

SUSAN

Yes you can, I mean if there are extenuating circumstances.... You know, to tell you the truth, I blame Rhonda and Doug for this whole thing.

LARRY

Blame who you want—the fact is that you’re the one who’s got that amulet in your bag. Granted, there’s all that other clutter in there camouflaging it, but I don’t think that will set an FBI search team back all that much.

SUSAN

Don’t be silly—I’m not going to keep it in here. I’ll put it in a safe place at home.

LARRY

Where? In the flour canister?

SUSAN

I was thinking the sugar.

LARRY

Be smart—will you?—now’s your chance. In a few minutes we’ll be reaching the deepest point—a bit beyond Lady Liberty. [*He emotes—*] “Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to deep-six the evidence of their latest crime...”

[LARRY makes a move toward SUSAN’s handbag]

SUSAN

[pulling back her bag]

But there was a sign when we got on the boat—“Do not throw anything overboard while riding the ferry.”

LARRY

So what would you rather be charged with—theft of a priceless piece of cultural heritage...or littering?

[SUSAN considers]

I can’t believe you actually have to think about that.

SUSAN

Oh don’t be so nasty. If you’re gonna be nasty to anyone, you should be nasty to the Davenports. Dragging us to that stupid auction! Acting like they knew all about auctions and like this venerable Bixby Auction House was the greatest thing since sliced bread. It was all boring!—snooty people with paddles bidding on faded old paintings of fat men on horses chasing poor little foxes!

LARRY

Granted, that auction was a little dry.

SUSAN

Dry?! That auction made the Sahara desert look like a swimming pool!... You know, they should've used those paddles for ping-pong—it would've been a lot more fun.

LARRY

Not disputing you.

SUSAN

Plus we could hardly see anything, sitting all the way in back.... And then Doug Davenport intimating that he was very *in* with Mr. Preston Bixby the Third. I didn't believe him—did you see how Bixby scooted away when Doug tried to strike up a conversation about the weather? I don't think the guy knows Doug from Adam. And then! Then Rhonda misdirects me to the ladies' room. That's how I got into this mess.

LARRY

Yeah, I still don't understand that.

SUSAN

I told you!—Rhonda—acting like Bixby's was practically her second home—told me that the ladies' room was [*she illustrates, gesturing grandiosely*] “thatta way,” pointing to this sort of unlit area behind a bunch of tall screens, where the ladies' room definitely *was not*. But there were all these tables in there with objects on them—some kind of holding area for stuff for future auctions, I guess. On one of the tables there was a card in the center—said “Fengolonia, C. A. 2000 B.C.”

LARRY

Circa.

SUSAN

Whatever. So when I realized that there was no restroom to be found in that area, I turned around, but I felt my pocketbook brush against an object near the edge of the Fengolonian table—

LARRY

You moving with that pocketbook is always a disaster waiting to happen.

SUSAN

Yeah—you make fun—but when you get hungry and there's a snack in here [*the bag*] that I've schlepped, you *do* eat it.

LARRY

Mea culpa.... Where were we?