

WHERE THE WATER MEETS THE SAND

By

Clay Robeson

28 Plays Later 2019

Day 1

February 1, 2019

ACT I

SCENE 1

THE SOUND OF THE OCEAN IS HEARD BEFORE:

LIGHTS UP - THE BEACH - DAY

AN OLD WOMAN AND A BOY STAND HAND IN HAND  
IN SILENCE, LOOKING OUT AT THE WATER. THEY  
ARE DRESSED FOR TRAVEL AND LOOK SLIGHTLY  
WORSE FOR WEAR.

BOY: It's nothing like I imagined, Nana.

OLD WOMAN: Oh? How so?

BOY: I thought... I thought it would be more like our lake.  
Gentle. Quiet. Green. But this seems angry and loud  
and grey.

OLD WOMAN: Are you afraid?

BOY: No. Just concerned.

OLD WOMAN: For him?

BOY: Yes.

OLD WOMAN: He wouldn't want you to be worried, you know.

BOY: I know. But he's not here.

OLD WOMAN: That is true. For now.

THE TWO STAND IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

BOY: Do you really think he is coming back?

THE OLD WOMAN SHRUGS.

BOY: Aren't YOU worried?

OLD WOMAN: No.

BOY: Why?

OLD WOMAN: Because he is smart. And capable. And cunning. And he is no fool.

BOY: Oh.

OLD WOMAN: And he has you to come back to.

BOY: Why does THAT matter?

OLD WOMAN: A parent's love transcends everything. Fear, sadness, conflict... nothing can stop a parent from loving their child unconditionally. Not even death.

BOY: But how...

OLD WOMAN: When you have children, you will understand. Just know that your father's love for you is just as strong as my love for him, and my mother's love for me, stretching back in a chain to the beginning of time -- when the first man and first woman had the first child. That is how we are all connected.

BOY: Is that how the ancestors keep watch over us?

OLD WOMAN: It is. Love binds them to us no matter where we are. And no matter where they are in heaven or Earth.

BOY: Is that why we're here?

OLD WOMAN: It is. You know your father's words. You know what he said.

BOY: "When the fighting's done and over  
And a calm replaces fear  
When the heavens in their wisdom  
Whisper words into her ear  
Travel west until you find it  
Travel safely hand in hand  
There you'll find me waiting for you  
Where the water meets the sand."

OLD WOMAN: That's right. And the words came to me with the last crescent moon. So I knew it was time. And here we are.

BOY: But where is he?

OLD WOMAN: Patience. Nothing is precise. We have just arrived. Give him time.

BOY: I will.

THE TWO KEEP HOLDING HANDS AND WATCH THE WATER WHILE TWO SOLDIERS WITH SHIELD AND SPEAR CLIMB OVER A DUNE AND APPROACH THE SURF. THEY STOP RIGHT NEXT TO THE OLD WOMAN AND BOY.

SOLDIER 1: Just be patient.

SOLDIER 2 & BOY: (together) I can't wait any longer.

SOLDIER 1 & O.W.: (together) You don't have a choice.

S2 & BOY: (together) We can go looking...

S1 & O.W.: (together) THIS is the time and place. Don't rush it.

BOY AND SOLDIER 2 SIGH IN UNISON.

SOLDIER 2: The house was burned to the ground. The fields salted. Where would they have gone?

SOLDIER 1: It doesn't matter. They know to come here. You've been saying that for weeks. Let's go back to camp. We will come back in the morning, bright and early.

WITH A DEFEATED SLUMP TO HIS SHOULDERS,  
SOLDIER 2 FOLLOWS SOLDIER 1 AWAY AND OFF STAGE.

THERE IS A LONG PAUSE.

BOY: It's nothing like I imagined, Nana.

OLD WOMAN:            Oh? How so?

BOY:                  I thought... I thought it would be more like our lake.  
Gentle. Quiet. Green. But this seems angry and loud  
and grey.

OLD WOMAN:           Are you afraid?

BOY:                  No. Just concerned...

LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK.