

Cairo Side # 1: Sam/Clay

3.

CLAY

Sam...you do what you want...sure...go get him.

Samantha goes to walk away.

CLAY

Sam...

Samantha turns back to Clay.

CLAY

I'm cooked...been driving a while...just...cooked. Sorry if I'm short with you.

SAMANTHA

I can drive, Clay...big girl.

PAUSE

CLAY

I'll do another few exits then you can take over.

Samantha nods and is about to walk off again, but stops.

SAMANTHA

Does he seem the same to you? When we picked him up...I...I thought he seemed better...sharper...

CLAY

He seems the same to me, Sam....sorry.

SAMANTHA

Don't be sorry...just say what you think...I mean...yeah...he isn't quite there...but...

CLAY

Sam....it's way worse than that. Plenty of him is still there, but...plenty ain't.

Samantha nods.

SAMANTHA

Few more weeks, might not be able to see all those twinkling towers out there...the view...

Start 2

CLAY

I think you could....even with the leaves.

SAMANTHA

Maybe on the ride back we can stop and check. Everything will bloom overnight.

CLAY

That would be something. Spring in a day. Wish this past winter wrapped up in a day.

Samantha nods.

CLAY

Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Yeah?

CLAY

Thank you for doing all this.

SAMANTHA

We agreed on it...don't got to thank me.

CLAY

I know I...

SAMANTHA

Clay...we're doing this. It's gonna be great...or at least...it's just gonna be...gonna be an experience. I'll go get him.

CLAY

I should have connected with you before...before all this. I knew you were going through some shit, I should have---

SAMANTHA

We're here, Clay. Together and here...and...looking off into the great beyond...we're fine...

End #1

Samantha walks closer to Clay.

~~SAMANTHA~~

~~You are always in the corner of my mind...~~

Cairo Side #2: Byron/Sam/Clay

15.

Byron looks down at his cane.

SAMANTHA

You good? Got mud on it?

Byron examines his cane more.

BYRON

No....just....yeah...little muddy out here.

Pause

Samantha looks over at Clay like she is concerned a little.

BYRON

Early Spring rains washing away the winter....washing it....making it clean.

SAMANTHA

You good, Byron?

BYRON

Yes...just....

Clay walks over to Byron.

CLAY

Hey.

BYRON

I'm solid. I am.

SAMANTHA

Want that drink? Maybe you need something.

CLAY

You good with your meds?

BYRON

You watched me take them., Clay. I'm fine.

Pause

Start →

BYRON

Just mud...mud on the cane...washing it away

Samantha looks at Clay again concerned.

BYRON

Winter getting washed....washing it all away ...all away .

Byron just looks at his cane and then off at the view.

CLAY

Byron...

SAMANTHA

We're here. We're all here, By .

BYRON

I know....I know...just...can't get washed awaycan't get washed away ...

SAMANTHA

No one is getting washed away . We're right here...

Clay walks in closer to Byron.

CLAY

We're on the high ground, Byron...we're good.

BYRON

I know...I know....just...I...just gotta keep the feet planted. Keep my the feet planted when the wave hits me.

CLAY

No wave is coming.

BYRON

Keep my feet planted, dig my cane in...load bearing cane.

Byron pushes his cane down into the stage, miming getting it into the dirt.

BYRON

Plant this cane and hold on.

SAMANTHA

You can hold onto us.

Samantha goes up to Byron and grabs his arm. Byron holds onto her arm.

End #2

BYRON

I'll be your anchors, mill stone to you. I'll take you down into the muck.

CLAY

No you won't.

BYRON

Coming up over the horizon...wall of it all...wall of racing water coming up at us.

SAMANTHA

We're in the best spot. Up here it's safe.

BYRON

I feel safe because of you two. My boat. My port and starboard.

Samantha smiles. Clay walks over to Byron.

SAMANTHA

Starboard right, port is left.

Byron smiles and kisses Samantha on the head.

CLAY

You make us feel safe, Byron...you do.

BYRON

I'm a phantom floating with you....you guiding me...guiding the ghost.

SAMANTHA

Stop that. You're right here. All of you. No phantom...no wave racing down that valley at us.

Byron looks over at Samantha like he is proud of her.

Cairo side #3: Debra/Byron

45.

BYRON

Glad at least his spirit is.

DEBRA

Fuck his spirit.

Debra pounds her glass of whiskey.

Byron looks mad and shocked at what she just said.

BYRON

What? Hey...stop. Think you overdid it.

DEBRA

I did it just right, By. Now drink up that magical creek.

Byron puts down his glass.

BYRON

No.

Pause

Start ↓

BYRON

You tell me what's up. Then maybe I'll taste the magic waters.

Pause

Debra closes up the bottle and puts it back down under the bar.

DEBRA

I love you, Byron. Ron loved you too. He did.

Pause

BYRON

Thank you. You know I love you, Debra.

DEBRA

Ron thought the world of you. He did. And I do too.

Pause

Byron smiles a little.

BYRON

And...I think the world of you too...of Ron. We can keep doing this forever if you want.

DEBRA

But, I didn't love Ron, I mean, I did for a long while, but before he went off for that last tour...it was gone. It was snuffed out, Byron. He knew it and I knew it. We never said anything, but it was all gone. Ron...he...

Debra looks like she is holding back tears almost.

Byron puts his hand on her arm.

BYRON

I'm sorry to hear that, Deb.. If you felt that, but who knows what Ron felt. Or was thinking.

DEBRA

He was thinking of doing one more tour, then coming home, then one more tour...then one more tour.

RON

Ron told me, I mean.

DEBRA

What?

BYRON

He said he was talking to someone...a therapist the army had, but---

DEBRA

He wasn't talking to anybody, Byron. Told me the same shit. Gave me the name of someone.. Maybe he went to one appointment. Spent rest of his time ripping around in his quad.

Pause

DEBRA

I called her office once...he never went...barely ever. Was gonna confront him with it. Had a whole speech mapped out up here. (pointing to her head) He came home...

Debra gestures over to the far side of the stage.

DEBRA

Heard him come in down here, clanging around in the mud room. His boots hitting the floor. Heard the window squeak open just a touch. He would always tell me it was to air out the room, but...I knew he was just sneaking a smoke. Knew then and there, By. Knew that love was gone....that speech just left my brain...evaporated, not a drop of it left...all dried up.

End #3

Pause

BYRON

I'm sorry..

Debra nods.

BYRON

And...sorry if putting this party on for him was tough....Damn it.

DEBRA

What?

BYRON

I pushed to have this shindig. I feel bad now.

DEBRA

Don't...it wasn't just you pushing for it, and I wanted to do something. Put a line in the sand with it all...with and with us...and...start something new.

Pause

BYRON

Oh. You...

Debra laughs.

DEBRA

No, I ain't dating again, By. It's not that. Ron would actually spend a lot of nights down here...right before he would head back over to the desert.

Cairo Side #4: Byron/Sam/Clay

78.

Start ↘

CLAY

I don't know what is in there anymore....with the bits of protein on your brain...maybe it's more...maybe it's shovel fulls of protein, and I don't know what words I say get through to you, but you were a caretaker, Byron...a good one...but a caretaker...and then we became caretakers. You were never a father...never a dad.

Samantha releases from holding Clay's shoulders a little, almost saddened by what Clay just said.

CLAY

Our Father was our Father...and our only one. And will be our only one. So be careful.

Clay slowly releases his hold on Byron.

A moment of silence.

BYRON

That vase...that vase a few centuries old...not just another world, but another time...it didn't take a magic carpet over here or just appear through a portal. It was stolen and brought here. Stolen and brought here by your dad.

Clay looks like he is going to punch Byron, but doesn't.

Clay just walks off trying to calm himself down as he breathes heavy.

SAMANTHA

Byron---

BYRON

Samantha what I speak doesn't come from the rambling brambles in my grey. That pendant of your mother's...that's real...your mom is real, your dad is real. They did good things, but you need to know it...know it before I hear the stomping of those long legs. Your father went back and back into that desert to steal...

Clay walks over to Byron like he is going to attack him, but Samantha steps in front of Byron to protect him.

Clay stops and simply stands there.

BYRON

He sold most of it, black marketed it, invested it, bought land, bought your mom's---

Byron stops himself.

SAMANTHA

What Byron?

BYRON

Your mom's diner helped clean the money ...make it look right on the books...stashed a lot of it away here and in other places, but you have to know, you have to know it. I have to get it out of me before I hear that pulsing stomp in the distance. You have to know.

CLAY

You are a deranged loon. A sad fucking man...a fucking husk. Breaking that cane...feeling it crack on my knee. Should have taken a piece of it and laid you out with it. May be knock some of that protein up there loose. Get you talking right.

BYRON

Don't want to say any of this to you, but you need to know. Carrying this all with me I knew, I knew when I started to creep into the shadows...when I could hear the tentacled wreck coming I knew I had to let you know before it was all gone in me. You had to know, you both had to.

STOP #4

Samantha walks off into the cabin like Clay did. She paces for a moment.

Clay gets closer to Byron and puts both his hands on the table.

CLAY

Byron...

Clay leans over Byron, looking down on him.

CLAY

You need to really plow through the muck and mirk in that skull of yours' and be real with us.

Byron goes to speak, but Clay cuts him off.