

A Kelowna Ghost Story

written by

Grant Richard

CHARACTERS:

Male 1 David Murdoch, Eli Lequime, Olaf Hill, Cece Bennett, Dr. Boyce

Male 2 Archie Macdonald, Cyprien Laurence, Frank DeHart

Female 1 Archie's Wife, Eli's Wife, Hulda Hill,

Female 2 David Murdoch's Wife, Cyprien's Wife, Mabel Jones

Young Female Mabel's shadow as a girl

KELOWNA GHOST TOURS: A KELOWNA GHOST STORY

BLACKOUT

Door Rattle in blackout.

JEAN

Please, open. Open!

GUNSHOT! 7X

VIDEO CENTRE ON

David Murdoch, with a revolver, stands at DC, back to audience. Modern house on Centre Screen. It morphs to Archie Macdonald's house with Archie standing on porch.

VIDEO CENTRE OFF

GUNSHOT! Sound of footsteps running. Body dragging.

GUNSHOT! 4X

Voices in a panic.

VOICES

Archie! You all right? Archie! Hey!
Hey, you! Evelyn, keep Marjorie in
the house. Just keep her in the
house! Trevor, did you see that?

VIDEO CENTRE ON

Archie Macdonald's house again, without Archie. A shadow lies on the floor. Slowly it rises, walks to the edge of the screen, and appears from behind.

LIGHTS DOWNSTAGE ON

Archie walks away, headed offstage L.

He acknowledges audience.

ARCHIE

Evenin'. Beautiful day. Just on my
way to Manhattan Point, always easy
to cut across the rail tracks...
(realizes)
Oh. Did you just see all that?
Heard the shots? Ahh. Yeah. And the
rattling? It's the rattling that
gets me. Chills. That poor woman.

MURDOCH

That poor woman. Yes, that poor woman. Look, this is not something that I take lightly. I know, this is, was, a horrible tragedy.

(beat)

But the way this is being told is just completely offside and I ...

ARCHIE

How so? Offside?

MURDOCH

(to Archie)

Can I speak?

(to audience)

I know he has a side to all of this, but everything to this paints me as some kind of criminal ...

ARCHIE

You shot me! In cold blood! And that woman ...

MURDOCH

Yes, that poor woman, I get it. But look, that wasn't me. I know, you saw what you saw. But really. You're watching vapours here. Phantoms. Spectres. Can you really trust any of this? Can you trust yourselves? Do you believe anyone who says they saw a ghost?

ARCHIE

How about trusting the jury that delivered the verdict.

MURDOCH

You said it yourself that the jury got the sentencing wrong ...

ARCHIE

By reason of insanity was wrong ...

MURDOCH

Guilty, was wrong.

(beat, then to the audience)

And what's to say this isn't just his story?

ARCHIE

If I could make my own story,
believe me, you'd have no part in
it.

MURDOCH

And yet here I am.

ARCHIE

So it would be all right with you
if the dead bodies relived this
into eternity but you rested in
peace.

MURDOCH

I passed away peacefully over
twenty years after all of this
mess. Besides, there's a dead body.
But look, he lives.

ARCHIE

(sarcasm)

A little discomfort, that's all.

MURDOCH

I see you, sitting with your wife,
out at the Aquatic looking out at
the lake. Where is my wife?

ARCHIE

You know why your wife isn't a part
of this. And the time I spend with
my wife is before all of this
happened, completely unaware that
she has to live it all over again.
And again.

MURDOCH

Please.

(to audience)

All I'm saying is - a grain of
salt, okay?

Murdoch exits. Archie is left alone with the audience. He
fumes, then gets it together.

ARCHIE

(beat)

Sorry, I'm Archie. Pleasure to meet
you.

(to an empty seat)

Good to see you, _____. You
too, _____. It is a beautiful
day, yes. We got us another one.

His attention back to the audience.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)
 Oh, you don't... But you see me,
 right? I guess I should do some
 explaining before we go any
 further.

He settles in. Even sits at edge of stage.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)
 I'm... Well, I'm a...
 (beat)
 Well you saw what happened back
 there. I met my end. As have some
 of your seat mates. Let's just
 leave it at that. No need to get
 grim. Although I guess I should ask
 now, seems as good a time as any
 (formulating question)
 Do you believe? I suppose that's
 rather vague. It means different
 things for different people I
 guess.

Others enter the space. Walk around, wandering spirits.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)
 Ever walked into a cold space with
 no explanation for it but it felt
 so intentional that you needed an
 explanation for it? Gotten a chill
 on the back of your neck?

One of the ghosts blows on the back of his neck.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)
 Maybe a tension, in your shoulder,

One of the ghosts lifts a hand to hover over his shoulder.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)
 or even felt like there was a hand
 on that shoulder?

The hovering hand clasps on his shoulder.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)
 Swear you saw something or someone
 out of the corner of your eye?

One ghost puts an empathetic hand on his shoulder while
 another grandmother ghost stands behind his other shoulder,
 love in her eyes as she looks through Archie.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Maybe you watch those people who see your grandmother beside you and the necklace she gave you? They send you messages from the other side? Maybe you've even seen a ghost straight up.

Ghost begin to wander the space again.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Watched them walk past you or through a wall, or maybe even through you.

Ghosts sit in empty chairs or stand behind audience.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Or sit at the foot of your bed?

(beat)

Ever experience demonic possession?

Ghosts leap and hiss at audience. Then freeze. Then laugh.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Me neither.

Ghosts dissipate.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

At least, not while I was alive. Never been one for ghost stories. Sure, I've told them, I was a boy scout like so many others, I've tried to scare a girl or two into my arms in a movie theatre, I'm an apparition, not a saint. But believe any of that? Nah! And yet, here I am. I can't explain it to you and I guess I don't even see much point in trying. What I do see the point of is protecting those things I think are important. I guess I've always thought of myself as a stand up guy. I think that's why I'm here. To make sure the truth is told. To stand up for it. So it doesn't get lost. I'd like to think we're all here for one reason or another.

Mabel enters.

MABEL

I can't tell you why I'm here. Maybe I was summoned, that feels lovely. But I'd like to think I'm like a ripple in the middle of the lake, course a ripple on the lake that existed before all of these boats nowadays, churning the water up. Or a breeze that whips around and through the trees. Just part of the landscape. I love the landscape. Painted many of them. As many as I could. Came late to painting but tried to make up for it. Maybe the best way to describe all of this is an echo. Yup, an echo that just keeps bouncing around off the walls and hills. Sure, those gunshots and rattling doorknobs were loudest when they first happened, but sit still and open up your ears and you can hear the echo still. Maybe that's why you've never seen me and these others. Maybe if I was just a little louder than others in my day. I will say this city has gotten pretty loud these last years. A lot of churning. Too loud to hear a distant echo in most places. Maybe that's why people don't see much of me anymore. Too interested in what will be on that plot of land instead of what was. But we're all guilty of that I guess. And times change. But I think I can say that all my years here, and I had a lot of them, born and raised, that I could hear that echo. The echo from volcanoes screaming and raging sixty million years before us.

VIDEO CENTRE ON

MABEL (CONT'D)

All of this under water. Glacier on top. Mountains ten times higher than they are today, until their tops blew off.

(MORE)

MABEL (CONT'D)

Most people seem to know about Boucherie, Mount Boucherie, used to be Mount Edgar, and who knows what it was before names, before voices to call it a name, but no one talks about Knox Mountain or Dilworth or Black Mountain. All of them throwing themselves all over the valley. And thousands of years later the dust settles and glaciers crawl and plant life is born, bodies of water carve out their homes from the dirt and the rock. A slow process for sure, but it's how we got here. Worth thinking about in my opinion. My humble opinion.

VIDEO CENTRE OFF

She stands. A slow leisurely walk to DL as she speaks.

MABEL (CONT'D)

And then the people. Our indigenous brothers and sisters first, that's the right way to say it now, yes? when this place looked very different. And they have all kinds of memories, all kinds of stories. Of course, those aren't my stories to tell. But if you're willing to listen, there are those who are willing to share.

MABEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Rambling away. I just think it's important, I guess. I mean, important to know the place you live. I lived here all my life. Was born in a house not too far from here. Lived on Richter for some time. Worked in a packing plant steps from here.

VIDEO CENTRE ON

(beat)

Mabel, Hill. Was Mabel Jones before that. That's me. Born here in 1920. You know, if you look at a map of this city, the Knowles house, that house and property that sits on Bernard and Lawrence.

(MORE)

MABEL (CONT'D)

A heck of a lot of Kelowna history on those two streets from Ethel all the way down to the lake. Like the cork on a bottle. Or like a hat on a head. I mean, sure, you can find spectres and spirits anywhere you look.

VIDEO LEFT AND RIGHT ON

ARCHIE

The countess still walking the floorboards at the Eldorado, no matter where you put it, missionaries like Pandosy and the French and Italian settlers around Benvoulin and Casorso, Coutts Marjoribanks and his sister, Lady Aberdeen both riding up and down that road to Guisachan House. Old Dan Gallagher further up Mission Creek, Boucherie sometimes toward Glenmore but over the lake up on his mountain too with the Allisons, Susan pacing that landing, looking for her husband to come home and not get eaten by the Ogopogo, and a few others. Heck, even Forty Foot Fred down the highway. Sure, he's still there. They're all around if you look hard enough. If you listen for that echo. But you want the heart of Kelowna? It's all in that bottle. 1850s Macdougall paddling his horses across the lake, 1870s August Gillard wandering through his pre-emption. Lequimes moving their general store close to the dock at the end of Bernard, then the Lakeview Hotel, turning into the Mayfair...

He admires the screens.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Oh the Mayfair. Sorry, did it again, didn't I? You need to know all about that ruckus earlier. You heard gunshots. If it bleeds it leads.

MABEL

You know, as big as this city has gotten, that kind of news travels faster through this town more than anything else. Still.

VIDEO SCREEN LEFT AND RIGHT OFF

Centre video changes back to the house earlier.

MABEL (CONT'D)

That was January of 1932. Poor Archie Macdonald here, well he was confronted by the gunman at his house. Thankfully his wife was at the neighbour's.

MURDOCH

The way he describes it you'd think she was sitting on his lap when it happened.

MABEL

He was set to join them for the evening next door. Let me see if I can't help you see and hear this a little better. Just sit still and listen, and I'll try to paint the landscape for you. It's about 5:30 in January, early evening. You can imagine the snow blowing maybe and this part of the world going dark. Not much going on in town back then. Population of Kelowna, proper, couldn't be more than twelve hundred? Archie was one of them. A great guy. I hear that a lot. Lots of fun. Got into a lot of trouble, but harmless stuff.

VIDEO CENTRE OFF

MURDOCH

A good man. Shame. Garbage. Not as innocent as he lets on. Good man my ass. You know, this place has seen its share of murder and nasty business. I mean, from the beginning of the white man's arrival...

VIDEO CENTRE ON

MURDOCH (CONT'D)

Did you know there were Spaniards
here in the early 1700s?

ARCHIE

Here we go with the sleight of
hand...

Archie exits to become Eli Lequime.

MURDOCH

Conquistadors, before any other
Europeans. Beat the rest of us
settlers by over one hundred years.
Built their barracks round where
the Orchard Mall is today. God as
my witness. And that didn't end
well. All of 'em slaughtered and
left in a shallow grave somewhere
near Keremeos. Supposed to be up to
thirty of them although I've never
bothered to count. Still see 'em
every once in a while by the
Cinnzeo. You think I'm joking. And
the nasty business didn't stop
there.

VIDEO LEFT AND RIGHT ON

Eli stands R behind screen in shadow.

MURDOCH (CONT'D)

Our first murderer was Eli Lequime.
And our first victim, Cyprian
Laurence. September 29th, 1868.

Eli steps out from behind the screen.

ELI

Are people still going on about
that? Or are you just stirring the
pot?

Eli's wife, Marie enters behind.

MARIE

Calm down. No one is stirring any
pot.

Mabel interrupts as Murdoch exits to become Cyprian Lawrence.

MABEL

We should be careful about that. Like a lot of things people in Kelowna talk about, it's probably more rumour than fact. That's kind of become a Kelowna tradition too.

ELI

I built this damn town, my name's on everything, everywhere. Put your name on it too.

CYPRIAN

Just because you put a name on it doesn't make it yours.

ELI

Pandosy built a mission and a church for those that were here already, but I brought everyone else here, built a dock for the ships, built a general dry goods store for materials, my wife fed half the town, a hotel for people to stay in, and a saloon with music. Music from that piano, first piano for miles, that I had packed in. Pool table? First one, do you know how much labour I put into bringing this all here? For people, people like yourself, to have a drink and enjoy. You enjoying that drink, that I had brought here, in this saloon that I built, and the general store where you get all your farm tools, and your flour, and your yarn, and your...

CYPRIAN

On my pre-emption.

ELI

Again with this nonsense? This saloon sits on the corner of my property!

CYPRIAN

You moved the stakes.

ELI

I did not.

CYPRIAN

I don't have access to Mission Creek? Who claims a pre-emption to farm the land without access to the water? Who?!

ELI

A piss poor farmer I guess.

MARIE

All the room in the world to claim as your own in 1868. And for free to boot. And they got to fight over it. Drink and fight over it. And drink. But drinking and fighting about these things rarely fixes them, and sometimes makes them even worse. That rumour business that we're all so good at says the drinking and the fighting spilled out doors. And Eli woke up the next morning in his bed, maybe with a bit of a headache from the night before. But Cyprian Laurence wasn't seen until a couple days later over in the tall grass by the Renwick property, dead. And people started talking. Seemed suspicious, but any stab wounds to prove any of these rumours couldn't be found on the body because - well, the animals didn't leave much for evidence. There was no way anyone could decide if it was stab wounds or heart attack or animal attack or what. I'm sure Old Fr. Pandosy did what he could to keep the peace and quiet all the gossip. I'm thankful of that.

CYPRIAN

Crept into my property and stole Gillard's property outright. All of that land, from Pion Creek...

MABEL

That's Mill Creek to you. Excuse me.

CYPRIAN

...to was Gillard's and you took it out from under him.

ELI

We paid his debts and looked after him, named the townsite after him too. And most of that is all marsh anyway. Was.

CYPRIAN

Predatory lending is what it is.

MABEL

What has become another fine Kelowna tradition. Sorry.

MARIE

Don't be.

ELI

We gave you a street. Your name will be here forever. For the ages.

CYPRIEN

Oh, yes. A street with my name on it. For the ages.

(to audience)

Do you think it a little odd that the street with my name on it is surrounded on all sides by Lequimes? Eli...

MABEL

They changed it to Harvey a long time ago if you're looking for it.

MARIE

They changed it? Why did they change it?

Mabel shrugs.

MABEL

The bridge I think.

CYPRIEN

Eli, Avenue for the father, and then the boys: Leon on one side and Bernard and Gaston to the other? Encroached upon in perpetuity by this bloody family.

MABEL

And Pandosy running interference between them all.

MARIE

Trying to keep the peace into eternity.

MABEL

But surely the logistics of all of that is just coincidence. And I suppose I should keep my mouth shut. This murder business is all just speculation.

CYPRIEN

(as he exits)

Speculate all you like.

ELI

More story than history. But the real story behind Kelowna history? I've always known it. From pre-emption days to today. Property values.

Eli exits.

VIDEO LEFT AND RIGHT OFF

VIDEO CENTRE OFF

MURDOCH

So, seems like I'm not the only one accused of murder around here. And what else do we have? There's the John Phillips and Hugh Armstrong mess at what was later Boucherie Ranch on the other side of the lake in 1886, just one shot, but a fatal one. Took Armstrong's life and Phillips' wife's thumb and forefinger. No murder charge there.

MABEL

Phillips was bed ridden with severe arthritis and he shot Armstrong in self defense. You want to talk demon possession? That's a case of demon possession if I've ever heard of one. That Armstrong went mad living with that poltergeist in the old Allison house. I think it's still there but don't tell the Stewarts.

MURDOCH

Then Constable Aston shot in 1912 on board the S.S. Okanagan. A few gunshots scattered across the valley in the Mission and on the lake around Gellatly as far as anyone can tell. Two dead. One by gunshot, the other by the court. Through all that there's been life ending accidents, suicides, all kinds of tragedies all over the place. All of that walking around the valley, and right down here at its heart. Not bad for a sleepy Okanagan town, population 600 at the time, give or take, eh?

ARCHIE

But there are all kinds of others around here. Living and dying and not making a big fuss about it. All kinds. Well you know, the Scots were here before, we talked about that, then Fr. Pandosy and a bunch of frenchmen. And a few women too. Then the Italians came. Casorsos and Rampones and Capozzis. If you stand in the children's section of the bookstore at Pandosy long enough, you can smell the pig blood soaking into the woodchips. Try it. I'm not kidding. Italian club was close by too, along Ellis. I think there's some theatre there now. Boy, those were some festivities. The Chinese have been here over in their part of town since before the turn of the century too. Some coming off work from the railroad, don't have to tell you that story, but some from other work, just as tiring, some just as dangerous. All hard workers, congregating here, pooling their resources. Looking for gold. And a bunch of them found it too for a time up Mission Creek. Best steak in town for many years on the corner of Harvey and Abbott. Then the remittance men came just as Kelowna became a "real" town. Turn of the century. All of them putting down stakes and building and trading. Buying and selling.

(MORE)

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Getting up in the morning, putting
in an honest day, then home at
night to rest up for the next.
Those ones might be harder to hear.
Didn't make a fuss. But do yourself
a favour, just listen.

VIDEO CENTRE ON

Foot of Knox Mountain appears as is today.

MABEL

Can you hear that? Not much of a
sound, but a sound sure enough.
Stretch your ear out to the foot of
Knox Mountain. 1908.

Screen morphs to open farmland of the past and a pair appear
on screen in a field with a cow.

MABEL (CONT'D)

That's Olaf and Hulda Hill. Well,
not Hill before they got here.

OLAF

We're English now so we need a
Canadian name. It's a new life in
Canada, we leave all of our old
life behind. Helverson is an old
life. Hill is our new life. We
leave Helverson on the boat. New
beginning, new land, new home, new
name. Our English, not so good.

HULDA

Canada is ...

She smiles bashfully.

HULDA (CONT'D)

Good. English, not good.

OLAF

We know how to work. We know how to
build. We know how to farm.
Everything else, we learn.

(beat)

Five children. Dan Wilbur . All
working and families. All here. My
son, he marries a Serwa. My other
son, he marries a woman, Jones
family. Good families.

VIDEO CENTRE OFF

ARCHIE

(interrupting)

Absolutely. Good families. The life's blood of this valley.

(beat)

But sorry, that's not the blood you're out for. You wanted to know about all of that ruckus earlier. You're out for blood, but none of this blood. I got distracted. You wanted haunted and I got you harmless. Industrious, but harmless. Well, let's see what I can do for you, Walter Boyd hanged in 1912 for the murder of Constable Aston on board the S.S. Okanagan, I would have been five years old thereabouts, then kind of quiet for a few years.

VIDEO CENTRE ON

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Then the Great War. And one thousand men, give or take, on board the S.S. Sicamous, off to Europe to fight. Lots of blood there, but all of it spilled in Europe. Some came back, some died on the battlefield, and some just plain disappeared would you believe. Now I don't see any of the horror of that war in these streets, but some of those who were lucky enough to come home, well, I'm sure they saw it, the echo of it, every day for the rest of their lives. That is a pretty big splash that made some pretty big ripples in some people's lives for a very long time. If you look close enough you can see a few of them once in a while, sharing a cigarette at the cenotaph in the park over there. But we don't need to stir up those spirits today. Best to let them rest. Don't you think?

(beat)

So let's give the people what they want.

VIDEO CENTRE ON

David Murdoch, with a revolver, stands at DC, back to audience. Modern house on Centre Screen. It morphs to Archie Macdonald's house with Archie standing on porch.

David Murdoch fires.

GUNSHOT! Archie falls to ground. Writhes. Drags himself on floor.

David Murdoch runs into the house. His shadow stands over Archie's. He fires.

GUNSHOT 4X. Archie stops squirming.

Voices in a panic.

VOICES

Archie! You all right?

David Murdoch's shadow runs away L.

VOICES (CONT'D)

Archie! Hey! Hey, you! Evelyn, keep Marjorie in the house. Just keep her in the house! Trevor, did you see that?

The other man crosses to centre. One woman holds the other woman back.

VOICE

(Archie's wife Marjorie)
What's wrong? What happened?
Archie?! Archie?!

A shadow lies on the floor. Slowly Archie rises, walks to the edge of the screen, and appears from behind. He walks away, offstage L. As he does, he acknowledges audience as if nothing has happened.

VIDEO CENTRE OFF

ARCHIE

Evenin'.

Archie takes a seat in the audience.

MABEL

Okay. Maybe I can do this now without being interrupted. So who is Archie? And who shot him? Archie McDonald was a blah blah etc. Liked a good drink and a good joke. A good time. Former constable.

(MORE)

MABEL (CONT'D)

Lost his job over a fist fight.

(beat)

Archie, have you got a moment?

Archie comes back to the stage. Stands on display.

MABEL (CONT'D)

There he is. 28 years old when his life is taken from him. sixteen years older than me at the time. A good man. I didn't know him directly but I know people who did. Couldn't be avoided being as small a town as it was. That's who he was. A good man.

Mabel exits.

ARCHIE

(beat)

And the man who shot me? Five times? Emptied the gun into me? I thought for a time he was a friend. He was a friend, for a good while. Until maybe a month before all of this mess. And then he was someone else. Someone who didn't think for one moment what doing something like that would do to my wife.

Archie's wife, still in shadow, breaks free as if someone is holding her back, and emerges from behind the screen.

VIDEO SCREEN LEFT AND RIGHT OFF

She grabs Archie and holds him tightly. He holds her back and looks into her eyes.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

It would be a long time we had to live without each other.

(to her)

Sorry you still have to go through all of that.

(to audience)

Still have to feel it in our bones. Losing the one you love. And why? Because this man became some other creature. A friend who would become unrecognizable.

Archie exits.

VIDEO CENTRE ON

MARJORIE

And, he's the man who, twenty minutes later, was found by police sitting at his own dining table in his own house with his unknowing wife.

VIDEO CENTRE ON

David Murdoch, in shadow, sits at a table and pulls out a newspaper while his Wife, also in shadow, pours him a coffee and sits to do her needlepoint.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

Yup. Reading the newspaper, would you believe. Police who made the arrest testified to it in court and it was printed in the newspaper a week or so later for the murderer to read, if they let you read the newspaper in jail. Never read that newspaper myself. Couldn't have bared it.

Police officer enters, mimes a conversation with Murdoch, who puts the paper down and stands up and is taken away by police. His wife reacts. Shock.

VIDEO CENTRE OFF

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

Would suggest a cold blooded killer. And that's what the newspaper reported too. Cold. As if nothing ever happened. As if he hadn't killed me where I stood just twenty minutes before that.

(beat)

And twenty minutes before that?

Mabel enters. Archie enters.

MARJORIE (CONT'D)

(to Mabel)

Well, maybe you should tell the rest of it. We're going to find a nice spot at City Park by the Aquatic. It's a beautiful day for a sit, don't you think?

Archie and his wife exit, looking at each other as they do.

MABEL

Certainly. Enjoy the rest of the day, you two.

(beat)

So twenty minutes before this once friend to Archie Macdonald leaves him dead in his own house, he was looking around another house.

VIDEO CENTRE ON

Towne Centre Mall appears. Morphs to Dr. Boyce house.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Dr. Boyce's house. A great old house. Sat where the Towne Centre Mall sits now. Set deep back on the block. A huge cinder block wall with wrought iron on top of it. Was right beside, now what was beside Dr. Boyce's house...?

5 pages?

Bernard Ave in 1920s as Mabel remembers it.

Rembler Paul

Paul dies. You can still see him everywhere downtown riding his horse and up on Knox. Nov 1916 Wife in 1914. Find her picking flowers. I'm up there regularly. We spent summers there, bought the house and tried to keep it up for a few years. Across from Paul's house and a little further down was Dr. Boyce's house. Most beautiful house in the city at the time, for my money.

Sidewalk of Bernard 2x12 planks.

Used to walk along that wall in front of Dr. Boyce's house and try to look cool enough to pick up girls. Between the Boyce house and the house I was born in was the Paul house and across Richter (Cameron's Lane) was Frank DeHart's house. 1920s This is Frank DeHart's city. Brookside Manor.

DEHART

Arrived in 1905 after spending a few years in Indian Head with my uncle trying my luck at farming. Must say I didn't do too badly there. But it was time to move on and I got some friendly advice to make my way to Kelowna. And what timing. Old A.B. Knox was selling his land for a good price and the opportunity to make a fortune was just sitting there if someone could scrounge up the funds to invest.

(MORE)

DEHART (CONT'D)

I was one of four locals who pooled our funds and bought the place up.

He has a half sister Muriel that can still be felt in a room in the house he built for them in 1907 across from the Catholic Church. Died of meningitis at 13 yrs in 1909. Beautiful soul, even still.

But DeHart himself spends most of his time these days at Manhattan Point. Kill Kare Cottage. It's also where I spent a lot of mine. Man was I lucky in life.

1929 leads to his death in 1936. Frank is done and a new cock on the block - Cece Bennett.

WAC Bennett too. Hardware store and Brookside Manor - Both Cece and Frank are there. And others. Cece spends a lot of his time going back and forth on that bloody bridge. Too proud.

5 pages

ARCHIE

I have to say. An awful lot of men in our history books. Mostly men. The women are there. Somehow they are a little harder to hear. Something about our history and the way we make it that makes our women harder to hear. The ones that we hear louder than the others, the recorded women? Usually tragic women. And always pretty. Odd that. Anita Budde, an awful story, had her life taken from her, over in Kaleden in '58? She was described in all the papers as pretty. Jean Nolan, well, she's the next part of our story, she was described in one sentence at the end of the newspaper article after this whole mess happened. One sentence. "She was a pretty woman." Not sure why the pretty women are always more tragic than the plain ones. Well, there are a few women in our story. And one little girl. Remember that Jones family? Daughter that married one of the Hills, Mabel Jones. One of the normal, hard working, kind people we don't hear so often?

VIDEO CENTRE ON

Mabel's shadow appears. A young girl. 12 years old.

Another woman steps out from in front of the screen, and looks at the shadow.

MABEL

Oh, I loved school and writing, had a little note book that I would write in. Really small so I wouldn't run out of paper. I was so shy. But I had a teacher who got all of us to start writing stories. I loved those stories. I wasn't much good at them but I remember my teacher that year, he told me he loved my stories. That made me love my stories.

(beat)

I loved my teacher, not in a romantic way. But I suppose I really did have a school girl crush on him. But the Depression came and I had to leave all of that to work for Dr. Boyce to help the family through the Depression. I got offered the job and I never went back to school. Never said goodbye to my teacher. Saw him a few times in town but I was just too embarrassed to talk to him. I was afraid I'd let him down. That I was a disappointment.

(beat)

But you had to work in those days or you'd starve. But we got by.

Came from Norris house - he was in Vancouver and avoided the bullet.

But who is this man with the gun?

Go back 1 year earlier. Arrival to Kelowna.

3 pages

Tell the story. David Murdoch tells his story?

5 pages

Jean Nolan (Marie Lalonde) tells her story. Does Murdoch's wife join her?

Mayfair Hotel Bill - the Caravel Motor Inn now. Oh, that's right. The colourful motel now, the ... oh, what is it called now? Anyway, you know the one. Someone interrupts. I thought it was closer to Bernard. Bill - it was a long time ago. Unreliable narrator.

By Chinatown anyway. It's share of ghosts. And curses. Sun Yat Sen March 1911.

Again, distracted. Jean Nolan lies dead.

5 pages

Dr. Boyce reports the bullet wounds. Is reminded of how he hid in his basement. Embarrassed. Wants to change Mabel's story.

Results of trial and where Murdoch went. Released years later and dies five years after that in the home of his son.

Ghost stories aren't like regular stories. Heroes of stories learn something or save someone. You know when a story is over. Ghost stories' heroes never learn. Their stories are never over. They just repeat.

You'd think this happened every day. Nope. Happened just once, but it echoes. It ripples. It floats in the breeze. Can you hear it? Are you listening?

Appeal to hear all the spirits. Not just the scary ones. They've all left their echo. Their ripple. What will you leave?

Murdoch - I didn't die in all this mess. My spirit should be freed. Why am I trapped here with these people.

Archie - you're stuck here with me, to suffer through this every day like I do.

Murdoch flies into a rage at end, killing people again. Turns and looks into the audience this time. Admits his ego is shattered. He is shamed. Admits to murder.