

RESTRICTED TERRITORY

Act XII Unsettling

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ACT XII

[Unsettling]

Act XII, Scene 1

[Exit Strategy]

Scene: In the cabin at the dining table, early morning. Sam is seated at the table with a cup of coffee in front of him. He is deep in thought.

Victoria comes out from the bedroom. She sees that Sam senses a problem.

Victoria: Sam, what's the problem?

Sam: That was too easy. (Explaining.) Someone that has this whole region scared and under his thumb, is easily tricked into a public confession. It doesn't make sense. There must be more to it. (He holds up his cup and points to the stove, indicating that more is on the stove. Victoria gives a nod and crosses to the stove.)

Victoria: What do you mean? I thought it was pretty sneaky of you to get the sheriff in the room to hear the confession while Mr. Fry took notes. There's no way Wilson knew they were there. (She pours a cup of coffee.)

Sam: That may be true, but anyone that can run an operation like the -R- should never confess to any crimes, even if they think no one else is around. That kind of mistake just doesn't happen to someone running such a big operation. (Pauses for another thought.) Who's that gunman that hangs out in Wilson's bar? (Victoria crosses to the table and has a seat.)

Victoria: No one seems to know. He stays to himself. He doesn't even visit the girls. He just kind of. . . (Victoria, as she vocalizes her observation, is understanding what she is saying.) watches everything.

Sam: Like a monitor - maybe reporting to someone else?

Victoria: (Agreeing with the direction Sam is going with this.) Yeah, maybe. (Offering a stumbling block as a possible clue that needs discovering.) But I've never seen him talk to anybody.

Sam: We may not be here long enough to get to the bottom of this, and maybe we don't need to, but there's a lot more that we don't know about the Bar-R -Bar. We should keep our guard up at least until we get out of California.

Victoria: I don't like to say this, but I felt a little uneasy about it too. I agree that we need to be careful.

Sam: I'll wake the boys and have them set up a defense plan while I'm gone. I'll also check the early warning devices on my way out. I shouldn't be more than an hour and a half. Anybody not on the security detail should start the packing process. (Sam starts to get up.)

Victoria: Before you wake the boys, there's something we need to discuss. (Sam re-seats himself.)

Sam: (Sensing a serious concern.) Um. Okay. . . what's up?

Victoria: (Expecting a difference of opinion.) I am not against men having a drink once in a while, but I don't think the boys should be drinking in a bar at their age. Especially in front of Austin.

Sam: Agreed. (Victoria is surprised by the easy agreement.) If you're talking about yesterday, you really don't have anything to worry about. That wasn't real rum. It was tea, disguised as rum. It was part of an act to make the boys look less naive. Austin was a part of the rouse. He knew it was all fake. My nephews are well aware of my feeling about drunkenness and underage drinking. If you want, I'll talk to Austin about it as well.

Victoria: (A sputtering end to what she thought might be a significant discussion of differing opinion,) Oh, I think that will be helpful. I don't want him to misunderstand my expectations.

Sam stands up and slides his chair in.

Sam: I'll talk to him on the train. We should have some time that he and I can sit down and have a proper discussion. I'll also see where he is with the girl / boy understanding. That's a discussion I thought I would never have to be responsible for. (In a hopeful tone.) Unless, of course, you'd prefer to tackle that.

Victoria: (Waving it off like a bad smell.) No, no. I'll leave that up to you.

Sam: Okay then. I should be on my way. (Sam heads toward the bedrooms.)

Victoria: [\(Getting up and heading to the kitchen.\)](#) Do you want something to eat first?

Sam: No the coffee will get me to town. Then I'll go to O'Brien's and see if I can get some information about the gunman and grab something there. I'll stop at the normal spot when I return. We can use the same codes as before.

[Sam heads into bedroom two.](#)

Act XII, Scene 2

[Defcon Four, Again]

[Scene: Second bedroom. There are two beds in this room. One is occupied by Tylor.](#)

[Sam crosses to Tylor's bed.](#)

Sam: [\(Speaking in hushed tones. Placing one knee on the floor to get down to bed level.\)](#) Tylor. It's time to get up now. [\(Tylor barely stirs.\)](#)

Tylor: [\(In a very sleepy manner.\)](#) Okay, I'm getting up.

Sam: We're back to defcon four.

Tylor: [\(Sits straight up.\)](#) Huh? Why? What happened?

Sam: Nothing yet. Something's just not quite right.

Tylor: Wilson's arrest was too easy, right?

Sam: Yep. You felt it too?

Tylor: Yeah. [\(Plops back down in frustration.\)](#)

Sam: We don't want to scare Austin, but we'll be at defcon four until we reach Ohio. I have to take the bodies I found in the mine to town. Expect me back in an hour and a half. Brief your brother.

Tylor: Which one?

Sam: (Sam give him a serious look.) Ty, not the time for games.

Tylor: (In a contrite tone, looking more at the floor than at Sam.) Sorry. Not really games though. Just wanted you to know that I think of Austin as my brother too. My little brother. (Pauses, looks up to Sam's eyes.) I was hoping you could too.

Sam: Okay. (Smiles at Tylor.) Got it. (Messing up Tylor's already messed up hair.) I've got three nephews now. I'm happy that you feel the same way I do.

Tylor: (Sam turns to leave.) And one niece. (Tylor sits up in bed.)

Sam: (Sam returns to Tylor.) Yeah, yeah. And one niece. Now get up and protect your family.

Sam places his hands on both sides of Tylor's head and gives him a kiss on the top of the head.

Sam: (As he exits, in a loving tone.) Knucklehead.

Act XII, Scene 3

[Taking Out the Trash]

Scene: Outside, early morning, between the house and the barn. Sam is mounted. He has two horses with bodies across the saddles strung behind him. He leaves with the horses in tow.

Act XII, Scene 4

[Delivery Number Two]

Scene: Outside of the jail house, about a half hour after Sam left the cabin. Sam rides up to the hitching post with the two horses and dead men in tow. He dismounts and ties his horse first. Then each of the other horses. He then goes up the steps and into the jail house.

Act XII, Scene 5

[Couldn't Happen to a More Deserving Person]

Scene: In the jail house. Sheriff is seated at the desk. The three deputies are lined up near one wall. Wilson's lawyer is yelling at the sheriff. The five men in the cell (McGinn, Wilson, Cody and the two thugs.) are badly beaten.

Lawyer: (Very agitated.) How could this happen? These men were nearly killed right under your nose, and you have no idea who may have done it. There **will** be an investigation! I've already sent for the US marshal from San Francisco. You haven't heard the last from me.

The lawyer slams his fist on the desk, then storms out, passing Sam without notice.

Sheriff: (Still seated behind the desk. Addressing Sam.) So where were you last night?

Sam: I was at the cabin with Victoria and the boys. I certainly wouldn't come all the way down here to beat men that are bound to hang anyway.

Sheriff: I know it wasn't you, but I had to ask.

Sam: Why not ask them?

Sheriff: Strange. Everyone of 'em's got a bad memory.

Sam: How'd it happen?

Sheriff: We went to get their dinner. Came back and they were like this. Kind of like it was done by some highly trained killers. You had all your men with you?

Sam looks at the deputies, then back at the sheriff. Sheriff gets the hint about speaking in front of Lewis. In an effort to not let on that he is suspicious of Lewis, he excuses all of the deputies.

Sheriff: Boys, maybe you should get some air.

The deputies go out the door.

Sam: [\(Hushed, so only the sheriff can hear.\)](#) I don't have any men. Just my two nephews. We just made it seem like there were more of us. Then, once the rumors started, my invisible army went from a hand full to dozens. Remember the story about how a half-dozen men beat those guys up?

Sheriff: Sure.

Sam: It was only CJ and Tylor in self defense. From the time they could walk, they started their training in martial arts. You can ask Paul, the boy from the livery, to give you the details.

Sheriff: Okay. We'll verify that, just to put it in the record. So, what brings you in so early?

Sam: [\(Back in his normal speaking voice.\)](#) Well its kind of embarrassing, seeing you already have an issue here, but I got two more out at the rail.

[The sheriff crosses to the window to verify the statement. He sees the deputies around the horses and checking out the identity of the dead men.](#)

Sheriff: What happened to them? [\(Sarcastically.\)](#) Accidentally shot themselves?

Sam: No. Nothing so dramatic. I found 'em last night when we got home. Seems one of 'em decided to fall on a three foot spike, and the other one got stuck squeezing through a tight place. They must have been looking for my army when we were in town yesterday.

Sheriff: So you didn't kill 'em?

Sam: Nope. They were dead when I got home. Judging from the state of their rigor mortis, they died about five hours before I found 'em.

[Sheriff knocks on the window and gestures for the deputies take care of the horses and bodies.](#)

Sheriff: You know, Captain Reynolds, it's getting harder and harder to keep you out of jail. So far you've brought me six dead men and there's another one that's in a hundred pieces still up there - all killed by accident.

Sam: Yes, sir. ([Shedding blame like water off a duck's back.](#)) Of course, they were all engaged in dangerous and unlawful activity when tragedy befell them. My personal opinion is that they were lacking in basic safety skills and attempted activities that were beyond their knowledge and abilities.

Sheriff: ([Amused, but requesting a more pedestrian assessment.](#)) Try that with a little less flare. Not everyone that reads the records is a scholar.

Sam: For the record then - They were just dumb asses.

Sheriff: ([Playing it off and accepting that he's not going to get a usable answer.](#)) That's more to the point.

Sam: ([Sees the men in the cell starting to pay less attention, he lowers his voice and changes topics. Speaking so only the sheriff can hear.](#)) If it makes you feel any better, the boys and I will accompany Victoria to Ohio. She's given Gus Fox the declaration naming him as the new tenant, starting tomorrow.

Sheriff: ([Softer voice so only Sam can hear.](#)) Looks like the problem's goin' t' be takin' care of itself. With Wilson and his men going to Placerville for trial, what's left of 'em anyway, I doubt there'll be any more *accidental* deaths. Just to help you steer clear of any more trouble, and because I have to go there anyway, I'll be accompanying you as far as Sacramento. I'll leave two deputies here to continue the investigations and wrap things up, while I'm gone.

Sam: Don't we need to stay for that?

Sheriff: No. The sooner you leave, the better it will be for all concerned. If we have more questions, we'll wire you.

Sam: Thank you, Sheriff. ([Pauses.](#)) I should get my errands done and head back up the hill to finish packing. If you need any more statements or come up with any last minute questions, you can find us lodging at O'Brien's tonight. Otherwise, we'll see you on the Southbound in the morning.

Sheriff: Sounds good.

[Sam puts on his hat and, as he exits, stops to take a quick look at the beaten men in the cell.](#)

Act XII, Scene 6

[Unexpected Resource]

Scene: O'Brien's restaurant. There are a few people in the dining area, all minding their own business. Sam enters and pulls up a seat at a table where he can see the front door and all other routes in and out. The waitress sees him and gives a wave to acknowledge him, he waves back in response. Waitress finishes at the other table then crosses to Sam's table. Waitress (Mary) is a young woman about 25.

Waitress: Mornin' General, what can I get for you?

Sam: It's actually Captain, but please just call me Sam.

Waitress: Okay, Sam. Can't tell you the burden you and your men lifted from this town. This may be the first morning in over ten years when I felt safe around here. (Sheepishly.) When you gonna let 'em come into town?

Sam: (Thinking for a little bit, trying to guess what she's talking about. He realizes she's referencing his army.) Two of the youngest will be here tonight. The ones you are talking about, well, we will just have to wait a bit. Not sure this is all over yet. (Sam nods his head while making a smoothing action with his hand.) Maybe wait for the dust to settle. You know. (Mary looks disappointed, but nods along with Sam. Sam changes topics.) By the way, you wouldn't, by chance, know who the gunman is that hangs out at the Harmony Valley Inn, would you?

Waitress: No. I don't know if he's ever been in here except to get his mail at the postal window. (She indicates to the other side of the restaurant to a small service window.)

Sam: Oh? Why doesn't someone just take it to him when they get the mail for the Inn?

Waitress: (In a serious, almost hushed tone.) He don't let nobody touch his mail. He gets a letter and sends a letter once a week, like clockwork. Nobody questions him 'bout it. No one dares. (Changes to a much happier tone.) So, what can I get you?

Sam: How about three eggs, some bacon and bread. Oh, and coffee, black.

Waitress: Sure thing, Captain.

Mary quickly turns and heads off to the kitchen.

Sam: (Under his breath, to himself.) Sam, just Sam.

Merle: (Standing beside Sam, on the side opposite where Mary was standing.) Hi Sam, just Sam. I'm Merle, just Merle. (Startling Sam.) Pardon me, I didn't mean to startle you.

Sam: (Stands to greet Merle. Merle was sitting at a table next to Sam. She is in her late 60's, somewhat frail.) That's quite all right. I'm just a bit jumpy, I guess. (He takes her hand as a gentleman.) It's a pleasure to meet you.

Merle: I can't blame ya' none.

Sam: Would you like to join me?

Merle: No, no. I don't want to interrupt your breakfast. I just had a question for you.

Sam: Of course, please sit down. I just ordered, so breakfast will be a while.

Sam helps Merle take a seat, then seats himself.

Sam: How may I be of service?

Merle: I know you've been helping Victoria out with her land and keeping her safe.

Sam: Yes, ma'am. I've been doing what I can to help out.

Merle: As a close friend of Ren. (Spoken as an aside.) You know who Ren was, right?

Sam: Yes, of course. He's the prospector that used to live in the cabin.

Merle: Well, as a close friend of Ren, (Her hand and voice begin to tremble.) I want to know about Austin. I'm hoping you can tell me that he's still alive. (Camera on her large soft eyes.)

Sam: Well Mrs. ? (He trails off, hoping that she would help him with the name.)

Merle: (Her speech is slow and frail.) Pratt. My late husband, Frederic Pratt, God rest his soul, established this hotel over 30 years ago. He died nearly nine years ago. I couldn't run this place by myself, so I sold it to Mr. O'Brien. But that's enough about me. Can you tell me about Austin?

Sam: I'm sure you realize that if Austin was still with us, I would be careful about letting people know. It could still be very dangerous for him.

Merle: Yes. I know what you mean. I was hoping to speak to him one last time. Ren and I would sit for hours talking about all the adventures he and Austin had.

Sam: (Checking to see how well she knows Austin.) Perhaps you are acquainted with a Peter Blackwell? He seems to be a little more active in the evening hours.

Merle: (Smiling broadly.) As a matter of fact, he and I have met on more than a few occasions.

Sam: I understand that Peter has been invited to dine with my nephews tonight, at this very hotel. (Merle gets a broad smile across her face.)

Merle: Thank you Sam, just Sam. (They both have a small chuckle.)

Merle: One more thing. I couldn't help but overhear your conversation with Mary. The gunman you are asking about, his name is Jacob. He works for Mr. Wilson. (Sam has a confused look on his face. Merle leans in as if telling a secret.) Mr. Jedidiah Wilson. He runs a big land company in New York. Hank is his brother.

Sam: Mrs. Pratt. Thank you for your assistance. You were very helpful. Can we expect to see you this evening?

Merle: I wouldn't miss it. Enjoy your breakfast. (She begins to stand, Sam quickly stands and attends her chair.)

Sam: Until later then.

Merle: (As she is leaving she stops very close to Sam and whispers.) Thank you, Captain. Thank you for taking care of them.

Merle exits through the front door. Sam returns to his seat.

Act XII, Scene 7

[Paparazzi]

Scene: Sam is in the restaurant finishing his breakfast. Steven Fry comes through the door as a man with a mission. He looks around, sees Sam and makes a bee line for him.

Fry: (Extending his hand.) Captain Reynolds, Good morning sir. (Sam stands and holds out his hand. Fry begins shaking his hand vigorously.) Without a doubt you have made the largest positive impact on this town since, well, since I got here 27 years ago. I was hoping you might have time to answer a few questions. (Sam finally gets his hand back.)

Sam: (A little put off by the aggressive morning greeting.) Good morning Mr. Fry. I normally don't mind answering questions, but I'm in a bit of a rush this morning. (Sam puts some money on the table. He takes one last swig of coffee and slides his chair in.)

Fry: (Trying to sway Sam.) This would only take a few minutes.

Sam: (Wanting to get back to the cabin and not wanting to give out information the town would gossip over throughout the day, he does his best to escape the press.) I understand the dedication you have to your readers, and I am impressed by your determination to get the information to print quality material; however, I really do not have time to talk with you this morning.

Fry: Is there a better time that I might be able to get a few minutes?

Sam: (Offering a carrot.) Well, as luck is on your side, I'll be in town tonight. Maybe after dinner we could spend a few minutes.

Fry: [\(Pleased to get a commitment.\)](#) Yes. That would be wonderful. Will your nephews be with you as well. I've been looking forward to talking with CJ. He seems to be well informed and may have some entertaining stories to tell.

Sam: [\(Being non-committal on behalf of CJ.\)](#) He is a bright kid, but I'm not sure about the stories. And yes, he will be with us tonight.

Fry: I look forward to our meeting.

Sam: Have a good day Mr. Fry. [\(Planting a seed.\)](#) Oh, you wouldn't happen to know a Mr. Jedidiah Wilson, you know, Hank's brother, would you?

Fry: [\(Obviously getting new information.\)](#) No. I didn't know Hank had a brother.

Sam: As I understand it, he has a large land holding company in New York. I find that interesting. Don't you?

Fry: Absolutely. That may shed some light on things around here.

Sam: I thought it might. Until later then.

Fry: Yes, Captain. Until later.

[Sam exits through the front door. Fry takes out his note book and starts making notes.](#)

Act XII, Scene 8

[Packing Up]

[Scene: In the cabin. There are several trunks in the front room. Some are open, most are closed. Everyone is moving about getting things for the trunks. Sam comes in the back door.](#)

Sam: [\(Addressing Victoria.\)](#) How's it going?

Victoria: [\(Looking a bit stressed.\)](#) Well, okay I guess. It's not so easy to get everything in just eight trunks.

Sam: Just concentrate on the things you'll need for the first few months. We can have Gus send some stuff later and when the boys and I come back in a year, we can bring the rest. Most importantly, get the family heirlooms and keepsakes. The rest of the stuff is replaceable. Ren gave you enough money to replace all this stuff many times over.

Victoria: Yeah. I know. But it is just so hard to leave some stuff behind.

CJ: Victoria, what about this? *(CJ holds up a pair of tea cups.)*

Victoria: Yes. They were my aunt Gwen's. Pack it carefully please.

CJ: Of course.

Sam: *(After looking around a bit.)* Where's Tylor?

Austin: *(Just walking into the room from the first bedroom. Austin is looking a bit pale. Speaking listlessly.)* You just rode right by him. He's really good as a watch out. He's probably getting cold by now. And take it from me, that's no fun.

Sam, Victoria and CJ all laugh

Sam: *(Sam sees that Austin is pale and sweaty. Addressing Austin.)* You should go take a break. And drink some water! *(Addressing Victoria.)* I'll call Tylor in. I don't expect any problems today. We'll keep our guard up, but there's no need for a watch. Besides, we have the EWD's.

Victoria: *(Prodding for information.)* Sounds like you were able to get some information while you were in town.

Austin returns slowly, from the kitchen, with a cup of water. He's walking while drinking.

Sam: *(Addressing Victoria.)* Yeah. But I should tell you all at the same time. *(Addressing Austin.)* Austin, while you take a short nap, I'll make some stew for lunch. It should get us all warmed up on the inside.

Austin goes back into the front bedroom to lie down. CJ comes in from the second bedroom with some pictures and hands them to Victoria to pack.

Victoria: (Addressing CJ.) Did you check the bedroom off the kitchen?

CJ: Yes, ma'am. Nothing left in there but the bed.

Victoria: Thanks.

Sam: (Addressing Victoria, pointing to Austin with a nod.) How's he doing? He looks rather pale.

Victoria: He's not sayin' anything, but he gets tired easily. Even though he's trying to stay happy, he's obviously not feeling well.

Sam: I'll check on him when he gets up.

CJ: (In a concerned tone.) What's wrong with him?

Sam: (Quietly, but also in a concerned tone.) I think he's developing pneumonia. That's not good.

CJ: (Hoping.) Can't we give him something?

Sam: (Discouragingly.) He needs antibiotics. They haven't even started studying antibiotics until this year. (Seeing the worry in CJ's eyes, Sam redirects CJ's attention.) Can you call your brother, Tylor, in? I'll get the stew started.

CJ: (Totally dejected, worried and sad.) Yeah, sure. (CJ goes out the front door.)

Act XII, Scene 9

[Loose Ends]

Scene: In the cabin. Everybody is at the table. They are all sitting with their heads down and holding hands. This entire scene, Austin has a softer voice than usual.

CJ: Amen.

Everyone else: Amen.

CJ: This is our last meal here. At first I hated this place. It had everything I didn't like ([Austin and Victoria look his direction. Taking note of their look, he clarifies his statement.](#)) . . . except the people. It was cold, I lost my parents, I didn't know what was going to happen to me or Tylor. People were trying to kill us and I was afraid that I might have to kill somebody. It was a nightmare.

Victoria: ([Not quite rebukingly, but not sympathetic.](#)) None of us really liked being here, or the circumstances that put us in this cabin. Thankfully, we have this cabin.

CJ: Yeah, I know. I wasn't trying to suggest that I was the only one having a problem here. What I wanted to finish with, is, that I don't have those feelings anymore. Even though we are not completely out of danger, I don't hate it here. In fact, I'm kind of sad that we have to leave.

Austin: ([In a softer voice than usual.](#)) I know how you feel. After Ren died, I thought I would never come here again. But, since I did come back, we were able to help lots of people in town with Ren's generosity. I guess I was just being selfish for not wanting to come up here.

Tylor: ([Very sympathetically and softly.](#)) Losing a good friend like Ren had to be hard. It probably still is. I don't blame you for not wanting to come up here right away. I'm sure Ren knew it might be a little while before you could bring yourself to come back.

Sam: ([Trying to bring up the mood a little.](#)) Um. Speaking of Ren reminded me. We'll have guests tonight after dinner. Austin, I met an elderly lady that also knows you as Peter, that want's to speak with you.

Austin: Oh. ([As happy as a sick boy can be.](#)) That's Mrs. Pratt. She and Ren were, ([A little embarrassed to reveal the secret.](#)) well, seeing each other. They made me keep it a secret. The town's people would have had a problem with that.

CJ: ([Surprised and smiling.](#)) Ren had a girlfriend?

Tylor: Good for him. ([CJ and Tylor hi-five.](#))

CJ: ([Addressing Austin.](#)) Bro? Why didn't we have a delivery for her?

Austin: Ren wanted to give her gold all the time, but she was really rich. She made a lot of money running the hotel, then made a lot more when she sold it. She said didn't want Ren's money, just Ren.

Victoria: That's very romantic.

Austin: ([Austin feels he can let down his guard a little, since things have changed so much and the secret of his clandestine activities has been revealed; however, he still keeps an eye on Victoria to see if he's saying too much.](#)) We used to spend all night talking about adventures we had and deciding on our next adventure.

Victoria: You never told me about that.

Austin: Of course not. It was a secret. I don't reveal secrets.

Sam: ([Trying to catch Austin off guard.](#)) Oh? What secrets didn't you reveal?

Austin: Well, ([Realizing it is a trap.](#)) That's a secret.

CJ: Good answer. ([CJ and Austin high-five. Austin barely has a smile on his face.](#))

Sam: CJ, seems like Mr. Fry has taken a liking to you. He wants to talk to you and me after dinner. I think he just wants the details of the murders from me, but he wants stories from you. I'll leave it up to you to decide what it is you're going to tell him, but if we are going to live out our lives in this time period, you might want to be a little careful. And if we need to back you, let us know ahead of time.

CJ: Okay. I'll be as generic as possible, but I should be able to transpose some of my stories from the 2000's to this time period.

Sam: That'll be helpful.

Victoria: What about Austin?

Sam: What do you mean?

Victoria: Aren't we still trying to hide him?

Sam: It's not likely that we'll be able to hide him completely. Most people in town know him, and I'm sure that he doesn't want to be the little sister again.

Austin: That's for sure. [\(He coughs a little. CJ flashes a worried look at Sam.\)](#)

Sam: So he'll just have to be Peter Blackwell. [\(Austin manages a slight smile.\)](#) Unless I'm wrong, [\(Looking at Austin for confirmation.\)](#) all of his closest friends know him, when the sun goes down, as Peter, so they'll know to keep his daytime name quiet. Those that don't know him will think he really is Peter.

Austin: I think Uncle Sam is right. Anybody that knows me as Peter will know to keep my real name a secret.

Tylor: What about us?

Sam: Well, I'll have you and CJ sit with Peter for dinner. If he's not with Victoria and me, then it will take longer to draw the connection that he's Austin. It'll also allow us to watch each other's backs. The only ones I think we need to worry about are strangers in town and the gunman from Harmony Valley Inn.

Victoria: I can tell Sam if I see something unusual, and Austin, you can tell CJ or Tylor. If we are at two different tables, we're more likely to see if something's wrong.

Sam: I agree. Any other thoughts about tonight?

Victoria: What about that strange gunman?

Austin: That's Jacob.

Victoria: Who's Jacob?

Austin and Sam in unison: The gunman in Hanks bar.

Austin: [\(Explaining.\)](#) He works for Hanks brother.

Victoria: [\(Surprised that he is that well informed.\)](#) Why didn't you tell us sooner?

Austin: Nobody asked.

Victoria: [\(Scolding.\)](#) Anything else that we should know about, but we forgot to ask?

Austin: [\(Hanging his head in apologetic remorse.\)](#) No, not that I can think of.

Sam: [\(Reaches across the table to take Austin's hand so he doesn't feel badly about the information. Sam smiles at Austin; Austin smiles back. Sam retracts his hand from across the table.\)](#) Other concerns?

Tylor: Yeah. If they were able to get to those guys in the jail, how are we going to be safe at the Inn?

Sam: I spoke with Gus when I was in town. He said that there were many friends of the Creighton's that wanted to know if there was any way they could help Victoria. From them, Gus gathered a few men to help keep watch overnight. They'll keeping an eye out for anything unusual the whole time we're there.

Victoria: Besides that, the sheriff will have men watching our rooms.

Austin: What about Lewis?

Sam: I'll be watching Lewis. I told sheriff Hawkins that I didn't trust Lewis, so he won't be one of the ones watching the rooms.

Tylor: Looks like we thought of everything.

Sam: Maybe. Just don't get too complacent. We don't know, what we don't know.

Austin: What's that supposed to mean?

CJ: It means, we may have missed something because there was no reason to think it was related to our situation. Just like Jacob. It's easy to overlook things that don't seem important.

Sam: Exactly. We still need to be aware of our surroundings and what's going on around us, to stay safe.

Act XII, Scene 10

[Uninvited Guest]

Scene: Main street. It's dark and quiet. Camera ghosts through the front doors of O'Brien's Restaurant. Victoria and Sam are sitting together. The three boys are sitting at another table on the other side of the room. The boys are laughing and telling stories over dinner. Austin, although looking as if he's having fun, he is not as animated as usual. Sam and Victoria are much more formal having a quiet conversation. Mr. Fry enters the restaurant looks around and sees the boys, then sees Sam and Victoria. He heads straight for Sam.

Fry: Captain Reynolds. A pleasant evening to you and Miss. Creighton. Am I interrupting?

Sam: Well. .

Victoria: (Interrupting.) No. Not at all. Please join us.

Fry: If you insist. (Fry seats himself and signals to Mary.)

Sam: I wasn't expecting you until *after* dinner.

Fry: Well, in an attempt to not take too much of your time, I thought I should come a bit early. Besides, dinner conversation is usually much more interesting than my usual interview.

Victoria: That's just fine. We don't mind a bit of company. (Addressing Sam.) Do we?

Sam: (Caving to Victoria.) No. Of course not.

Fry: We? (Trying to see if there is a romantic connection.) Is there more to that?

Sam: Mr. Fry. (Taking offense at the suggestion. Sternly.) I'll expect this to be a professional interview, not gossip. I am honored to escort Miss. Creighton to her new home and her *fiancé*. Don't imply anything more.

Fry: Of course. (Backing down.) I wouldn't dare suggest anything else.

Sam: Good. (In a much more casual manner.) Are we now on the same page? (Victoria gives Sam a glance suggesting that he was a little too curt with Mr. Fry.)

Fry: (Nervously.) I am sure we are.

Sam: Just one more thing.

Fry: Yes.

Sam: Peter Blackwell, (pointing, with his eyes, in the direction of Austin), needs a few days of safe travel. I'm sure you understand?

Fry: Peter Blackwell? (His happiness is nearly infectious.) I'm so pleased that he's here. His safety will be my highest priority.

Sam: (In a nearly threatening manner.) Good. Because it's mine as well.

Fry: Understood, sir.

Victoria: (As Victoria hands Steven a letter, she directs her comments at both men.) I'm not so good at the double talk and such, like you two, so I just wrote down what happened. (Addressing Steven specifically.) Why don't you read it over tonight. I'll be able to answer your questions in the morning before we leave.

Fry: Now that Wilson is no longer a threat, what's the reason to leave?

Sam: Mr. Fry, you have a short memory. She has a fiancé waiting in Ohio.

Fry: (Getting a little more nervous with Sam correcting so often.) That's right. I knew that. I guess I should just read this tonight. But, Captain, I haven't got much to write about you.

Sam: (Gesturing to the letter.) I'm sure there is enough in there to cover all you need to write about my involvement here.

Fry: (Disappointedly.) I see.

Sam: (Making up a reason to not write to many details about Captain Reynolds. Speaking as if he was telling Steven a secret.) You can understand that if I divulge too much about myself, and my team, our effectiveness becomes compromised. If Miss Creighton or anyone else finds themselves in need of my team's services, I'm sure you would want us to be fully effective. Yes?

Fry: (As if the grand scheme of things was now in his grasp.) Yes, absolutely. I didn't think it through, sorry.

Sam: No problem. I just wanted to make sure you understood why I can't give you any more information. (Sam is removing an emotional negative link while providing positive reinforcement. Hopefully this will get Steven off his back.) It's nothing personal. Like I said. I think you are doing this community a great service.

Fry: Thank you, Captain. While putting this story together, I'll be sure to keep that in mind.

Victoria: Anything else?

Fry: I was hoping to speak with CJ and Aus .. Peter, if that's possible.

Sam: Yes. Of course. I think CJ was expecting you. However, take it easy on Peter, he's been through a lot. Once again, don't take it personally, but Tylor is rather protective of him. If he indicates that you've gone far enough, I suggest you stop. A couple of Wilson's cowboys didn't take the hint and ended up at Doc's place. You might ask young Paul about it.

Fry: (Feeling a little nervous.) I heard something about that. I'll see if Paul can help with some of the details. I'm sure the town's folk would love to hear about it. (Letting it die there and taking his leave.) Miss Creighton, Captain, thank you for your time. (He stands.) You should know that I would never cause (Looking over to Austin, then addressing Sam.) .. Peter or Miss Creighton any more pain. Have a pleasant rest of your evening.

Victoria: Thank you Mr. Fry.

Sam: (Sam stands and shakes Fry's hand.) I'm sure we'll see you in the morning. Have a good night Mr. Fry.

Camera stays at Sam's table and the following is seen from a distance. Fry goes to the other table and greets the boys. Austin gets up and gives him a hug, then they all sit down and start talking.

Act XII, Scene 11

[Old Friend]

Scene: O'Brien's restaurant, at Sam's table. Sam is talking quietly with the waitress and indicating in the boys direction. Camera, view from Sam's table to the boy's table. Mr. Fry stands. The boys stand. CJ and Tylor shake his hand, Austin gives him one more hug. Fry puts his notebook away. Camera follows Fry. He heads over to an empty table and takes his notes out to look them over. Camera back to boys' table. Merle approaches the boy's table. The boys stand up. CJ and Tylor get introduced. Austin gives her a hug. Merle and Austin sit down, CJ and Tylor come over to Sam's table. Camera back to boys' table. Waitress brings three pieces of pie to boys' table. Austin points to Sam's table. Waitress leaves two pieces of pie at the boys' table and brings one to Sam's table. She places it in front of Tylor.

Sam: (Addressing the waitress.) Mary, could you get a cup of tea for Mrs. Pratt and Master Blackwell and a cup of coffee for Mr. Fry? It's on me. (He then slides his piece of pie over to CJ. CJ smiles at Sam.)

Mary: Yes, of course.

Camera from Victoria's vantage, boys' table. Camera from Sam's vantage, to Fry's table. Fry, looking at Merle and Austin, starts to write in his book. Camera view of Sam's table. Sam gets up, (camera follows) and goes over to Fry's table.

Camera, from opposite side of Fry's table, looking at Fry. Sam quietly steps up behind Fry, looking over Fry's shoulder at the notebook. Sam steps right up behind Fry.

Sam: (Bending down to speak at Fry's ear level. Quietly.) This is not for public dissemination. Some things are better to know, than to tell. This is one of those things. You should be honored that he trusts you to know about their closeness. Thanks for your understanding.

Fry crosses out a couple of lines in his book:

On the last night of his stay in this beloved town,
Peter Blackwell was seen having a
lively conversation with Mrs. Pratt.

and puts it back in his pocket. Sam pats him on the shoulder and returns to his seat. Camera, from Sam's vantage, Merle and Austin laughing. Austin has a coughing spell once in a while. Mary delivers tea to Merle and Austin and coffee to Mr Fry who smiles and acknowledges Sam for the coffee. Mr Fry sits back, comfortably, in the chair, smiles when he looks at Austin and Mrs. Pratt, then peacefully sips the coffee.

Act XII, Scene 12

[Field Promotion to Nurse]

Scene: Sam and Victoria's table at O'Brien's. Sam, Victoria, Tylor and CJ are sitting around the table.

Sam: I've been meaning to ask you this, but I don't want to sound condescending. So, please excuse me if this comes out wrong. My question is: how can you be a nurse at such a young age?

Victoria: Well, actually, I became a nurse a few years ago. During the war, and immediately after, there weren't enough nurses to help with the injured soldiers and civilians. My mom and I volunteered to help the regular nurses take care of them. As I became more experienced, the regular nurses would teach me more and more. Eventually, the doctors saw that I was doing what the regular nurses were doing. When we had time, the doctors would teach me what I needed to know to become a real nurse. Then, as I passed their tests, they gave me a field commission as an army nurse. I passed the last tests at the hospital and became a real nurse just before we came out here.

CJ: Wow. That must have been tough.

Victoria: It was hard, but really rewarding. Without the nurses and us volunteers, many more people would have died.

Sam: You are a member of a very honorable profession. Too often, all the credit for a person's survival goes to the doctor. Truth be told, the nurses usually have a bigger impact on survival rates than the doctors do.

Tylor: That's what Mom said, too. *(In a tone saturated in melancholy.)* I hope they're doing okay.

CJ: What?

Tylor: Mom and Dad. They haven't heard from us in a week. They'll start looking for us soon.

Act XII, Scene 13

[Last Resort]

Scene: Late evening, O'Brien's Hotel. The 'family' took three consecutive rooms on the second floor. Sam is in the first room. Austin and Victoria are in the second room. Tylor and CJ are in the third room. The family enters the hallway from the stairwell. They stop in the hall.

Sam: (Addressing CJ and Tylor.) Put your bags in your room, then meet in Victoria's room.

CJ: Okay.

Camera follows Victoria and Austin into the center room. Austin puts the bags on the suitcase rack. Sam enters the room, followed by Tylor and CJ. Sam looks out the window, then closes the roll-down blind.

Sam: We're nearly out of this nightmare, but we can't let our guard down yet, so I've come up with some rules for tonight. First, if at all possible, stay in your room 'till morning. If you must leave your room, both of you go together, but before leaving this floor, let me know. If you need to talk to someone in another room, or need to let me know you are leaving your room, use the knock-knock, pause, knock-knock, pause, knock pattern. . . .

Fade to black.

End of Act XII

[To Act XI](#)

[To Act XIII](#)