B Craigmore/Sandra

CRAIGMORE

You were listening to my phone call.

                       SANDRA

I was waiting for you to end, so I could talk to you.

                       CRAIGMORE

There is nothing further that needs to be said.

                       SANDRA

You said you wanted a clean landing – which is what I want, too. I want... to come clean.

                       CRAIGMORE

“Come clean?”

                       SANDRA

I want you to know that I was the one who rummaged through your boxes when you were away.

                       CRAIGMORE

(Not interested in beginning any drama.)

Now, Sandra...

                       SANDRA  
I didn’t intend it to cause so much trouble – and it wouldn’t, if I had re-sealed the boxes better.

                       CRAIGMORE

Please – don’t.

                       SANDRA

I’m sorry, Mrs. Craigmore – really, I am!

                       CRAIGMORE

Honestly, Sandra – this is not exactly what I had in mind with a clean landing, throwing this confession my way at the last minute. I don’t like messiness - I don’t like problems – such that, even if I could have been a Catholic priest, the last place you would have found me is in the confessional. You might as well just have left and let it be. It would have been better that way, for both of us. Besides, I can’t begin to imagine what would have possessed you to rummage through... papers... old papers at that... unless it’s symptomatic of what is otherwise a sad obsession for me and my affairs.

                       SANDRA

  (Mysteriously.)

I was looking for something.

                       CRAIGMORE

For God’s sake, Sandra...

                       SANDRA

His, among others.

                       CRAIGMORE

What were you looking for?

SANDRA pauses, as if conscious SHE is about to cross a Rubicon over which there is no returning.

CRAIGMORE

Well?

SANDRA reaches into HER tote and takes out what seems like a large, folded piece of paper – clearly worn. SHE hands it to CRAIGMORE. CRAIGMORE unfolds the paper, revealing a large map of some sort of island.

                       CRAIGMORE

A map?

                       SANDRA  
A map... of Gardner Island in the South Pacific.

                       CRAIGMORE

  (Having had enough of this.)

Sandra, please – just go.

                       SANDRA  
But Mrs. Craigmore...

                       CRAIGMORE

I said go, Sandra.

The forcefulness of this command stuns SANDRA for a moment. We sense HER perhaps waver again – and seemingly give in. SANDRA turns and makes to exit, but then stops... thinks... and turns... but CRAIGMORE doesn’t notice. As if unable to bear the sight of SANDRA anymore, SHE has turned HER chair away from HER and reaches again for HER drink. SANDRA stares at CRAIGMORE for a moment.

                       SANDRA

  (With great inner strength.)

I know who you are, Mrs. Craigmore.

CRAIGMORE quickly turns the chair back to face Sandra.

                       CRAIGMORE

You’re still here, Sandra.

                       SANDRA

I said I know who you are - who you really are.

                       CRAIGMORE

I’m warning you, Sandra – I want you out of this house in ten seconds – you and Mr. Martino – or else...

                       SANDRA  
I’ve known who you are for quite some time.

                       CRAIGMORE

I don’t understand what you mean by that.

SANDRA

I think you do.

CRAIGMORE

Tell me, then – exactly who am I supposed to be?

                       SANDRA

(After a beat.)

You’re... you’re Amelia Earhart.