

RESTRICTED TERRITORY

Act IX Prepare to Say Goodbye

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End of Act IX

To Act VIII

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Act IX

[Prepare to Say Goodbye]

Act IX, Scene 1

[What to Do]

Scene: Front room of the cabin. It is a quiet early morning. Sam is sitting in the rocker staring out the front window. It is the only window that is not shuttered. He has a blanket over his lap and a cup of coffee. The rifle is sitting on a chair next to him. Victoria enters the room. Sam hears her and turns to see who it is.

Sam: (Holding up his cup, speaking quietly.) There's some in the pot. Just made it.

Victoria: (Heading to the kitchen, also speaking quietly as to not wake up the boys.) Thanks. I'll make some breakfast when the boys start to get up.

Victoria pours herself a cup of coffee and puts a pot, that was sitting on the counter, on the stove to heat some water.

Victoria: (Returning to the front room with her coffee.) Looks like Hank is pretty sure Austin and I are dead. He would've sent his men up here last night, if he thought otherwise. (Victoria moves the rifle from the chair and places it on the table. She then sits in the chair.) With this much snow, and being in no particular hurry, it may be a few days before he and his men come up here.

Sam: (Sensitively. Still talking quietly to not wake the boys.) That gives us some time to finish taking care of your family. (Victoria lowers her head and stares at her coffee.) The boys and I can use the tools in the mine to dig the graves. Maybe while we're out, you and Austin can make the markers. It may be therapeutic for both of you. We'll understand if it's too difficult.

Victoria: (Noncommittally. Raising her head.) We'll see how things go. Austin's hard to read sometimes.

Sam: Did you check on him yet this morning?

Victoria: Yeah. (Showing concern. Some minor fever should be expected, but continued fever is a real problem.) His pulse rate seemed about normal, but he does feel a little warm.

Sam: We'll have to keep a close eye on him. I'm sure he'll be wanting to do more than he should. ([Victoria nods in agreement.](#)) It could be a while before he's back to full strength.

Victoria: He gets his stubbornness from my dad.

Sam: Same place you got yours, I take it.

Victoria: ([Breaking a smile.](#)) I guess so. ([Being more serious now. Pensively, she expresses her, and Austin's, need for closure while understanding the possible risks involved.](#)) I know we have to be careful of being out in the open, but Austin and I need to be there for the funeral.

Sam: Of course. ([Pause.](#)) I'm sorry that it has to be a secret burial site; however, it'll make it much safer for you to attend. And we both know what would happen if Wilson found the site.

Victoria: I know. ([She gets a cold shiver.](#)) When it comes down to it, Austin and I are the only ones that need to know where it is.

Sam: ([Seeing an opportunity to find out what really happened, while trying to not open up a healing wound, Sam cautiously brings up the topic.](#)) Wac ih a' told me about the ranches and the cabin and I read what was *written* about what happened. But I'm sure that isn't the whole story and probably not completely correct either. What really happened?

Victoria: There's not much to tell. ([As she tells the story, her anger and grief slowly build.](#)) Hank said that he wanted to put a train line through here, but what he really wanted is the Federal land that is given to railways as an incentive. He also wanted to reopen the mine. Dad, Uncle Bryan and Uncle Greg decided they weren't going to sell, especially for what Hank was offering. They transferred the land to me, so Hank would stop harassing 'em. If I were in Ohio, controlling the land, he might stop harassing the rest of my family. They expected a hard fought legal battle. ([Pausing to regain composure, but continuing with a broken voice.](#)) They never thought he'd resort to murder.

Sam: ([Getting to the crux of the issue.](#)) But since the land is in your name, why did they kill everybody else? They had nothing to gain from that.

Victoria: Nobody knew about the transfer except the county recorder and us. We just made the transfer that day. (As if a light went on in Sam's head, he gets a look of understanding.) Austin was supposed to hide the papers from Hank yesterday, and they were going to tell Hank about the change in ownership after I left Tuesday. But, well, you know the rest.

Sam: (Sam sits back to assimilate the information. After a short pause, he clarifies.) So, Austin still has the transfer papers?

Victoria: (With all that's been happening, she is not quite sure what happened to the documents.) I think so. . . He's too sneaky for me to keep track of. That's why he was chosen to hide 'em. Only my dad, my uncles and I knew about him having the papers.

Sam: If he still has access to them, we might have a fighting chance to save the property and maybe even get Wilson charged for murder. He just needs to keep them safe for now.

Victoria: Austin knows how important they are; I'm sure they're safe.

Sam: Okay. Good. (Sam is hesitant to bring this up, but is compelled to mention it.) I hate to say this, but, as much as we would like to think that we can avoid it, I'm sure we'll have to deal with Hank before you and Austin leave town. (Victoria did not want to hear it, hoping that if it was ignored, maybe it wouldn't happen, but she knew that Sam was right.) It won't be pretty, but if we're going to survive, we need to be better prepared than he is. When the boys get up, we'll have a little chat to plan our next moves.

The cabin gets uncomfortably quiet for several seconds as they both sit and stare at their coffees.

Victoria: (A little too timid to ask on her own behalf, Victoria uses Austin's curiosity as a means to find out Sam's intentions about the move to Ohio.) There's something else you'll need to talk with them about, also. Austin expects you and the boys to come with us to Ohio. I overheard him say that to CJ last night. CJ assured him you would.

Sam: With all the activity of just keeping everyone alive, I never gave it any thought. Once the real estate issue gets resolved, there'll be nothing keeping the boys and I here. And if Wilson's still on the loose, it would be best to put a lot of distance between him and us. I suppose it's a possibility. I'll have to do what is best for the boys.

Victoria: (Making sure he is considering the psychological needs of her brother.) All three of them?

Sam: Of course, (Understanding that Austin's emotional trauma could be exacerbated by separating the boys too quickly.) all three . . . and you too. At least until you and Colin are married; then it'll be you and Colin's job to take care of each other.

Victoria: When will that be?

Sam: It's the . . . (Sam stops himself, seeing through the attempt at getting a glimpse of the future. Waving his finger at her.) You almost got me!

Victoria: (Playfully.) It was worth a try.

Sam: I don't know how all this time stuff works, but remember, some things may change because we're here.

Victoria: (Grateful that her brother is still alive.) I'm sure they already have. (She takes another sip of coffee.)

A sound is heard from the bedroom that draws both of their attention. Austin comes out of the room in his long john's. He immediately walks through the kitchen, slips on his boots, grabs a coat and exits out the back door.

Victoria: (Getting up from the table, she heads to the kitchen.) It must be time to start breakfast.

More noise is heard from the bedroom.

Sam: I'm sure the others will be right behind him.

Tylor comes from the bedroom fully dressed, except boots. His hair is a mess and he is not fully awake.

Tylor: (In his sleepy voice.) Morning, Uncle Sam. Morning, Miss Creighton.

Tylor moves to Sam and gives him a tired hug.

Sam: (In an overly happy tone. Teasing Tylor about his half-awake state.) Good morning, sunshine. (Tylor rolls his eyes and releases the hug. Back to his normal tone.) How'd you sleep?

Tylor: Not real well. My body was tired, but my head just kept going and going. Are we really back in 1877?

CJ walks out from the bedroom fully dressed, minus boots. He looks fresh. His hair is combed and face washed. He wanders into the kitchen to see what is being prepared.

Sam: I'm afraid so. Get yourself cleaned up for breakfast. This will be another long day.

Tylor: Yes, sir. (Looking at the back door.) I've got to wait for Austin. (He takes a seat next to Sam.)

CJ: Good morning, Uncle Sam. Good morning, Miss Creighton.

Victoria: Good morning boys. We can drop the Miss Creighton. You're making me feel old. Please call me Victoria. We're nearly the same age.

Austin comes back in from the out house. Tylor gets up and heads toward the door.

CJ: What about Vicky? (Austin stops in his tracks. Tylor see Austin's reaction and freezes too.)

Victoria: (Tensely) No. Only my fiancé can call me that. (The room gets awkwardly still.)

CJ: (Embarrassed.) Oh, um, sorry. I didn't know you were engaged.

Sam: (A little snappy.) You maybe should have read the information packet with a little more diligence. (Sam realizes that he was too snappy.) Sorry, I'm a little on edge. Think I'll see if I can slip a nap in somewhere. (Trying to lighten the mood.) I suppose you never thought you might actually meet anyone mentioned in the report.

CJ: (To Sam.) Yes, sir. (To Victoria.) Victoria, again I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get out of line.

Victoria: (In a much less tense tone.) It's okay CJ. I am sorry for overreacting. It was just a reasonable question. I'm just a little tense, too.

Tylor un-freezes and continues his walk to the back door.

Tylor: (To CJ as he passes him, under his breath.) Knucklehead.

CJ drops his head in embarrassment. Austin continues toward the bedroom.

Austin: (Finding a easy exit from the tension.) I'm gonna finish getting ready. I'll be right out.

CJ: (Directed to Austin) Need any help?

Austin: (A little upset that his friend would ask him that when he is nearly a man.) Of course not.

CJ: Well I do. I'm coming with you. (Now, understanding that CJ wanted an escape as well, Austin smiles slightly and waves him to come along.)

Austin: (To CJ, under his breath, in an obviously joking manner.) You sure do. (They both retreat to the bedroom.)

Act IX, Scene 2

[Same Team]

Scene: Dinning table. Everybody is seated in their normal places. They are all holding hands. The audio fades in as they say . . .

All: Amen.

Releasing hands, they begin to eat.

Sam: (Looking mostly at CJ and Tylor.) We have a lot to do today. Even though Hank's men will not likely be up here for a few days, we can't let our guard down, so everybody has to be on high alert. Got it?

CJ:, Tylor: Yes, sir.

Austin: (Following the other two.) Yes, sir.

Sam looks at Victoria, she gives a nod.

Sam: The next order of business is just as important. ([Addressing the tension of the morning.](#)) We need to work as a team. No one here is intentionally trying to make things uncomfortable or insulting. There's a lot we don't know about each other. If we say something wrong, or that you find hurtful, understand that it is not intentional. We need to help each other understand our feelings without getting angry, we'll keep an open dialog, so the same mistakes don't get repeated.

[Tylor, CJ and Austin nod to show their understanding.](#)

Victoria: ([Addressing Sam.](#)) You had an information package all about us. It seems like you know a lot more about us ([Slight head nod toward Austin to include him.](#)) than we do about you.

Sam: No. Not really. We read about some facts that, from our perspective, occurred around a hundred and forty years ago. We read that you are a nurse, that you intend to move to Ohio and that you are going to marry Colin. We don't know about Victoria, the person. We didn't know how beautiful and resourceful you are. We knew you had a younger brother, ([CJ puts his hand on Austin's head and musses his hair a bit.](#)) but we had no idea how smart, mature and tough he was. ([Austin forms a shy smile as the attack retreats.](#)) So, you see, the boys and I really don't know you any better than you know us. It'll take some time, but we will get to know each other much better. Open, honest, respectful communication will make it easier, and faster.

Austin: ([Expectantly.](#)) Does that mean you're going to stay with us?

Sam: Yes. ([Austin is very happy to hear this.](#)) For now anyway. ([Austin is not so happy to hear this.](#)) Your sister suggested that the boys and I go with you to Ohio. ([CJ and Tylor look at each other, neither of them thinking that far ahead.](#)) I haven't discussed it with the boys yet, but when you two leave, there'll be nothing keeping us here.

Austin: ([Excitedly.](#)) Yes!

Tylor: ([Decidedly not happy with that idea.](#)) I don't know. What about finding a way home?

[Austin's excitement dwindles as he realizes the hardship of the boys and Sam.](#)

Sam: That's a valid question. I think the three of us can bring up our thoughts and concerns about it while we're out this morning. Since we'll be staying together for at least a little while, Victoria and I came up with a cover

story to explain our sudden appearance, if the need arises. (Sam, gesturing, hands the conversation lead over to Victoria.) Victoria?

Victoria: (Addressing CJ and Tylor.) Sam and I have discussed this and we agree (Looking at Sam as confirmation.) that we need to blend into more of a family (Now looking at Austin for this reaction. Austin has a full smile.), and are all on the same page. We made sure it has some ties to your real identities, so it should be easy to remember. It's like this: Sam is your mom's nomad brother. You lost your parents in the war when you were small, so as next of kin, he took you in.

Tylor: (Surprised that he was now close, time wise, to a significant period in history, he interrupts.) The Civil War?

Victoria: (Correctively.) Call it 'the war between the states.' Different names of the war mean different things to some very sensitive people. It's best to stay neutral on this, at least, for now.

Tylor: Okay, got it. (Realizing that he was interrupting. He yields back to Victoria.) Sorry.

Victoria: (Continuing.) So now you live with Sam, your uncle. You've been moving around since he took you in. Too many places to remember and too many people to keep them straight. As far as jobs go, he is a handyman of some sort. If you get asked anything specific, give general and confusing answers. What you are sure of, is that Ben Creighton asked your uncle to be a tenant of this cabin.

CJ: What about you and Austin?

Victoria: Austin and I will keep hidden here until we move to Ohio. Until we are safely on the train, if you get asked, say you haven't even seen us. What we do in Ohio depends on whether or not you, Sam and Tylor move there with us. (CJ, Austin and Tylor look at each other unsure of her meaning. Victoria sees the blank looks.) What I mean is, your moving determines if Austin lives with Colin and me, or with the three of you in Ohio. Either way, Austin is not staying here. (Austin nods in agreement.)

Sam: Since we shouldn't have visitors here for a couple more days, you have time to reinvent yourselves being consistent with the narrative.

Tylor: (While Sam is talking, Tylor sees that Austin doesn't quite understand Sam's terminology, so he interprets for him. Whispering to Austin.) He means to make up stuff that fits with the story. (Austin nods in understanding.)

Sam: Keep it all low key. Nothing to draw attention. And practice with Victoria and Austin, to make sure it fits with the times. Okay?

CJ: Tylor: Yes, sir.

Sam: (Addressing him to ask a question.) Austin?

Austin: Yes, sir?

Sam: (Addressing Austin.) We'll rely on you to show the boys what chores need to be done, and teach them how to do them correctly. They'll need to learn the lifestyle, habits and customs of the 1870's in order to blend in.

Sam: (Looking directly at CJ and Tylor.) Of course, they will give you their undivided attention. (The boys nod in agreement.) I'll leave it to Austin to divide the chores up fairly between CJ and Tylor. Until he's healthy, Austin doesn't do chores. (Austin smiles at the thought of not having chores.) After breakfast and chores, CJ, Tylor and I have some work to do. (Austin is a little put off about being excluded. Sam expected as much, so he gives Austin a job he can do where he can stay warm, use his talents and keep from doing something that is too physical.) Austin, you have two jobs. First, and foremost, is to get better. Second, is, if it doesn't interfere with your first job, is to come up with some ideas on early warning systems.

Austin: (Quickly accepting any job.) Okay . . . (Then realizing he has no idea what Sam is talking about.) But, what's an early warning system.

Tylor: (Sam starts to answer but Tylor holds his hand up and stops him. Tylor knows that Sam has a habit of talking in a manner that is too advanced for most people to easily comprehend, so he takes it upon himself to 'interpret' for Sam.) It's a fancy name for things that let you know when someone is coming; like a loud noise or something falling over.

Austin: (With the simple explanation, he eagerly accepts the challenge.) Oh. Okay. What can I use? (Austin tends to get a little over zealous on the projects that his parents would allow, so he is used to having restrictions placed on him to keep him reined in.) Or rather, what can't I use.

Sam: You can use anything you can find. (Upon hearing the no restrictions, Victoria knows Austin will be excited, so she watches his expression. He gets a big smile on his face. He then sees Victoria watching him, so he loses the smile. Victoria smiles at him to show approval. Austin regains his smile.) It's best if you can stay inside. Remember, you *can not* (*Stresses.*) be seen. You, your sister and even the boys and I will be in danger if you are seen by anyone. (With the rest of the latitude just bestowed upon him, the 'not being seen' restriction is happily accepted.)

Austin: (Showing he is cognizant of the gravity of the restriction of not being seen.) I understand. (The wheels of Austin's unbounded imagination begin to conjure dozens of ideas at once.) I should be able to find some stuff in the mine.

Sam: (Not quite knowing the talent he has just set free, responds in a carefree manner.) That would be great. (Victoria looks at Sam, knowing that he is unaware of what he just did.) We'll need at least twice as many devices as the number of different paths or trails that lead into this area. Also, it would be best if we could hear or see the warning when anyone gets within about a half mile from here.

Austin: (His expectation of what would be acceptable just went from firecracker size to dynamite size. His smile did too.) Okay.

Victoria realizes that this is not a game, but the balance of life or death. With that knowledge, she has no problem allowing Austin to fully use his intelligence and aptitude in fulfilling his task. Besides, she secretly wants to see what her unbridled brother can do.

Victoria: (To help reinforce her position in the hierarchy of the group, and to help them understand the 1870's better, she addresses CJ and Tylor.) By the way, chores are usually done before breakfast.

CJ:, Tylor: Yes, ma'am.

Victoria: (Addressing all the boys.) When you're finished, put your plates in the kitchen and get started. I'll bet those horses are hungry.

Sam: Austin?

Austin: Yes.

Sam: Remember that, even though they are older than you, you're in charge. These boys have no experience in this, at all. Teach them as if it was their first time, [\(Pause.\)](#) because it is.

Austin: Yes, sir.

Sam: [\(Still directed at Austin.\)](#) Do you still have the documents?

Austin: [\(Looking at Victoria to see if he should answer. She nods.\)](#) Yes, sir. [\(Concerned because he did not finish the job he was supposed to do.\)](#) Well, not with me. I hid them like I was supposed to, but I can get 'em. It won't take too long.

Sam: No. That's alright. It's better to keep 'em hidden for now, but I'd like to look them over tonight, [\(Addressing Victoria.\)](#) if that's alright.

Austin: [\(Looks at Victoria. She gives a nod.\)](#) Sure. I'll get 'em right after dinner.

Sam: Great.

CJ: Thank you, Victoria, it was delicious. We're all are finished, [\(Indicating that the other boys have finished also.\)](#) may we be excused?

Victoria: Yes, of course.

[The three boys get up to take their plates. Sam catches Tylor's eye with a stare. Sam then looks at Victoria's plate. Tylor gets the hint.](#)

Tylor: [\(As he reaches and picks up Victoria's plate.\)](#) If you're finished, let me get that for you.

Victoria: Thank you, Tylor.

CJ: [\(Catching on quickly.\)](#) Sam, let me get yours as well.

Sam: Okay, thanks CJ. [\(Sam hands him the plate.\)](#) I'll get the tools and the cart ready while Austin gives you your first lesson. By the way, he only teaches for ten minutes max, then comes in to get warmed up and a nap. I don't want him in the cold any longer than that.

CJ: Okay, got it. I guess we'll see you outside.

Camera: [Follows Sam, the boys head to the kitchen. The boys continue to the sink. The camera stays with Sam as he heads through the kitchen to the mine. As Sam enters the mine, fade to black.](#)

Act IX, Scene 3

[Cold, Hard Work]

Scene: [At the grave site. It is no longer snowing, but the sky is still mostly overcast. Lighting is even, gray and subdued. Sam and the boys all have holsters with revolvers.](#)

Sam: [\(Handing out the picks and shovels.\)](#) We better get started. There are five graves to dig, and the days are short. I'd like to get this done today, so we can have the funeral in the morning. . . [\(Taking an uneasy glance around.\)](#) The sooner the better. [\(Sam surveys the area.\)](#) We may have only one more day, two at the most, before Wilson's men make their way back up here. That means we really only have tomorrow morning for the funeral. After that, it gets too risky to have Victoria and Austin out of the house.

CJ: [\(Looking around at the gloomy setting.\)](#) Why are we hiding the graves in the forest?

Sam: If we put them out in the open, we run the risk of Wilson's men digging them up to destroy the evidence of murder.

CJ: [\(Making a face of disgust.\)](#) That's gross. Can't we just have the police get involved?

Tylor: [\(Irritated\)](#) No, we can't. The local law is the town marshal and he works for Wilson. Austin already mentioned that! And it was in the information packet too.

CJ: (Letting Tylor know that he is fully aware that he dropped the ball by not reading the report throughly.)

Okay, okay. I screwed up and didn't read the packet like I should have. I can't change that now.

Sam: (Understanding how irritated Tylor is, but trying to keep things from getting out of control.) Tylor, don't be so rough on him. Remember what we discussed this morning. We're a team. It's like he missed a couple practices. We just need to get him caught up on what he missed.

Tylor: (To Sam) Okay, (To CJ) but it is a little irritating.

CJ: Sorry. I get it.

Sam: Enough talking, lets get digging.

Sam looks over the area. He then takes his shovel and starts to mark the graves.

Sam: (As he walks along, he takes a shovel of dirt and snow from each spot he wants the graves.) We need one here and here, one here, and two - one here and here.

They all start digging on the different spots.

CJ: (With a shovel of dirt.) Where do you want the dirt?

Sam: (His speech is broken by the digging process.) Let's put the dirt from each grave along the east side of the grave. That'll make it easier to replace. (Pausing, Sam looks around in a general survey. Standing upright, leaning on his shovel. Addressing the boys.) We've been here about three minutes. Did you boys notice that the squirrels moved away and started chattering, or the doe and two yearlings that passed just outside the trees or that the creek drowns out other sounds from the east?

CJ: (Stopping and looking around.) I heard the squirrels, but didn't notice anything else.

Tylor: (A little embarrassed, admitingly.) I didn't notice any of that.

Sam: You both need to be more observant. Think of yourself as a deer during hunting season. One mistake and it's over. (Very seriously.) It's not a game.

CJ: **(Penitently.)** Sorry. I took it for granted that we were safe because you're here. I'll try to not let it happen again.

Tylor: Me too. I just zoned out. I don't mind if you keep reminding me; this is really scary.

Sam: Okay. But like I said, this is not a game. Everybody has to be vigilant to keep us all safe. I'm relying on both of you to catch what I miss. Got it?

CJ: Got it. **(He starts digging again. He stops, looks around, and starts again.)**

Tylor: Got it. **(He starts digging also, poking his head up every couple of shovels full, like a prairie dog.)**

Tylor: **(After a couple shovel fulls.)** Is this a good time to talk about getting home?

Their discussion continues while they dig the graves. They are working hard. Nearly every sentence is started or ended with a scoop of a shovel or the swing of a pick.

Sam: **(Digging.)** Yep. It's probably the *best* time to have that discussion. Not only will the time pass faster, but we have more privacy to say what's on our minds without hurting anyone's feelings. Tylor, why don't you start us out. You seemed to have some reservations about moving to Ohio.

Tylor: Well, yeah. Since we got sent back in time by going through the door at the cabin, it seems to me that we need to stay by the cabin until we find a way back.

CJ: I hear what you're saying, but I don't think the cabin has anything to do with it. We tried going through that door a couple dozen times; forward, backward, running, walking, we even did it naked a couple of times **(Sam stops digging to look at the boys. CJ feels the look from Sam, then continues, glossing over the silliness of some of their attempts.)** when no one was watching. Nothing happened. **(The boys look at Sam as if to say, 'It was worth a try'.)** Whatever we tried made no difference at all. **(They all start digging again.)**

Tylor: It feels like it's my fault, but then again, how could it be?

CJ: It can't be any of our faults. But how it can happen, I have no idea. **(Trying to get a clue from Sam's experience.)** How did it happen to you, Uncle Sam?

Sam: I'm not even sure when it happened. I think it was while I was asleep. When I went to bed, everything seemed normal. Then, the next morning, everything had changed.

CJ: Were you naked?

Sam: [\(Recalling details.\)](#) No. I never lost my clothes . . .[\(Thinking it through a little more.\)](#), well maybe I did. [\(The boys listen with more interest - there may be some similarities.\)](#) See, that night, my hydration pack leaked on all my clothes, [\(Indicating the clothes he is wearing.\)](#) so Wac ih a' gave me these. It was the night before everything changed. Everything I had from 2017 was gone. My ATV, my cell phone, even my clothes. It didn't affect the clothes I got from Wac ih a' though.

Tylor: So the cabin might have something to do with it.

CJ: It is a strong coincidence. Not really proof though.

Tylor: Austin said that Ren was still the tenant of record. If Victoria transferred it to us, we could stay here forever.

Sam: Thinking about what we read in the packet, and if we haven't changed anything yet, we may have to go to Ohio. The packet said that the tenant rights were transferred to a local family from Harmony Valley.

CJ: Of course, since we're here, that could change.

Sam: True, but something we haven't discussed yet, is your safety.

CJ: That's a pretty well built cabin.

Sam: No. I'm not talking about the cabin. I'm referring to Wilson and his gang.

Tylor: We don't have anything to do with the deeds. Why would they bother us?

CJ: Because, Wilson also wants to open the mine. That's right where the cabin is. If Wilson wanted to do anything illegal, like working the mine in restricted territory, he couldn't do it with someone living in the cabin.

Sam: I agree with CJ. An empty cabin would give Wilson complete freedom to do whatever he wanted. He may do some extreme things to make that cabin empty again.

CJ: Tylor, I want to get back to 2017, as much as you do. It's just that I don't see what else we can do here. Remember, you said it was scary here. And I agree that it's scary here. It's *really* scary here. It'll probably get worse.

Tylor: Okay. I really don't like looking over my shoulder all the time either. I mean, I feel like I'm being watched right now. [\(He shakes as a shiver goes up his back.\)](#) But, if we leave, we need to be back here next year at the same time we got here this year. Just in case.

Sam: Sounds like a good idea. So, unless something comes up, we'll go with them to Ohio? [\(CJ and Tylor nod in agreement.\)](#)

CJ: And we'll get back here a few days early so maybe Sam can go back too.

Tylor: Of course.

Sam: Okay. That's our plan. We'll tell 'em tonight. I just want to warn you to not get your hopes up. We may stay in this time period for the rest of our lives. We're goin' t' haveta' blend in and live our lives accordingly.

Tylor: [\(With dejected optimism.\)](#) We can hope and dream can't we.

Sam: Absolutely. Just don't plan your life around something we have no control over.

CJ: We got it.

[A small branch breaks, Tylor turns around quickly and steps out of the grave he was digging, drawing his pistol. Sam and CJ put down their shovels. Sam taps CJ on the arm and motions for him scan into the trees in the opposite direction of the sound. Sam and CJ scan for a few seconds.](#)

CJ: [\(While still scanning the trees.\)](#) Tylor, you can holster that.

Tylor: [\(As he puts the pistol back.\)](#) Just a pine cone falling?

CJ: No. It was that girl behind the trees.

Sam: She's been circling for a while now. [\(Calling to the girl.\)](#) Step out where we can see you. We're not going to hurt you.

[Falling Leaf steps half-way out from behind the tree.](#)

Sam: [\(Addressing the boys, quietly.\)](#) Boys, watch my back. [\(The boys stand with their backs to Sam, each looking 120 degrees either direction from Sam. Sam calls out to Falling Leaf.\)](#) Who are you and what are you doing here?

Falling Leaf: I came to check on White Squirrel. They say he died of the pox, but I don't believe them. He was fine two days ago.

Sam: Are you alone?

CJ: [\(Quietly, to Sam.\)](#) I think it's Falling Leaf. She is one of Austin's closest friends.

Falling Leaf: Yes.

Sam: What's your name?

Falling Leaf: Falling Leaf.

Sam: Okay, come on over.

CJ: [\(Looking 120 degrees to Sam's right.\)](#) I don't see anything here.

Tylor: [\(Looking 120 degrees to Sam's left.\)](#) Nothing here either.

[Tylor see something move in the distance, through the trees.](#)

Tylor: Wait! [\(It moves again. Tylor sees that it is her horse, a dapple gray.\)](#)

Tylor: It's okay. It's her horse.

[Sam motions her to come over and she comes closer, but stops short.](#)

Falling Leaf: Who are you?

Sam: We're the new tenants of the cabin.

Falling Leaf: [\(Seeing the graves.\)](#) Is White Squirrel [\(She starts to tear up.\)](#) really dead?

CJ: [\(Quietly to Sam.\)](#) Sam. We can tell her, can't we. Austin told me all about her. She's like a sister to him. There's no way she would put him in danger.

Sam: [\(Quietly to CJ and Tylor.\)](#) Well, we have to tell her something. If she tells anyone about us, it'll be just as bad as seeing Austin.

Sam: No, he's not dead. [\(The boys stop scanning for others and face Falling Leaf.\)](#) Come on over so we don't have to yell.

Falling Leaf: You seem to about know me, but I don't know anything about you. How do I know you won't use one of those graves for me?

[Camera: Scans the graves.](#)

CJ: [\(Quietly to Sam\)](#) Sam, I got this. [\(Now addressing Falling Leaf.\)](#) You know Austin as White Squirrel. He told me you are like a sister to him. You also know that some people call Victoria, Medicine Woman. The thing is, she hasn't told anyone, but she doesn't like the name. Only Austin or Victoria could have told me that. Isn't that something Austin would only tell someone he likes and trusts?

Falling Leaf: Well, . . . I guess so.

[Falling Leaf goes to the men so they can talk. Camera: Slowly zooming away, as the three men gather around Falling Leaf and begin talking. Falling Leaf begins to cry. She is comforted by Tylor. Another angle, indicating a lapse of time: She leaves the men headed to her horse. The men start digging. Camera shows the shadows](#)

move from pointing west to pointing east. The graves are all dug and the men pick up their tools and head back to the cart.

Sam: Thank you boys. I wasn't sure we could get it done, but I underestimated your drive.

CJ: We couldn't let Victoria and Squirrel down. Tomorrow might be their only chance to say goodbye.

Tylor: This might sound weird, but I kinda feel like doing this was for Mom and Dad, too. Even though they aren't even alive yet, it's kinda like . . . well, like they died too.

Sam: (Sam rubs his ring finger where his wedding band should be.) I know exactly what you mean. (They pause and stare at the graves for a couple seconds.) I'll bet Victoria had dinner ready an hour ago. You guys must be starving.

Camera: View looking across the graves. In the background, the men put their tools in the cart. CJ and Sam mount horses, Tylor climbs on the cart. CJ leads off on his horse; The cart follows. Sam, now mounted, looks around carefully and follows a short distance behind the cart. The sun is setting with a bright red and orange sky.

Act IX, Scene 4

[We're Staying Together]

Scene: At the dining table. They are in their usual seats holding hands in prayer. The camera moves around the table showing the hands. Sam, CJ and Tylor have large, open blisters. The camera stops between CJ and Sam, both with very bad blisters. The camera backs out to see the grave markers at the foot of the table.

All: Amen.

They start to eat.

Victoria: (Directed at Sam.) Did you have a chance to discuss the possibility of going to Ohio with us.

Sam: We did.

CJ: (Butting in.) May I?

Sam: [\(Yielding to CJ.\)](#) Sure.

CJ: We decided that there's no point to staying here after you leave. So we'll move to Ohio with you . . . Well not with you, but at the same time as you. We don't want to interfere with your marriage. [\(Excitedly.\)](#) So, yeah, we're going with you to Ohio! [\(CJ puts his hand up for a high-five, Austin flinches away. CJ laughs at him. CJ takes Austin's hand with his other hand, and brings Austin's hand up to meet his.\)](#) It's called a hi-five. You do that when you're excited about something.

Austin: [\(Not very impressed.\)](#) Oh.

Tylor: But we're coming back [\(Austin's face goes from excited to concerned.\)](#) . . . next year so we can be here on the same dates that we got here. Just to see if we can get back to our own time.

Victoria: [\(Pressing for a commitment.\)](#) After that?

Sam: We stay in Ohio and live out the rest of our years. Since we have no option on whether we can get back to our time or not, we'll have to deal with whatever comes our way.

Austin: [\(Somberly.\)](#) It's like a double edged sword. It cuts either way. If you go home, I'll lose my brothers and Uncle Sam. If you stay here, you lose your families. There's no good solution.

CJ: [\(Trying to bring up the mood.\)](#) Well, like Uncle Sam said, we have no control over it. We'll just have to do the best we can, no matter what happens. I think I can safely say that we're all going to miss someone whether we change times or not.

Sam: I'll agree with that. The mood around here is getting kind of heavy, so I'll change topics.

Sam: [\(In a positive tone.\)](#) Austin, CJ tells me you know someone named Falling Leaf.

Austin: [\(The thought of her brings up his spirits.\)](#) Yes, sir. She's my friend.

Sam: Can you trust her? [\(Austin nods in the affirmative. Making the question more serious.\)](#) Even with your life?

Austin: Yes, sir. [\(With full confidence.\)](#) I can't trust anyone more than her.

Sam: Good. Then CJ made the right call. You told CJ about Falling Leaf the first day you two met. He said that, by the way you talked about her, that you really trusted her.

Austin: [\(Wondering why there is so much discussion about her.\)](#) Yes sir, why?

Tylor: She stopped by while we were [\(Searching for the best word.\)](#) . working. She was really worried about you. Uncle Sam invited her back tomorrow morning for the funeral.

Austin: [\(Sadly.\)](#) Did you tell her about my Aunt and Uncles, too?

Sam: [\(In a soft voice.\)](#) Yes, I did. I told her about everyone. She was heartbroken. . . . That's why I invited her back. We told her how important it was to keep it a secret. She understood.

CJ: Austin, you told me how smart, and kind, and spirited she is, but you never told me how cute she is.

Austin: [\(Getting a little defensive.\)](#) She's just a friend, not a girl friend.

Tylor: [\(Half teasing Austin, half using the opportunity to say that he thinks she's cute.\)](#) She's too good looking for you anyway.

Sam: That's enough teasing. And boys [\(Looking at CJ and Tylor.\)](#) keep your distance. She's Austin's friend. Don't mess-up that relationship.

CJ: Tylor: Yes, sir.

CJ: Just messin' with ya'. [\(CJ messes up Austin's hair.\)](#)

Tylor: Yeah. Nobody's too good looking for my little brother. [\(Austin breaks out in a shy smile.\)](#)

Victoria: [\(In a more serious, but soft tone.\)](#) When do you want us to come down?

Sam: I told Falling Leaf to meet us there about an hour and a half after sunrise. We'll plan on you and Austin getting there about a half hour later. The boys and I still have a little bit to do before you arrive. I'll send Tylor up when we're ready. [\(Stated more as a question than a statement, looking at Tylor.\)](#) He can bring you down?

Tylor: [\(Dutifully. With kindness\)](#) Yes , sir. It would be my honor [\(Looking at Victoria and Austin.\)](#) to escort them.

Act IX, Scene 5

[Standard Documents]

[Scene: At the table after dinner. The table is cleared of the food dishes and replaced by a saddlebag and documents. There is also an animal trap with attachments on it. Sam is looking over the documents while the boys are looking at the trap.](#)

Sam: [\(Shuffling through the documents.\)](#) I should tell you that Falling Leaf told me that Hank put in a claim on your property.

Victoria: That son of a bitch. [\(She covers her mouth and looks at Austin.\)](#) Sorry.

Austin: [\(Chuckles.\)](#) It's okay, that's what Dad called him too.

Sam: [\(Putting the documents back in the saddle bag.\)](#) These look to be in perfect order. I don't see why a judge couldn't find this sufficient evidence of ownership.

Victoria: What do you mean?

Sam: The reason I came to this cabin in the first place, is because the judge said he couldn't tell which of the transfer papers were real. You see, Hank made some counterfeit documents to give the judge. I was supposed to find evidence to make sure the real documents could be authenticated.

CJ: So Mr. Wilson submitted forgeries. How are we going to prove that.

Sam: [\(Matter-of-factly.\)](#) I'm not sure we can. The technology or expertise may not be available. [\(Directed at CJ.\)](#) However, we might be able to help your parents and Trish, in the future. If we could put some kind of

marker on these documents now, then later, by using the technology of 2017, it could be the proof needed that these are the authentic documents.

Tylor: [\(As respectfully as he can, he reminds Sam of the theft.\)](#) Uncle Sam, you must have forgotten that these documents were . . . or [\(Slightly confused.\)](#) will be - whatever, stolen during the recess of the hearing.

Victoria: [\(Interrupting.\)](#) If we know that, can't we stop it?

Sam: I'm not sure we can stop it, or that we should. If they aren't stolen at the courthouse, then Wilson will likely have them destroyed later. Since we know what's likely to happen, we can use that to our advantage. We'll see where they put 'em and then steal 'em back. That way we can protect them.

Victoria: Don't we need them to win the case?

Sam: According to court records, they get '*lost*' after the judge looks at them. He already declared that he couldn't determine authenticity of the documents. So, as far as the judge is concerned, the docs don't matter after that. I think our best move is to recover the documents and put them where they can be found, intact, a hundred and forty years from now, for the new case.

Victoria: What about the recorder's ledger? That should prove the documents are real.

Sam: Again, according to what we read in 2017, the ledger will be conveniently missing a page. It would be nice to find that, if at all possible.

Austin: Then what's the point of even going to the hearing? They already win.

Sam: Not necessarily. There is no record of anybody else but Victoria on our side at the hearing. Maybe by showing up, we can make a difference. With myself and the sheriff there to support Victoria's claims, we could change the outcome. If nothing else, we need to at least be able to cause the one hundred fifty year wait.

Tylor: And if we don't win the case now?

Sam: We do whatever we can to make a difference later. We can plan to counter everything that we read about the case and see what happens.

Victoria: It's too late tonight and there's too much to think about for me to come up with any plans. We'll have to do that tomorrow after the funeral.

Sam: [\(Nodding his head.\)](#) Sounds good. But I don't think it's too late to see what Austin's come up with for the EWDs. [\(Directed to Austin.\)](#) Why don't you explain it to us.

Austin: [\(Timidly, as if they may not approve.\)](#) Well, it's really kind of simple.

CJ: The simpler, the better. Less to go wrong. [\(Tylor and Sam nod in agreement. Austin's confidence bolstered, he smiles.\)](#)

Austin: [\(Now in a more instructional tone.\)](#) Okay, it's based on these rabbit traps I got from the mine . . .

End of Act IX

[To Act VIII](#)

[To Act X](#)