

(BO has his mouth full. 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

Stop. Talented, kind, handsome, hardworking - what's the downside? Thirty-five, single. Mamma's boy? Gay perhaps?

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. Boyhood friend. 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, out of shape, working-stiff bums.

MARLEY

Think about it. You have this Outer Craft-Shop, I'm a nice guy image. When just through magic shop curtains, there's this whole-other - obviously out of his mind - amazingly visionary guy. The real Bo Foster.

BO

Relax - I'm only out of my workshop. I'm a Craftsmen. 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.

(holds up one of the forks)

Refined taste. Overly intelligent. Seemingly wealthy. You know, just weird enough to be slightly out of butch camp.

MARLEY

Butch? I'm a little 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 woman to find me. Who knows, maybe even the right man.

MARLEY

Right. You want dessert? Or a stroll through the park?

BO

Both.

MARLEY

I have it in the kitchen. Give me a minute.

(MARLEY leaves. Bo picks up her fork and wraps it in his hanky, putting it into his pocket.)

BO

I'm gonna stop by my place to grab a jacket. And, for the record, real men don't stroll.

MARLEY (O.S.)

Darn, I thought I had you.

**Lights to black.**

**Lights up - Minutes Later.**

(Through the missing Master Bedroom bay window, we find MARLEY and BO making love, overlooking the town. They are wrapped in the cloth that covered the mantel Bo gave her. If this isn't true love, it's a good act. It's so perfect it hurts. Or at least SOUNDS like it does.)

(Down below in the gazebo, a gloved hand reaches out of the dark and picks up a half glass of wine from the table.)

(It brings it up to SALVADOR Turk's face as he steps into the light. He sips. Thinking as he watches up at the window overlooking the street and town. SALVADOR can clearly see and hear MARLEY and BO making love up at the house. He's been cheated.)

**Lights to black.**

**Lights up - NEXT MORNING**

The sun is up. Marley is asleep in the McClure House master bedroom floor. BO has gone. POUNDING on the missing door frame. Marley rolls over to find JACLYN staring down at her.

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 room. And moves over to missing master bedroom window.)

JACLYN

Tell me what you see and hear out there?

MARLEY

You falling, if you keep this up.

JACLYN

Take a saner look.

(Marley moves to the window.)

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 at the buildings. She realizes that the window where they made love overlooks the town. It sinks in - in stages.)

MARLEY

Oh, oohh... OOOHHH!

JACLYN

More like hoe, hhoee... HHOOOE. 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 down in the gazebo. Waiting for a second cup of your hot-lovin'.

MARLEY

All right, fine. You were right, now go. Please? I need to run home and 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. You better pull your act together. Judy had three calls from new advertisers this mornin'. Wantin' to place web smut ads.

(Marley wants to close the door on her but there are none.)

JACLYN

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?)

**Lights to black**

**Lights back up - Continuing**

MARLEY exits McClure House and BO is waiting in the gazebo for her with Starbucks. 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 uninhibited conversation this morning. My shop is jumping. Fifteen people signed up for my 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.

BO

Tira...? Up in...? You're kidding?

MARLEY

I wish. I'm so sorry. I've got to go.

BO

Wait. Marley sit down. I've something I need to talk about.

MARLEY

Bo, can it wait? My paper is going to press without a main headline. And I apparently need to wash this slutty smirk off my face.

BO

No. Look, sit. Eventually our past will catch up with us.

MARLEY

What do you mean?

BO

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. Because I want us to continue. 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 ran into you. Truly. But I got her - she has my child. A two year-old boy. He doesn't know about me now. But someday, he might.

(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?

(She throws her arms around and kisses him.)

**End of ACT I**

**ACT II**

**Scene One**

McClure House - Backyard - Day. The reception after MARLEY and BO'S wedding. A small ceremony. Only people we've met. JUDY and JACLYN have MATTHEW Jones boxed in. Bo's on the phone in the kitchen.

BO

Look, Salvador. I know what I said. Yes. I don't want to know. No... Sal... damn it. Where are you? I told you I didn't want to know. Are you sure? I knew it. Damn you. Salvador, you can't tell anybody about this. Please. I've... Sal... we're 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 us. It was a mistake. Just throw the fork away. Do it now!

(BO hangs up. Sam enters to get BO. BO is completely torn.)

SAM

Everything okay?

BO

Huh? Oh. Yeah. I'm married to a beautiful, mysterious woman.

SAM

Come on, let me buy you an eye opening drink.

(SAM gives BO a big handshake. They exit the kitchen as JACLYN and JUDY enter.)

JACLYN

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

JUDY

Jaclyn, you promised. We're her family now.

JACLYN

What? She looks so beautiful. It's a shame to have Sherriff Brown give her away. And Sam 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 so beautiful - had to be given away by a toad like Sheriff Brown.

MARLEY

What's wrong with Sheriff Brown?

JUDY

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

MARLEY

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

JACLYN

Sure, his son gets married every day to the slut of Northville. His best friend wasn't even here.

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 grabs JACLYN, 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 come 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. GIGGLING. She turns to find a FLASH of movement but no one is there.)

MARLEY

Hello? Hello?

(Nothing. Then from behind her.)

BO (O.S.)

Heellooo.

MARLEY

(heart up in her throat)

My goodness, Bo! You scared the bajeeves out of me.

BO

You look like you saw a ghost. What did you see?

MARLEY

Nothing, a flash maybe. But I heard giggling.

(They look at each other. BO moves to her. Kisses her.)

BO

He's just happy that he's finally buried with his family. Let's have a drink.

(BO tries to lead her out but MARLEY stops.)

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 married lovin'.

MARLEY

I'm very interested already.

(GIGGLING comes from the same spot. They look at each other, then to the spot. MARLEY and BO burst out of the house to a round of APPLAUSE and their FIRST DANCE. They compose themselves in each other's arms.)

BO

We have a ghost.

MARLEY

You said you wanted a family.

(They LAUGH, and dance away, as the small gathering 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. In the upstairs window, SALVADOR is watching as 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.

**Lights to black**

**Lights back up - Later**

MARLEY, BO and Arrow at the end of wedding party.  
BO and MARLEY sit in the gazebo with a bottle of wine  
and cake. Arrow sleeps at BO'S feet.

MARLEY

Bo, I know we haven't talked much about this, so, if you don't mind, tell a little gazebo-tale 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 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

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

MARLEY

Foster Paints. The chain? That's you?

BO

Yes, well, no it's my pop. A very large chain. I have stock though. So there's income. It angers him that I make money without helping him. Salvador still helps out once in awhile. Sal likes to watch the trains unload. And I think he likes the fumes from the paint. He used to sniff it when he was a kid. You know getting high.

MARLEY

Not you?

BO

I had other ideas. I saw painted cars, not barns.

MARLEY

I see. I'm sorry about what this has done to Salvador.



BO

Yeah. I disappointed him.

MARLEY

Is he... he seems... so odd. Was it all the paint maybe?

BO

No. He's cool. His family were all odd. 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 many times. Sal broke the kid's jaw. Nearly put out one of his eyes. Wasn't for Pop vouching, saying he was working, he'da done real jail time. This house thing. He's a little upset by it. It's --

MARLEY

-- It's not your fault. There's other houses in this 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. It upsets him.

MARLEY

He looks up to you. Like a big brother.

BO

Pop, kind'a 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, his family owned a lot of farmland. Lost it all to the bank after his pop took ill. We've talked about this old place 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. Salvador and your father must see that.

BO

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

MARLEY

Come here and make love to me. And I'll confess everything.

BO

Even the lesbian stuff?

MARLEY

Wise-guy.

BO

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

MARLEY

Maybe they're real, maybe not.

BO

Big tease. Tell me about living with your granny.

MARLEY

My parents died in a plane crash. From there, Granny ran my private life pretty much. The insurance money just kept growing with investments. Granny was a smart business woman.

BO

You never bought a home before this one?

MARLEY

No need to. 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. You may have read about it. 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.

(kisses her.)

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

(MARLEY reaches over for her wineglass.)

MARLEY

To our future.

BO

And finishing the McClure House.

MARLEY

And our son, the ghost.

**End of ACT II**  
**Scene One**

**ACT II**  
**Scene Two**

McClure House - Day. The house is coming along very nicely. BO is seen at work on the staircase. MARLEY is on her laptop at the gazebo. She also has a card. BO looks up and sees her looking at the card. He recognizes it. He leaves the house and crosses to the gazebo. He 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 unpacks their lunch.)

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?

BO

And not a topic Pop or I choose to speak about.

MARLEY

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

BO

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

(looks the card over)

It's 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, and heads back to the house.)

BO

I love you. No matter what.

MARLEY

I love you back. Regardless.

(We can see in both their eyes that something is bothering both of them. MARLEY returns to 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 who was fired. This is foolish, you know. But --

JACLYN

-- But, you know what?

MARLEY

(startled)

Jaclyn!

JACLYN

I coughed. Isn't it a little late to research the mystery lumberjack husband?  
(has lunch)

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 you. 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.)

JACLYN

What is it?

MARLEY

Nothing. Now go back to work.

JACLYN

Don't come cryin' to me when you find he ain't the man he said he was.  
(answers her CELL as she leaves)

What is it, Judy?

JUDY (V.O.)

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.)

MARLEY

Unsolved disappearance? She's someone special.

(having a breakdown, answers her phone)

Hello. Oh, could you please text him on his phone? Yes. Of course. Just a minute.  
(calling out)

Bo. Phone call on my cell for you.

BO

(trots to the gazebo)

What's the matter, Marley?

MARLEY

Nothing. Work related stress. It's for you. Did you give out my cell phone? Said he couldn't reach you on yours.

BO

Hello. Hey, Sal. Yes we were. No, I... Come here, now.

MARLEY

What does he want?

BO

(looks sickened)

The wood.

MARLEY

Bo, what does he want? Bo --

BO

-- Don't worry. Sal's just.... He's coming here. I'll take care of it.

(BO moves D.S. toward the street. SALVADOR waits for him there. They walk into the house.

SAM sticks his head out an upstairs' window.)

SAM

-- Marley, something's wrong. His guy's here with him. Hooman took off a few seconds ago and didn't say where he was going. You see him send him back up here, pronto. I'll be back in about an hour.

MARLEY

Okay. I'll be right up.

(MARLEY enters the house and stops at the bottom of the stairs as SAM comes out. He motions inside.

MARLEY enters the foyer to find BO has SALVADOR up against a wall.)

BO

What did you tell them?!

(The men stop when they see MARLEY. BO lets SAL 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.)

BO

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

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 --

(MARLEY LEADS HIM OUT TO THE GAZEBO.)

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. People as far away as Japan are bidding on this wood. I'll have to start over.



MARLEY

For crying out loud. This damn wood. You're driving yourself crazy.

BO

It's not getting his house. I should've known.

MARLEY

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

BO

Only wood? Marley, this is our home. This is our vision. I can't finish the stairs right without it. I can't take him to court or kick anyone's ass. We're screwed if he doesn't get us back in line for that wood.

MARLEY

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 to see who got our wood. I told you, Sal's the middleman. Without him, there's no wood to finish this place. Not the way we want.

(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 two are acting like this. I should write your mother and tell her what bad boys you are.

(BO doesn't answer. MARLEY knows something. They're both in the game now. Bo takes his food inside as JACLYN enters gazebo.)

JACLYN

It's about time. You workin' out of this gazebo isn't conducive --

MARLEY

-- Not today, Jaclyn.

JACLYN

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

MARLEY

-- I'm serious.

JACLYN

Marley, the checks still haven't --

MARLEY

-- Do not make me yell at you --

JACLYN

-- And one of your workers just stopped by. I think he quit. He left something. I put it on your table there.

(MARLEY picks up the sealed note.)

MARLEY

Take an early lunch.

JACLYN

But --

MARLEY

-- Now. And no more deadlines. I don't care if the paper is late once in a while.

JACLYN

It don't work that way. We got trucks comin' to pick up bundles in forty minutes.

MARLEY

They can wait.

JACLYN

Please, you're not talking --

MARLEY

-- Have Judy call the advertiser's bank and verify the amounts of the available funds in their accounts. This is not new ground here, Jaclyn.

JACLYN

Can you read these over at least?

(MARLEY looks at JACLYN.)

JACLYN

Okay, fine. I'll have Matthew run these as is when I get back from lunch.

MARLEY

Not so hard, was it --

JACLYN

-- On lunch. It's your paper. I just work here.

MARLEY

Finally, we agree on something.

(MARLEY opens the note and reads. It's handwritten.)

HOOMAN (V.O.)

Meet me out back of the house, 10 A.M., sharp. Where I take my lunch, by the lake. Don't be late, your life depends on it. Just sit down on the end of the dock. I'll join you when I know you're alone. Hooman.

(This is greatly disturbing. JACLYN watches MARLEY.)

JACLYN

Marley? What is it?

MARLEY

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

JACLYN  
(not buying it)

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 my paper?

JACLYN

Not at the moment.

MARLEY

Give me the articles and get out of my gazebo.

(JACLYN hands over the papers. MARLEY watches her go, checking her watch. Finally, at the last second, she storms out of the gazebo. Reading the papers as she goes.

MARLEY hurries down the dock to the lake.)

(There's a brick boathouse with a dock running into the lake behind it.

MARLEY moves closer. There's a lunch bucket. Nothing else. So she sits down and waits as instructed. Going over the papers, checking them off. It's creepy. She's looking around for someone, anyone. But no one comes out of hiding.)

MARLEY

Hooman? Hello? Hooman?

(Getting nothing but a DEAD ECHO back. MARLEY looks around seeing the dock runs behind the out into the water. Realizing once on, there's only one dry way off. She looks down into the water.

We can see by her reaction that something O.S. is floating in the distance. She stands up in shock to get a better look.)

MARLEY

This isn't... NO! They can't.... Not now, please not now.

(She stumbles back in shock. Papers go flying. MARLEY realizes that she has put herself at risk. She's at the end of the dock. She looks around in panic. No one. She runs back towards the house. Frantic.)

(O.S., ducks suddenly FLAP up before her. Her key goes flying. She lets out another blood curdling SCREAM, flailing, barely staying on her feet.

From the look on her face, her life as she knows it is about to come to an abrupt end.

She makes it back to the gazebo and starts packing up her computer.

BO comes out to the gazebo to find MARLEY searching her purse for something. He rushes to her.)

MARLEY

Goddamn key, where are you?

BO

Marley? Honey?

MARLEY

Don't come over here.

BO

What's going on?

MARLEY

Just stay away. Go back into the house until I'm gone.

BO

Marley, this is crazy. Where are --

MARLEY

-- Bo, if you come any closer, I swear....

(BO moves towards her. MARLEY goes for her bag. BO grabs her. She pulls a knife out of her bag. And pushes him over the gazebo table.

They CRASH to the deck 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 computer cord to tie his hands....)

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 key?

BO

Marley --

MARLEY

(puts the knife back to his throat.)

-- My goddamn car key.

BO

In my pocket. Marley....

(MARLEY finds the key.)

BO

What did Hooman have to tell you?

MARLEY

Why don't we ask your mother, Bo? Oh, that's right, she's missing, 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. Making him sell the business. Taking her half of everything and leaving. She had a gun, and Sal protected himself. We did what we had to. To keep things the way they were.

MARLEY

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

BO

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

(BO rolls on his side to face her.)

BO

Just tell me this. Who the hell are you?

(MARLEY almost blurts it out, but she stops. There's a lot more to MARLEY than we expected.)

MARLEY

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

(MARLEY stands up to leave. She wants to stay. But knows she can't. She runs to the house.)

BO

Marley. Goddamn it. Let me explain. Let me help you. Marley? Don't end it this way. Don't run.

(MARLEY comes bursting back out the front door. Unfortunately, the SHERIFF is waiting for her.)

SHERIFF

Marley?!

(MARLEY walks towards the park. The SHERIFF goes after her. Catching up at a near run.)

SHERIFF

Marley. Wait.

MARLEY

What is it, Sheriff?

SHERIFF

Come on, now.

(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 newspaper articles are scattered at the end of the dock, where we found a body of one of your workers floating in the lake?

(MARLEY stops. What can she do?)

SHERIFF

That is Hooman, are you aware of that?

MARLEY

Yes.

SHERIFF

(waits for more)

Don't make me have to read you your rights.

(Just then, BO comes storming up. He stops when he sees the SHERIFF and MARLEY.)

**End of ACT II**

**Scene Two**

**ACT II**

**Scene Three**

McClure House - Hours later. SAM sits across the table  
BO gave MARLEY from the SHERIFF.

SHERIFF

Relax, Sam, just tell me slowly.

SAM

All I know is that Hooman was a hard working young man. He's worked for me and my father since he was a kid. He walked off suddenly and didn't come back. So I walked to the lake to where he often feeds the ducks. I heard a scream and saw Marley running away in a frenzied state.

SHERIFF

Alone?

SAM

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



SHERIFF

(moves to the door)

You mind sticking around while I have someone take your statement?

SAM

Marley and Bo, they couldn't've done this. 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. Heard them arguing.

SHERIFF

Just sit tight. I'll talk to everyone.

(The SHERIFF goes outside to the gazebo and sits in front of MARLEY. He's not satisfied.)

SHERIFF

Alright, Marley. Why all of a sudden leave town? Why not stay here and get help?

MARLEY

I panicked.

SHERIFF

That's putting it mildly.

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 the paper. Probably missed your deadline as it is. If I have questions, I'll get back to you on it. Gonna give Jaclyn a heart attack you keep working up here.

(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? Look, I have to work things out with Bo. Can we talk later? Give me an hour.

SHERIFF

Alright. I'll be back in an hour.

(The SHERIFF is even less satisfied.)

(But MARLEY heads for the house, past a window.

BO is working on a piece of furniture. He's using a LOUD band saw. He watches her go by.

She gives him a hard look. MARLEY enters from the back. He doesn't see her. The saw WHINES to a stop.)

MARLEY

Who knows I'm here?

BO

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

MARLEY

Who knows, Bo?

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 don't trust me?

(She gets up and runs out. BO has no choice other than to stop her. MARLEY pulls away, runs back into the house. BO'S right behind her. Running through the house. MARLEY wanting to barricade herself in room-after-room. But there's no locks on the doors.

BO opens doors until she has no escape. Finally the master bedroom door locks. She runs to the newly installed window where they made love.)

BO

(at the locked door)

It's not what you think. With-all my heart, I 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, I know it had to do with the death of your parents. I know there's a price on your head. And involved your job.

MARLEY

And your friend knows.

BO

Salvador's a little slow at times, but he's very good at finding out things. He came to me with an article that had a photo that looked like a younger you. I asked him to look into it. I didn't really care at the time. I was just keeping him busy. He was protecting --

MARLEY

-- He watched us through the window that night?

BO

No. He was at his place. I gave --

MARLEY

-- You gave him my 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 from Austria. I've been looking all over for it. I can't believe this. You --

BO

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

MARLEY

-- You gave him my fork the night you made love to me?

BO

Now, Marley, I know how this sounds.

MARLEY

You obviously don't! You, dumb son-of-a-bitch.

BO

I told him to stop. That I didn't want to know. If you'd just been honest with me. 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. It's not why I married you.

(MARLEY kicks the door. Startling him.)

BO

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

(But no answer from MARLEY.)

BO

Fine. I'll go talk it over with the Sheriff. Confess to being an idiot. I haven't done anything illegal.

(heads down the staircase)

MARLEY

Other than hide the death of your mother.

BO

Fine, it's time I came clean. I made a mistake not turning Sal in. My mother deserves better. If I see time, I'll deserve it. If you've got to run, you better start now.

MARLEY

Bo. Don't do this. I'll trust you. I'll find a way. Bo, don't tell them anything. We won't be safe.

(BO is out the door. MARLEY goes after him. In the yard she catches up. He turns. They kiss.)

BO

Then we're in this together? All the way to the end. Okay?

MARLEY

Yes. But you can't go to the Sheriff. Once my cover is blown, I'm gone. You have no idea what will happen next. I don't even know if they'll let me take you with me.

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. To stay away from us. Or we tell.

MARLEY

He'll still want his house. He knows all about us.

(BO doesn't answer.)

MARLEY

Are you sure that's all Salvador wants?

BO

Let's hope so. The article he showed me. Marley, these people, what were you thinking they would do?

MARLEY

I was investigating Russian Officers. They were selling a stolen nuclear weapon to Iraq. I was just a good journalist writing a book when I stumbled onto the information. I was young and naive. Until they killed my parents. For revenge. Because 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 these people got put in prison for life. In Russia. But one of them was killed. Knifed.

They murdered my family from inside a prison cell halfway around the world. And I got my life taken away. We need to know what Salvador wants. Or we should run now. You will not be able to protect me from them.

BO

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

(Bo leads her towards McClure House.)

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.

**Lights to black**

**Lights back up - Continuing**

Upstairs in the McClure House. BO reads a text on his phone.

BO

He's coming here. Now.

(SALVADOR was just outside on his cell phone. He comes quietly to McClure House.)

MARLEY

He's trying to put himself between us.

BO

My shop, your paper. I agree. We can't let him take all this away from us.

MARLEY

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

BO

I've known him my whole life, Marley ....

(BO turns to MARLEY. MARLEY is looking at the door. Someone's there.)

MARLEY

(Lowers her voice)

I'm talking money ... we can't kill him... can we?

BO

If it was only that simple.

(Then a KNOCK. BO goes to the door.)

BO

Look, Salvador, this is a mistake.

SALVADOR

Don't make me yell out here. People can hear.

MARLEY

Don't let him in.

(SALVADOR KICKS the door open. He's got a gun.)

BO

Damn it, Sal. I just made that door.

SALVADOR

Quietly. Move back.

(At gunpoint they back to the window where they first made love.)

SALVADOR

You see, Bo. She's no good for us. She's trying to get you to kill me. She'll get everything then. All our work. If you get caught helping me again. She'll twist us two, our friendship, what we did, all around and still get all this because you're married. She used us. She'll make people think bad things about us. When it ain't that way.

BO

Sal --

SALVADOR

-- This was our house. She's just like your mom. Taking everything away again. Changing things. Throwing us out.

(MARLEY starts to speak. BO stops her with a hand.)



BO

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

MARLEY

Sal killed your mother so she wouldn't take your father's paint stores in the divorce. He murdered her, Bo. We can prove that if he doesn't leave us alone. Tell him!

BO

This isn't helping, Marley. It was an accident.

MARLEY

So you accidentally let him bury her?

(BO doesn't answer.)

SALVADOR

You told her? You know I was just trying to make her stay. Take this gun from her.

BO

You told me you got rid of her gun.

SALVADOR

I didn't.

(SALVADOR raises the gun. Points it at MARLEY.)

BO

I know, I know... wait, it's okay, wait, wait. Salvador, wait. She found out on her own. I didn't tell her. 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. We'll have no place to hide. They'll put me away, too.

SALVADOR

You wanted wood. I got you wood. You promised me I'd always have a home here if I got you the wood you needed to rebuild your dream home. Well, I have dreams, too. And I had to do things you don't want to know about to make yours come true.

SALVADOR (CONT'D)

Now she has everything. And you're telling me I've got no place to go? That my dreams are no good any more?

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. Givin' my lot to the city. Leavin' those bodies on it. She's not good for us. She's not right about us. This ain't right about anything we planned.

BO

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

MARLEY

-- What?!

BO

Give me a second, Marley.

SALVADOR

You in, you kill her.

BO

Okay. There's no other way out. I can see that.

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. Your friends will find you eventually.

SALVADOR

This is the 'till 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 be done on this place. One of us has to see it through. It's got to be me.

MARLEY

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

BO

Give me Mother's gun, Salvador.

SALVADOR

What? No.

BO

Sal, it's me, Bo. You know I'd never hurt you. Now give me the gun. Let me finish it. I helped you before. Didn't I? Lied for you. Told you how to dig a deep hole under the tree roots. I did that to protect you. Protect us and Pop. To keep things the way they were. Right?

SALVADOR

Snap her neck with your hands, then. Like I accidently did Mother when Pop told me to bring her back. Then I'll know for sure. I'll leave town and go work with Pop for a spell. Take her body with me and bury it back home. Deep in the woods like before. Once the tree roots get to her, 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. I can't have her looking at me while I choke her. I can't listen to her neck snap like that, I can't. Otherwise, you do it.

SALVADOR

No. You must kill her. Do her any way you can. I don't care. She dies, the house is ours. We'll find a way to fix all this. We'll tell 'em the Russians got her. But I'm not givin' you this gun. Just show me you're in this all the way. So we can make it like it was. Just you and me.

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. They'll check my computer, see what I've been reading about you.

BO

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

(But Sal doesn't answer.)

MARLEY

It's lunacy. You'll both end up with life behind bars.

SALVADOR

Use that board. Beat her with it.

BO

Salvador, come on. Are you listening to yourself? That's soft wood. I'll have to hit her several times. She'll scream. You've heard her scream. Blood all over the damn place. We won't be able to hide that.

SALVADOR

Cops will think the people looking for her did it. So they found her. We didn't know, Bo. Hell, if I found her. Anyone can find her. They may even pay us for killing 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. They're looking for Tammy Wright. Well here she is. Fingerprints don't lie. We found her. Nobody knows her around here 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 about what she's hiding.

BO

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

SAL

Right, we don't need the third house no more. But it ain't like we planned. Maybe...

BO

Give me the gun. Let me get this over. Come on, be flexible.

(SALVADOR'S still not sure. Wants to. But it just doesn't seem right in his head yet.)

(Outside the house, SAM stops down below looking up at the window. He's looking at the unhappy shadows from the light in the window. BO bends down and picks up the two-by-four. Feels it. Soft grain. It'll have to do. MARLEY starts backing away. She glances out the window to see SAM move to the house.)

BO

It's okay, Marley. I've got to do this. I'll be quick. 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

You had to, Sal. I know.

(SALVADOR is forced to move closer to MARLEY to keep her still. 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 at the door.)

SAM

What the hell's...?

(BO whacks SALVADOR with the board, again...and again. BO grabs up MARLEY and pushes SAM toward the door. They make a run for it.)

**Black on Master bedroom**

**Lights up on backyard**

(They run fast. But SAM isn't the fleetest of guys and falls down. BO comes back for him. SALVADOR is already out of the house. He's hurt bad.)

(He's got blood running down his face. Takes that moment to cut them off. Forcing them to go along the dock to the bottomless lake.

SALVADOR is right behind them, stopping to steady himself. He's a mess.

They reach the brick boathouse and the docks.)

MARLEY

This is crazy. What are we doing here?

BO

We've got to end this. Swim the lake.

MARLEY

What? What about you?

BO

He won't follow. He can't swim. It's your only way out of this.

SAM

We'll be sitting ducks out there.

BO

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

(BO kicks off his shoes.)

**Black on Bo, Sam and MARLEY**

**Lights up on SALVADOR**

SALVADOR reaches the docks, stumbles. Falling. Fighting to keep his feet. Crying a little.

SALVADOR

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

(O.S. SPLASHING comes from out in the lake.)

Bo?  
SALVADOR  
(SALVADOR stumbles further out on the dock. O.S., MARLEY and SAM are swimming away. Blood in his eye. He sees BO's shoes.)

Bo!  
SALVADOR  
(But it's only two swimmers. Sal looks around.)

BO..!  
SALVADOR  
(He goes to the end of the dock. He aims the gun at MARLEY and SAM. Starts shooting.  
O.S., SAM cries out. MARLEY swims harder. SALVADOR moves towards the brick boathouse, searching the water for BO when, WHAM. He gets slammed with a loose brick from behind. BO picks up the gun. Points it at Sal. Sal crumbles to his knees. Half alive. Confused that BO would do this. Reaching up to him.)

I always loved you, Bo....  
SALVADOR

I know, Sal. I know.  
BO  
(BO SHOOTS him in the heart. SALVADOR falls into the water. BO grabs him before he sinks.)

**End of ACT II**  
**Scene Three**

**ACT II**  
**Scene Four**

The McClure House - Day. Spring The house is done.  
Magnificent grand old place. )

(O.S., SHERIFF'S car pulls up. A door SLAMS.  
SHERIFF enters. He's not happy. He stops and looks at  
the house. Then to his happy town. SHERIFF heads for  
the gazebo.

MARLEY and BO are there drinking ice tea. 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. Far side, on county land. All fenced off. Hard to get to, all the brush and  
what not. Ducks havin' eatin' most of him after the ice melted. But it's him.

BO

How?

SHERIFF

Hard to say the way he looks. They'll dredge for his truck.

MARLEY

That's terrible.

BO

Have you called his family?

SHERIFF

They're on their way. They found another. Buried along the lake shore. Shot in the heart.  
Wrapped in heavy plastic.

MARLEY

That's terrible.

SHERIFF

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

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. Watched all his kids grow to be fine people. Sam wasn't into anything other than saving these old homes.

BO

He was a good man. Salvador was --

SHERIFF

-- an odd fellow, for sure. As you know, we've been lookin' for him since Hooman was murdered.

BO

All we know is he and I argued over being outbid on the wood we needed, and he took off. I don't speak to my pop, so I don't know if he went back home or not. We haven't heard from him since. You don't think -

SHERIFF

-- Tryin' not to think anything until I get all the facts.

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 to light. In the meantime, I hope you two aren't plannin' a vacation. In case we need your help.

BO

We're here to stay, Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Yep, the rest of your lives, I hope.

MARLEY

It's hot. Can we get you anything? Ice tea?

SHERIFF

I'm good. I'll let you know what we find. Could take a day or two.

BO

Okay.

(They wait for the SHERIFF to drive away.)

BO

What do you think?

MARLEY

Your call. I'm with you. Run or stay. If they won't let us stay together in their program, we're on our own.

BO

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

MARLEY

It'll come and go. What I did helped the world. And it helped you find me. That's all that matters to me now.

BO

It's a perfect haunted house.

MARLEY

I couldn't invent a better life.

BO

My guess, they're building a case against us right now.

MARLEY

I know. Even if it was self defense, the trial, my friends would find us. I'll make that call. They won't be happy about this. And we won't be able to wait for them.

BO

Understandable. I'll leave the paperwork on the kitchen counter. The house and shop now belongs to Sam's family.

MARLEY

Don't worry, they'll take good care of Arrow. And keep the shop open.

BO

And I'm sure Jaclyn and Judy will keep your paper alive. And Matthew employed without hurting him much.

MARLEY

Yes, they will, probably better without me in the way. And Matthew might even stop loosing his hair. What we built here will live on. People will remember us for it. And Sam would be happy if he knew his family was finally getting to live in McClure House.

BO

Yes he would. It will never justify losing him, but it will mean something to them knowing their father's dream of leaving them this beautiful home came true.

MARLEY

We're not bad people, Bo. Our love for each other, and what we did here, is proof of that. We found that boy, created a good honest life. Our past just wouldn't leave us in peace.

(MARLEY takes BO's hand. He kisses her deeply.)

BO

You're the girl for me. No matter where we call home.

MARLEY

You're the right man for me. You are my home.

(There's a flash in the upstairs window and they look up. Standing there is the figure of the young boy. He smiles, waves and fades.)

**Lights Fade To Black.**

**CURTAIN**