A Craigmore/Vale

 CRAIGMORE

That’s the second clay pot he’s broken.

 VALE

When were you going to say something?

 CRAIGMORE

I wouldn’t mind so much, if the sound were less piercing and the swearing less pronounced.

 VALE

I thought you would have let Sandra know about your plans to leave early, considering the way things are.

 CRAIGMORE

And how exactly are they, Mr. Vale?

 VALE

For you, clinical.

 CRAIGMORE

And for Sandra?

 VALE

Terrifying.

 CRAIGMORE

I am not a very sentimental person, Mr. Vale – as even you know from our year or so of acquaintance. I don’t like long goodbyes, especially when they’re watered with tears. I understand it will be difficult for Sandra – and in my own way, it will be difficult for me, as well – though I don’t intend to make a show of such things. Then again, there are many difficult moments we face in life and, like an open wound, they are all better cauterized quickly, rather than be allowed to bleed out onto the carpet. I don’t understand the point of drawing out the inevitable when, either way, the result will be the same. This time next month, I will be living in Scottsdale and Sandra will be here in New York.

 VALE

Hanging off the Brooklyn Bridge.

 CRAIGMORE

Really, Mr. Vale.

 VALE

Really, Mrs. Craigmore.

 CRAIGMORE

Sandra will go on with her life.

 VALE

What life?

 CRAIGMORE

I do not deny that Sandra has spent the better part of three years with me, but...

 VALE

That’s twenty-one years, in dog years – which also happen to be her years, when you come to work at five in the morning and you leave passed eleven at night. Sandra doesn’t have a life outside of any of this. You are her life - everything here is her life –

 VALE (CONT)

right down to the ice in your glass. She looks after every little thing here as if she gave birth to each one of them. Imagine that – a mother with ten-thousand children - and in one fell swoop, you’re going to take them all away from her. That’s quite an empty nest to roll around in.

 CRAIGMORE

Sandra has known I’d be leaving for quite some time now.

 VALE

There’s a difference between knowing something will happen and colliding with it head-on. I know I’m going to die, but I won’t be losing any sleep over it just yet. I might even manage to convince myself that some scientific serum will make me immortal in the meanwhile – until, one day, I’ll look up and see the grim reaper coming down the road to shake my hand. Sandra hasn’t had to face the facts of your departure yet – which, granted, is one benefit of working thirty hours a day – but when she does have to face the reality, it won’t be pretty.

 CRAIGMORE

I didn’t know you were so sentimental an advocate for my secretary.

 VALE

I just don’t want her talking to me at 2am when she has no one left to talk to.

 CRAIGMORE
Considering what you charge by the hour, Mr. Vale, I rather doubt she’d be able to afford you.

 VALE can’t help but be amused.

 VALE

You never answered my question before.

 CRAIGMORE

That was probably intentional.

 VALE

When are you going to tell her?

 CRAIGMORE

Tonight – and what’s more, I will give her this weekend off as well... so this will be our final moment together.

 VALE

I’ll have the paramedics on standby.