

RESTRICTED TERRITORY

Act 1

Invitation

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End of Act I

To Act II

Act 1

[The Invite]

Act 1, Scene 1

[Smooth Sailing]

Scene: It is a sunny day with light breezes aboard a forty-five foot sail catamaran, just west of Potrero Reach, Richmond Pt., CA. San Francisco Bay is cold to sail on. All crew are properly outfitted. CJ, Sam and Tylor are wearing matching offshore racing suits. All crew have inflatable life jackets. Adults have hats, boys have knit caps and everybody has sunglasses. Other boats can be seen in the distance.

The scene starts from silence and black. Camera under water. First is the sound of deep gurgling water as it is pierced by one of the bows. As the camera moves back, up and out of the water, the screen goes from black through green to the curl of the bow wave. The sound of the wind fades in as the whole of the scene opens up into the windward bow pressing through the chop of San Francisco Bay. Full sounds of the bay fade in - birds, boat horns, etc. Moving back farther, to a position well abaft the starboard hull and elevated to just above the mast, camera shows a full boat view from above, then zooms to the trampoline area of the catamaran.

CJ is laying on his back, on the trampoline, talking on a cell phone. His voice fades into the sound track as the music fades out. . .

Camera closes shot to CJ.

CJ: (Talking on his cell phone.) Well, how about after calculus finals? We could go to the mall, get something at the food court and then see a movie. I heard Shannon and Heather might be there.

CJ is listening to an obviously unpleasant scolding. He makes a face as if he got caught in an awkward moment.

Crystal: (From the phone:) Are you planning on going out with the three of us at once?

CJ: No! Of course not. I'm only going out with you. I just thought since your friends were going to be there anyway, you might like. . . (Stopped in mid-word by the call to come about.)

Music- Starts with faint triangle that sounds about every four seconds. The triangle sound builds to become a more distinct underwater bubble sound. As the camera lifts from below the water surface, the sound of the bow wave rushes to fill the theater. Orchestra music begins to replace the bow wave as the camera moves back, under the bridge hull. Once abaft the hulls, the camera rises to above mast height, to position c1, offering a full view of the boat. The orchestral music builds to full score as the camera opens to full scene of the sailboat as it pushes its path through the wind waves on the eastern bay. The music has a strong timpani drive with refreshing, lively tempo, blending with the sounds of the bay.

Sam: (From out of picture at the helm, loudly, as if to intentionally interrupt the phone conversation.) Ready to come about!

CJ: (Quickly) Sorry. I have to go. Text me.

CJ quickly jumps up and races to the cockpit.

Camera is with CJ as he dashes to position at starboard jib winch.

Act 1, Scene 2

[Perfect Tack]

Camera has close shot of Tylor.

Tylor: (To make a point of being ready and not distracted by girls on the phone.) Ready on port! (Smiles wide while watching CJ hustle to his position.)

CJ: (As CJ gets to the winch. Slightly out of breath.) Ready on Starboard!

Sam: (Smiling, amused by the events. Yelling back to the people in the cockpit.) Boom coming across! (Yelling to the crew - CJ and Tylor.) Coming about!

Sam at the helm, tacks the boat.

Zoom out from previous port quarter shot to include both winches and the helm. All tack action can be seen. CJ releases jib sheet and Tylor sheets in the jib on the port side.

With expert precision, the boys tack the jib and trim both the jib and main to course.

Sam: Nice tack lads! Tylor, why don't you take the helm?

Tylor: Aye, capt'n.

Sam motions CJ to him. Camera moves in as Sam and CJ close.

Sam: (As CJ gets close, speaking in a hushed tone, points to the cell phone.) So, CJ, how many in the stable?

CJ: Three (Thinking of his earlier conversation, stopped in mid word, catching his mistake late.) Um, just one.

Sam: (Sam has seen CJ with several different girls over the past six months. With CJ's immediate misstep, Sam responds in disbelief and an almost mocking tone.) Just one?

Tylor: (Under his breath to Sam, as he crosses to the helm.) One for each day of the week.

CJ: I heard that. (Tylor smiles mischievously. CJ heads back to the trampoline to check and send text messages)

Camera: Tight cropped of Sam and Tylor.

Sam: (No longer speaking in hushed tones.) Tylor. How about you? Got a fish on the line?

Tylor: (A little embarrassed.) Maybe. (Downplaying the seriousness of the relationship.) She's really just a friend, though.

Susan: (From the cockpit table, off screen.) She sure is cute Ty. You should meet her Sam.

Tylor: (Embarrassed that everybody, especially his mother, is now poking their noses into his, supposedly private love life. Directing his voice aft.) Ma-haum! This is supposed to be a man to man discussion.

Susan: Oops. Sor-ree.

Tylor: (To Sam, in a little more of a hushed tone.) Mom's always trying to do her matchmaking thing.

Sam: (Directly to Tylor still hushed.) Don't rush it kid. You'll get caught soon enough. Don't pay any attention to the peanut gallery, just follow your heart. (Keeping one hand on the wheel, Sam gives Tylor a one armed hug. Now in an overstated tone.) I think I'm needed aft.

Taylor: (Teasing, but respectful and playful.) In other words, you're going back to gossip with the oldsters.

Sam: (Knowing that he is fooling no one.) Um, . . . Yep. (With a big grin.) If you need me I'll be at the commodore's table.

Tylor: Aye, captain. (While he takes the wheel, in a command type fashion.) Hands on.

Sam: (Spoken as if following commands.) Hands off.

Sam hobbles back to the table in an obviously fake, feeble gait as he takes on the assigned role of an 'oldster'. Tylor acknowledges the act and responds with a smile. Sam, having completed his acting, straightens up and continues on his way in a natural walk. Camera follows Sam as he steps back to the other adults at the table in the cockpit.

Act 1, Scene 3

[The Letter]

Seated around the cockpit table are Trish, Bill and Susan. Sam joins them. Audio: As Sam joins them, fade into the conversation. There are beverages, a vegetable tray, chips, a novel and a pair of binoculars on the table. Bill has a beer in front of him, Trish and Susan have water bottles.

Bill: It sounds rather interesting. So this guy. . . (Waiting for Trish to finish his sentence.)

Trish: Dr. Robert Owens, from Prescott Memorial in Ohio. It's part of the Children's Hospital Network.

Susan: He has a plan for some sort of camp for kids and their families. It's for kids with prolonged medical treatments. Since the kids have to stay within quick access of specialized care, and their families live sometimes thousands of miles away, the kids have no place to stay except the hospital. They get so depressed.

Bill: I can see why. Even a couple days of hospital food will depress anyone. (Trish, in jesting disgust, hits Bill.)

Susan: Seriously. (She gives Bill a look of "grow up". She is interested in helping with this project.) So, the doctors at this children's hospital found that the success rate nearly doubled when the kids get a mental break from the hospital. This plan, somehow, gets the kids, their families and medical staff out in the woods for a week of camping.

Sam: [\(Skeptical of the practicality.\)](#) Sounds good, but how're they going to do that? Sounds like a logistical nightmare.

Susan: I don't have any idea. I'm sure they're still trying to figure that out, themselves. But first, they need a place to set up camp. That's where Trish comes in. [\(Looking over to Trish, handing off the conversation.\)](#)

Trish: [\(She is supportive of the project, but because she was dragged in without much say, she looks at Susan in a rather stern manner, before continuing the conversation.\)](#) Rather conveniently, Sue dropped my name as someone in real estate law, right here near the planned location - maybe.

[Bill hands Sam a beer from the ice chest near Bill.](#)

Sam: [\(Quietly to Trish, as to not disrupt the flow of the conversation.\)](#) Hun, you driving?

Trish: [\(Quietly back to Sam.\)](#) Sure, but you owe me. [\(Picks up her water bottle to show Sam.\)](#)

Sam: [\(With a devilish smile and a wink.\)](#) I'll pay you back, don't worry.

Bill: [\(Rolling his eyes at the innuendos, then refocusing on the conversation. Responding to Trish's maybe. \)](#)
Maybe? Why maybe?

Susan: That's what I've been talking to Trish about. This Owens guy is looking into an old family rumor about some land they have in the mountains toward Reno.

Bill: Who is "they"? The hospital?

Trish: I'm not sure of the actual connection, but it seems to be the Owens' family property that will be donated for this. Owens doesn't have much to go by, just a family name of Creighton, a partial legal description that puts the property just this side of the summit and a date range back in November of 1877.

Susan: That's why, [\(She begins to unfold a topo map on the table.\)](#) next week, Sam is going to spend two weeks in a cabin up in the hills. The boys are going up for a few days too. [\(With the map unfolded, she draws a large circle with her finger, as she explains.\)](#) It's in this area marked Restricted Territory on the topo. That whole area

is the disputed property. For some reason, back in the day, the judge just suspended ownership rights and put use restrictions on it for 150 years. Now, since the time is almost up, everybody wants it.

Bill: What about me? Don't I get to go?

Sam: Nope. Not this time buddy. *(Laying back in his seat as to get more relaxed and comfortable.)* It's just me and the boys. Somebody, *(Briefly staring at Bill.)* still has to work.

Bill: Just sixteen more shifts and I'll be a bum like you. But who's counting?

Sam: A bum? Probably. . .But, like me? Not quite. It'll take months of practice. *(Sam readjusts himself into a 'more relaxed' seating attitude.)* But don't worry, I'll help you through it.

Susan: *(Directed to Trish.)* Will they ever grow up?

Trish: *(Hugs Sam.)* I hope not. At least not too much.

Bill: Um, anyway, so what's next with this camp project, that, everybody but me, has a roll in?

Trish: I have to finish a title search, check tax records and all that legal stuff. Of course, it may take a while, all the old records are on microfiche. I haven't used one of those machines in years.

Bill: So who's going to pay for all this?

Trish: Sam's volunteering for the time in the hills, . . . *(Looking at Sam.)* as if I had to twist his arm for that one. *(Sam smiles.)* The legal expense is on the hospital in Ohio. The hospital board, there, seems to have a keen interest in making this happen. If everything works out, they'll send someone out to manage the facility and Susan's hospital will be the portal.

Sam: *(Speaking in a practical tone.)* Sounds like a cool idea, but it'll take a lot of work. *(Pauses. In a tone to heighten spirits and add excitement to the mission.)* Wish us luck. *(Raises beer.)*

Bill: *(Raises beer.)* Luck! *(They clink cans and take a sip.)*

Sam: (Yelling to the boys at the front of the boat in more of a command than a question.) Boys, why don't you take us in. CJ on the helm, please.

Camera: ahead of the boat, looking back at CJ.

CJ: Aye, Capt'n.

Camera: Follows CJ. CJ gets off the trampoline and puts his phone away on his way to the helm station. CJ surveys the water completely around the boat, looking for other vessels and hazards to navigation. He checks his instruments, and the tale tails. He then takes the wheel with one hand.

CJ: Hands on. (He sits in the captain's chair, reaches down, and turns on the radio.)

Tylor: (With CJ now able control the helm, he lets go of the wheel.) Hands off.

CJ looks at his phone, selects the 'Sailing Songs' play list and puts the phone down. When the music starts, Tylor looks at CJ and rolls his eyes.

CJ: Ty, let's furl em at the end of the reach.

Tylor: Yeah, sounds good.

Act 1, Scene 4

[Takin' Her In]

Camera moves aft, past the lads, to the adults. Concurrent conversation (purple) in the background while the adult conversations (black) below takes precedence. Some of the action might be seen in the background of the main scene.

CJ: Ty, I'll blanket the jib.

Tylor: (To CJ - Ready at the furling line.) Sure. No traffic. (Ty releases the jib sheet and furls the jib.)

Tylor moves to the main furler.

"Sailing" by Rod Stewart starts playing on the stereo. The music is fairly loud, but gets quieter as the camera makes its way aft.

Tylor: (To CJ.) Ready at the main.

CJ: (Switches electric motor circuit on. To Tylor.) Electric Motors ready. Into the wind. Motors engaged.

Tylor: (To CJ.) Lift is secured. Vang is free. (Calling out for everybody to hear.) Boom is free!, . . . (To CJ.) Furling the Main.

Once main is furled -

Tylor: (To CJ.) Main is furled . . . (Calling out for everybody.) Boom secure! (As he tightens the mainsheet.) (To CJ.) Free to navigate.

Tylor: (To CJ.) Fenders out. (As he sets fenders on port.)

CJ: (Calling back to the adults.) About ten minutes to the dock. {timing mark}

Adults -

Bill: (Gesturing toward the boys.) Sure have grown up.

Susan: (Taking a quick glance at them. Speaking proudly.) Grown up rather well, in part, thanks to you two.

Trish: You know we think of them as our own. Lord knows, if we (Looking at Sam to include him in the 'we'.) were meant to have kids, we'd have had 'em by now.

Sam: Not that we haven't tried. (Squeezes Trish's hand, gives her a wink. Trish gives him a playful push away. Bill rolls his eyes.)

Trish: Well, we do get to have the boys whenever we want. And, the nice thing is, we can also return them whenever we want, just like we found 'em.

Bill: (In an unexpected negative tone.) Not exactly! (Everybody looks at Bill perplexed. There is a pregnant pause, then Bill starts his list of examples showing why they are not 'just like we found them'.) How about Tylor's sprained ankle last ski season and the black eye he got from the Taekwondo competition. Remember,

Music volume down to hear conversation.

Trish got them started in skiing and Taekwondo when they each turned four. Let's not forget all the bruises and stuff CJ got learning to race that Hobie Cat Sam bought him.

Susan: [\(Chiming in as she sees where Bill is headed.\)](#) And Tylor's tetanus shots - for the barbed wired fence while riding the ATV's and time he got the nail in his foot while doing the geo-caching.

Bill: [\(In a lighter tone.\)](#) Not to mention the poison oak CJ gets from the camping and hunting expeditions.

Sam: [\(Breaking the chain of incidents.\)](#) Hold on, hold on. There might have been a minor scratch here or there, but we do have fun!

Bill: And *we* [\(Emphasized.\)](#) get stuck with the doctor and food bills. You have any idea how much two teenage boys eat in a month?

[They all get a good laugh. It becomes quiet as they sit back and recollect the fun they've had over the years.](#)

Sam: [\(Breaking the silence. \)](#) Uhh, Yeah, anyway, can't wait for them to come join me for a few days.

Trish: [\(Surprised that they are traveling separately.\)](#) They're not going up with you?

Sam: Naw, they have finals 'til Tuesday, so they'll come up early Wednesday morning. I'm planning to get there on Sunday afternoon. There'll probably be some work that needs doing to get the cabin in shape so we can stay there.

Sam: [\(In a raised voice, Directed forward to CJ and Tylor.\)](#) Boys, It's supposed to get a little snowy next week. Pack your long johns.

CJ: [\(From off camera.\)](#) Yeah, okay. I'll bring some snow shoes too. [What's the elevation?](#)

Sam: About 42 hundred feet. You'll have to quad up to the cabin from about 34 hundred.

CJ: [Good.](#)

Susan: [\(Looking at Sam.\)](#) What's good about that?

Sam and Bill together: No poison oak!

Susan: One less thing to worry about.

Trish is fidgeting with a new pair of gloves. They still have the plastic tie to keep them together. She hands them to Sam.

Trish: (Glancing about at the weather conditions.) Starting to get a little cool out.

Sam: (Takes a pocket knife out to cut the tie.) I've got that. (He cuts the tie, hands them back to Trish. The knife has an inlay of a white squirrel on the handle.)

Bill: Still got that old knife?

Sam: (He closes it and puts it back in his pocket.) Sure, works like a champ.

Memory vignette in black and white. Silent until old man voice.

[Flashback to childhood, Sam 10 years old, along a river bank. Sam trying to break a fishing line. An old man, wearing an amulet, (described in Act II), offers him the pocket knife. Sam uses it and thanks him. Sam tries to give knife back. The old man hand gestures stop and says, <Audio in>"Keep it. I'm sure it will come in handy. Maybe you could pass it down to your kid some day." Still in vignette of the river scene, camera backing away, while Sam echoes the words of the old man . <Sam's internal voice>"you could pass it down" in his head. Then it dissolves back to current time and full color.]

Bill: You old Boy Scouts are all the same. Always have the right tool, quick with the wise sayings, and ready for anything. Oh, and helpful too, right?

Sam: (Beaming like he was just called a hero.) Of course.

Bill: (Pointing to the small cooler by Sam.) Then why don't you get me that last beer.

There is a small cooler by Sam. Another cooler, out of Sam's direct sight, is on the other side of Bill.

CJ: (From forward.) About ten minutes to the dock. {timing mark}

Sam: (Reaches down for the cooler, and in a mocking voice.) Yes sir, Captain Bill.

As Sam opens the cooler he is sprayed by a shaving cream bomb. All adults, even Sam, laugh as Sam is covered in shaving cream.

Bill: Gotcha!

CJ hears the commotion and looks back to see the action.

CJ: (Laughing.) Good one Dad!

Segue: In order to show that these events are happening at the same time, the camera transports from one scene to the next, while at some point having both locations, (the boat and Creighton Valley), visible. Camera has a view looking straight down on the boat. The camera shoots up into the sky at a angle to end up halfway between the boat and Creighton Valley, keeping both in frame. The camera then shoots down to an overhead of two men, facing opposite directions, dressed in winter clothes, standing on train tracks. Camera angle levels off and camera descends to show next scene.

Music volume increases as the last instrumental refrain of *Sailing* by Rod Stewart finishes. Song ends with abrupt silence as camera stops over the two men.

Act 1, Scene 5

[Planting Poison]

Scene: Sunday, 12 Nov 2017. It is early evening on a crisp, clear, cold winter day. There is snow on the ground about three inches deep.

Camera focuses in on a squirrel.

The silence is shattered by a loud gunshot. Dirt and snow fly near the squirrel. The squirrel scampers off.

Camera zooms out to see two the two men, one with a hand gun drawn, pointing where the squirrel was.

James: (As he turns around, he hits Charles on the arm.) Knock it off you idiot! No one is supposed to know we're up here.

The immediate area is the terminus of an abandoned railroad track in the forest. A couple sets of timbers across the track show that this is the end of the track. The only footsteps in the snow are from the two men standing on the tracks.

Charles puts the gun away.

Camera on tracks: Camera pans over to one of the spots where something was obviously poured. It is circled by a large blue circle of food coloring in the snow.

James gets out his cell phone and dials.

Split screen: Wilson's scene pushes in from the right side, taking half of the screen. Camera Mr. Wilson's office: Mr. Wilson is seated, gazing out the window of an upper floor of a downtown office, talking on the phone. Camera has a right-rear quartering shot with heavy backlighting allowing for only a silhouette.

Mr. Wilson: (Gruffly) Wilson.

James: (On the phone.) All done, sir.

Wilson hangs up his phone removes the sim card and puts it in a shredder. His scene is drawn off screen to the right.

James is shown hanging up his phone and putting it in his pocket. The men leave, following their footprints, on a path into the woods. Halfway down the path, Charles stops to urinate. James walks a few steps more, then stops and waits for Charles. Camera on James as he fiddles with his phone until he gets a song playing. (*We built this city.*) After finishing, Charles quickly walks to catch up with James. Camera pulls back to see Wac ih a' standing in the trees watching. Wac ih a' is wearing white and gray camouflage.

Music - *We Built this City* by Jefferson Starship. Volume increases as James and Charles walk away.

End of Act 1

[To Act II](#)